



joefiles 140

Big Bang Birth of Magic Town

word play

the silliest,
yet most
useful
word
in
the
english
language
may
just
be
the
word
yacht ..

sam man

the man known as sam
always sounded a bit like
he was going to cry
as his towing body hovered over you
inquiring like you might be sick
and he was the healer
sent from another planet to
cure you of your earthly
disease
and in all the years i have known him,
i didn't quite know him
as much as i thought.

the last things he ever
did that effected my world
was to give my boy miles
a
box of tootsie pop bars,
and an apron from a fundraising gig
we were in the midst of.

and through that booming laugh
and heart larger than the moons
ready to swallow up the stars,
he had a compassion that radiated in
all the steps he made that made
him move forward.

and in one instant,
i heard that he was dead.

had a heart attack doing what
he loved.

watching his hometown team
beat the best team in the league.

and with that huge heart of
blood gold,
sam likely left where he
wanted to be,
but not when
he wanted
to

as we all
must
face
someday

as sam
stands as another
testament
to

our entire
human
testament

yet
to
be
determined.

but
sam ..

sam
was
the man.

recycled messiah

there's an older woman
that looks like she
could be mother teresa
on halloween if
she just threw on a few
garments that met the part.

and she was waltzing along the
cold sunday AM highway with a
floppy plastic bag
picking up any piece of trash that
was out of place
in
the
expanding scenario

that all the drivers
were blazing by
oblivious to.

and
it was this simple woman on
the highways
edge that had
enough inside her
soul to feel more
needed to

be done
and
at
the
end of the day,

when morning is forgotten,
including her,
it will

be only her
that matters
in this
mad expanse of the big

bang

just
sending out

more
and
more

used
star glitter.

fight morning

i had to strain
my irises to
see ahead of me in
the
hazy sunday AM
skies
that a fighter jet was getting trailed
by another
flying low on the horizon

and one did a kind of turn like it was
chiseling it's navigation

when another fighter jet was following it
and
my head was wrenching from
side to fro
trying to figure
out if there
was

going to be a loud mouth yelling
'cut'

or
if this was just another
exercise of living
i wasn't supposed to
know anything about
as

my car
finally made it up the road and all
three planes

were gone

as
though
things
were supposed to
happen in

3

then the invisible covers
of
the skies
had been to be folded over
forever
hiding

the
obvious.

and for now,
i'll pretend that
red dawn part 2 was
being
filmed
and

the
war
of
all
wars
still

rages on like
a

putin scowl
in
today's
new
cold war newsprint.

cold places

for all of
those anxious morning
mouths that
want to talk about
the brand new november cold
descending down onto
their town
i propose a free ticket
fulla hot coffee and
sugared donuts,
along with a huge heated
room
that can be closed all snug
and tight
so the rest of the world
can
talk about other matters
that aren't so
obvious
and
chilly
to
the
innermost
bones.

the local screamer

as i shuffled my
feet towards the mechanical
entrance of the neighborhood
drug store,
a man was screaming at a
store clerk to get his keys
and was waving around like
there was going to
be some
punches or
violence,
but i needed my lotion
to ward off the dry
of heat,
so i wasn't going to turn back.

and while i looked for
the aisle
that was going to bring me
my
fresh winter sheen,
i heard more shuffling and
nervous chatter ..

when that final price
jumped up on the digital screen,
all was calm
and

as i walked into the
cold air of november,
i wanted
it to dry me out a bit
more like

a
loud mouth yelling
me
in half

so
the
calming lotions

could
do their
eternal healing.

of all the coined phrases

that get
sloughed around like a
coin with no real past
and a simmering future,
i find the
'life is a highway'
saying to be the
least true
notion
folks
have
conjured.

life is along
stretch of days
compounded by weeks
fit into months
and chiseled by years
to be memorialized into decades
and referred to as a lifetime
which would be
more like a journey

becuase there has
never been a highway
that i have gone
down in my four decades
that made me
ponder momentarily
and say,
'you know,
this really all reminds me of
life.'

if life is a highway,

you might as well go on and
say that
life is cotage cheese
or
a lifetime is like
a

huge caldron
of popcorn

aromatically
hitting
all
noses

around the world.

morning play

this morning
while i was playing some
t-ball with my boy
waiting for his bus,
a
squire man in
clean clothes
stopped his car,
began walking towards my
4 massive black darth vader bags
of trash
and fished out
a
broken rainbow umbrella.

i said,
'how are you?'

he replied low,
'fