



Joefiles 133:

The 40th Blistering Ballad

The Healing

I've been
Coating my big sausage toe
With a clean,
Invisible glob
Of Neosporin several times
A day and
Lately
Our big Australian Shepperd mix
Stops like a hockey player
On the thickest ice
Around to
Sniff,
Peer,
Watch
And
Gently lick
This toe ..

And each time she's done with
4-6 licks,
she licks rapidly as the
miracle salve of human healing
goes around her choppers
and then
down her throat
into the healing land of
dog stomach.

The occurances of her doing this
Is more frequent
And the licking is more
Forceful and I'm beginning
To think
We
May have to
Get an intervention
Going on her.

My dog is addicted to
Neosporin in her fight
To end bacteria
And clean the foot.

I'm afraid I may wake up
Tomorrow with a bathroom
Ripped open with
Band aids and cotton tufts
Everywhere as the
Destroyed tube of
Empty Neosporin lies on
The earth looking
Sallow,
Defeated
As I mutter a small,
Silent
'I knew it'
while dialing the
first number that comes to mind ..

Superman
At
555-1000.

when I walk the dusk

streets

I see

What looks like

Sidewalks teemed

With

Mechanical squirrels

Being run like

Little radio shack cars

Around the block

With fresh batteries,

Batting talis,

Rapid eyes,

Sharp claws

And a nice,

Camelflauge paint jobs

And as the cars

Come down the road

The rampant game of suicide begins

As they evade yet another hot

Set of hockey tire

To leap into the

Newest tree of fascination

While the small boys of

Suburbia squeal in delight that

Their

Little machines with

A dark red heart

Stays alive for

Yet another

Grand run.

yesterday morning

the trail of a jet
ripped the sky in half
with a think,
splotchy trail of white
dust smoke.

And later that night
I had to stop to peer into
Another dirty
Jet leaving a clean,
Carbon tail print across the sky
In a jettison line of bright white.

My morning and night
Were torn apart by plane,
And seared open by metaphor
And
Baptized by the unknown
As the humans behind the wheels of
These machines
Pull them to a stop
To gas them up just like
We do with
Our tiny lines
Of body
On the ground
Running
As hard,
Or harder,
Than these planes
Tearing our morning
And nights
Square in two.

barely invisible blobs

of upper water fluff
walk slow,
like a cat in very slow motion
to stuff
wod upon wod
of cloud
into their mostly visible satchel
as the sky
begins
dancing with the sun
towards the waves of the moon
ready to close this day
down like
a good book
ready to
end
for one and pick up
yet for another
as the smell of
cotton cloud
stays in my nostrils
even as
these words
float freely
abound
like
cloud the worker
in the sky is eyeing
to also stuff into
his bag of cloud.

dream state

the things
you cannot
unsee
will be the dream
at night you will have
with eye open
and
the slowly developing wrinkles
on your child's forehead
and the
blood
that slowly puddles around
a cut you
made on your pinkie
as you
sliced into
a
fruit
that
was supposed to heal
everything
real
and

supposed.

the old man

it's been 5 years
without
my
dad around
and all the fears he had are
coming true
as
this family of mine
drifts further and further
apart like
old continents that cannot find
enough ground to
just stick together from start to finish.

But,
It's also another year I
Know he doesn't have to temper the
Fires or rages that
Keep the news down here on
The TV evil.

And I also know more and more
That I'm an old man to my kids
In that gentle father sense
And
The jewels only get brighter with
Age.

So,
As my dad sits in his invisible fiction
Or reality and supposed afterlife
Notions we construct,
I'm certain he's watching the glue
Harden,
And brittle apart
As we all
Try to do what is
Right in the
5th dimension of conviction
that is
so very hard
because it's the

fucking
meaning of this
whole waltz
down
here,
I
Suppose.

Comforts

when
I
Dream
Of
Comfort
For
My
big
meat
head,
i
know
for
certain
the
most
comfortable
thing
I can
Conjure
Is
A
Pillow
Stuffed
With
Hundreds
Of
Thousands
Of
Clean,
Small,
Focused,
Visionary
Eye
Lashes
To
Zoom
My
Head
Into
Dreamworld.

the more I drive,
the more
the cabs of the world
follow me
around.

So,
If you need a ride,
Follow me.

If you don't,
Find another
Soul out
There willing to
Flop
You
Down
A
Smidge
Of
Free,
Fast
Advice.

Driving through the tarnished neighborhoods

Of the aging
Suburbs,
I see that it's turned into
The white ghetto
With Fox News screaming from
The broken front screen doors
As the boys
Rise up the streets
In long white shirts
And scowls towards
Birds in the streets,
While the girls push
Babies in strollers up the
Long,
Warm,
August hill all alone
As
Each and every one
I peer at on my drive through
The snake shaped roads
Looks exactly like
The world
Has become
Full of accidental thugs.

Wherever your tiny heart beats

and
those breaths of
yours leave
the mouth
and evaporate into
the invisible,
always know
that at any time,
point or
cross section of your
existence
that you
are always
exactly one
yard sale
away f
rom paradise.

music?

the large,
swarming pool of
cover bands in the world
are like band aids ..

a city is

a lot like the collective you
and little like the real you.

So,
Kansas city remains that place
You have to forget about.

Love it for how it feels
When it's right,
And forget about it
When you accidentally dwell on
Living you life in Kansas City.

The town is
Rife with magic,
But it's a dark pool of unintended,
Yet karmic,
Inertia that will suck you dry
And wish that Arizona was Kansas.

Yet,
You live here.

And it's just not you,
But it needs you.

And when it needs you,
There is no running
Because
That's when the Steven King
Scream will begin
And there
Will be no
Forrest Gump
To save your soul.

Kansas City.

Nothing.

Everything.

Forgettable.

End.

Cave boys and drunk girls

May be the last of
Our hope post 9-11
To rid
The rules
And orientation
Of bland
Drab
Bulljive
That has ruined our news
And taken
The tough guys of
Talk
Out of the rhetoric pool.

So,
Captivate your
Minds
And feed
The ID,
We need to get
Free again,
Motherfuckers,
And if this
Sounds
Like
Dissident rhetoric,
You
Have
Never
Lived though the 90's and
How
Things could have been if
A Bush hadn't killed
The fire.

DMV AM Hero

for a handful of
mornings in a row,
when I would drop my son off
at driving school,
I would see a group of three women
Huddle under a green awning to the side of
The local DMV
Yanking in as much
Smoke as their aging biology and
Air bags would allow...

Each had a refreshing,
Pre-public glow
Of knowing everything
And having forgotten all high school had taught them.

Snapping gum,
Kicking their feet slightly off the dirtied main street cement,
They kicked plumes of smoke up high like
The concert was about to begin
And I'm sure they would have to carry on
This way for all the
Real dread
A
DMV would have to
Be
For someone subjected to it
For weeks in a row
When the hell of one visit or two a year
Is almost too much to
Bear in the haze of
The smoke,
Clatter
And early morning
Victory lap of
The DMV gals dreaming under
The green
Awning of
Federal
American Morning.

AM Wobble

Every morning
I begin
My wobble hobble
Down the
Worn carpet of
Our hallways
Packed with
Scent,
I hear the jingle
Of
The dogs begin
To awake
And soon,
When I summon
Them with
My voice
The
Loud,
Combined
4 ears from my
two dogs
flap loudly
as their heads go back and
forth in
a
loud slap of
thunder ..

it's like a light morning
thunderstorm
with the sound of
electricity in the air
and as each one of them
lets loose
their biological
slap
echo out into
the fresh,
virgin airs
of day,
I teeter a bit
Into a laugh

That very nearly makes
Me trip down the steps
And as I wonder
How the hell that would be to
Wake,
I know that
The one thing I can depend on
Is
The
Four ears of morning
Clapping me alive
With their sound of
Pure dog,
Clean
Morning
Sound to start
Everything off.

Returning home

from

The house of educational capitalism

I pass row

And strip of homes

And notice

That these American suburbs

Are stocked like

Fish in a pond

With neat,

Clean,

Waxed Corvettes

Waiting for the whore of weekend

And the last martini of 3 a.m.

To finally rip around like

The street is a dollar bill that will get shredded

And

The sound of complacent rumor

Is going

To

Finally

Die the death

It has earned.

Simplicity

I passed
A simple man several times today
At a several hour interval
Noticing the first time
Round that he
Was trying to get a handle
On a big
Flower at the end of
His gray concrete leading him home.

Later,
I saw the pink flower sparkle in the dull sun
As it stood naked,
Free in the oxygen he sprinkled about
The air outside of my car.

And as I peered in the rear view
Mirror to get a finer glow of this
Man's handy AM gardening,
I said goodbye to the pink
And imagined how much
We all have done
Being born from dirt
And watered
With the
Best of 'em.

The poor

she walked a few more paces
away from her rusting mini van door
in a hard jostle of slow motion
energy with mouth moving fast,
screaming at most,
yelling at best,
towards the summer trees
and dying flies of late july
as a sideways
three legged dog
lumbered with all it's dog courage in her direction
and
it was something part glory
and part sad
as
this dog
proved the best of everything
I was going
To
See
In
That
Middle income row
Just a click off main
In
21st century America.

Only
the
mundane
is
motionless
now.

the existing

It's easiest to
Say what you mean
And hardest
To make small talk
When you
Have nothing much in
Common with small town
Folks
So as I
Wait to blink hard
And find myself
Leaving the small town
Suburban dance
I wonder when
The meaningless chatter
With fresh
Strangers tied to my kid's friends
Will become something
A bit more
Substantial
As it feels like
The world is one big
Froth of wave galloping
Into the right quarter of my brain
In a barrage of
Confetti surprise ready to
See how I'll sum it
Up in a big world or
Two
In the game of
Small town talk.

Teens

The other day
My 15 year old
Son asked
If he could
Grab the keys
And drive to our
Destination,
With a nod,
He took the
Golden wheel and started
In
Reverse ..

A hundred feet later,
He's careening in the wrong side
Of the road ..

As I look at his face,
He's intent,
No joking,
Just handling the wheel
As carefully as he would
His texting machine.

I asked
Him if he would
Get out of the way of
Oncoming cars ..

At this,
His nose twitched and
He said,
'OH'
real big
and quickly went
from London to the Midwest USA in
several seconds.

And with this,
I didn't attempt to ask
A
Teenage what

They were thinking
Because
I already
Knew what the answer
Was
And the answer
Will
Be a question
In one way or another ..

'say what?'

welcome to the fuc-BEEEE-ing reality TV poem.

Once up a fu-BEEEE-ing time some shi-BEEP
Headed pri-BEEP guy met some talentless cuBEEP
And they had a horrible fucBEEEPing
Relationship
And a fucBEEEPing TV crew decided that the
Whole fucBEEEPing world needed to see their
Idoit fucBEEEPing world and heBEEEE
That would depress the rest of the son of a bitBEEPs
That watch the damBEEEE fucBEEEPing show
And with all that shiBEEEE,
I believe you have the fucBEEEPing
Ideas
You miserable fucBEEEEEPfaces.

The lately things

lately

I have been running into a
Mother of a son in the autism
Spectrum
Who was at one of my son's birthday parties.

And as I live the autism spectrum
As she does
I wonder if we
All have some kind of magnetic propulsion in small towns
To run into like
Kindred folk
Or if it's all just some
Trick played on our brains
Like noticing the brand of car
You drive
Once you get it
Or
The shoes somewhere wears
That is the same as yours ..

Perhaps it's the like – like game
As we figure it
Might be something more
As we all try to live a bit harder
And
Heal the
Goop that
Somes sliding down the brain
Day after day.

Warning signs

I'm beginning
To believe
That an amber
Alert of sorts
Was put out on my
Car saying
That any bastard
Driving spotting
My car in
A
Parking lot
Can get as close
As they can as
They park caddywampus
Next to me
Just to
See how I will maneuver
And get into
My car
As
The sad
Close call
Dance
Hits me like the
Train stops I make
All the time
And with
This close car and
Train track dance
Pounding my days,
I figure
I'm good for it
As the
Gas needle hits half
And a bird shits
Square on top of the
Pric that just parked
Next to my
Dull,
Blood red
Little car.

Riding the jazz wagon

Is like

ascending

Out of the black of

Death into

Something

Eternal like

A

Cool,

Icy cone

Of sugar

From one of

The fine notes

Of childhood

Dipped

In the best of adulthood

With that feeling

Of wisdom

Living

All the years

You

Have yet to experience

Not caring

Whether it's

Real

Or

Imagined

If only that bass

Can keep

The drums glued to

The piano man

Riding

The

Reeds of

The

Heavenly

Fucking

Sax man.

Texting today

if you think
it's
suffice
to text
a
poem,
you
may want to
finally
end the acronym
and
question
the
riddles of
brevity
and
build
a
tiny
bridge to the other side
of
an alphabet
that
only you know
how to build
and a phone
signal
can
never
reach it.

it was dark outside

and the opulent diamond of clean water
was wading in the pool
as I reach my head out to
ask my son and his two teenage friends
how the eve
was going.

Just getting home,
Wife in bed,
Son asleep,
The dogs restless,
My boy told me that all was good
As I heard the black keys pounding the
New fangled blues over the waters edge
And asked where their radio was ..

At this,
He pointed
And I ambled in a daze
To the pool's edge to see
A nightmarish Darwin Award winner
Gone wrong
And hopefully
I would be the
Orchestrator to end this
Bid for disaster.

As I plucked
Electric hot radio from
The metal shimmy on the edge
In a plastic shopping bag,
I followed the cord to
In iPhone in a bag,
Then a power strip in a bag.

Unplugging the string of chaos,
I looked around to see globs of water about,
Balls,
Paddles,
Errant pool impliments all around
The yard
And asked them all what
Would happen if the radio

Fell in the water.

My boy said it would be bad,
While the other kids
Looked at me in silence.

I said,
'it would be a bad dead.'

They again were silent.

and with that,
I hauled the evil electricity away
From the 8,000+ pounds of
Potential fuel and

Thought
That is the luckiest
Group
Of young
Idiots on
The planet.

The statement

if I could
firmly put a snug blanket
around one
statement it would be this:
Each and everytime I see a guy with a huge stack of
Old wood pallettes or a bunch of shit dangerously teetering about
On a truck bed about ready to fall to bits
They always look like they should have never been given a license in the first
Place and that they are speeding off to cash an astonishing
Lottery ticket that will give them just enough to buy a can of pepsi
And a box of condoms
And when I look over to get a better look at who
These creatures are,
They always look like they are the geniuses the world
Breezed past and they are going to show all us
Idiot bastards a thing or two about getting
It done.

My sister doesn't know how to write poetry

I don't know
exactly/everything
that happened this morning
when you talked to mom,
but I do know she's upset,
very.

if you have a problem
with me,
don't take it out on her.

She has enough going on
to think about.

She doesn't need it.

Frankly, I am so tired
of all of this,
not to mention that
I am ALWAYS the bad guy.

I'm 46 years old,

too damn old
for everything going on.

Like I told my brother,
if I'm that bad
then just cut me out
of your life.

Mom is a good person,
patient, with good intentions.

She would Never do anything
to intentionally hurt anyone,
especially family.

As for me, I still don't know
what started all of this shit.

I guess that's the problem.

I'm so over all of this.

Also, if you don't truly know
what someone means,

don't assume you do.
We all have problems,

just different ones.

How dare you!

MY mom lives with me.

I watched her cry
most of the day
because
you thought
it appropriate
to get on your soapbox
and preach to her!

No, not everything
is about me
and
not everything is about you
either.

I didn't start shit
with any of you.

Think what you want.

I really don't care.

All I know is I told
my brother that
my daughter was pregnant
and he got pissed.

Apparently

both of you are/have been
harboring ill feelings
for me
that I have no idea about.

That is not my fault.

Not in my control.

I don't know
what you think
I have done
and
always done.

I don't read minds.

All I said
is that
if you have a problem
with me
to talk to me,
not her.

Think what you want.

I DON'T GIVE A SHIT.

Go ahead
and
think you're innocent..

My final poem about my sister

What I
discuss with
my Mom

is
none
of
your
business.

Don't you
ever talk
or
write to me
like this
ever again.

Everything
is not
about you.

And know
1 thing ..
and one thing only ..
you have started everything.

You always have.

It's always been about you.

You.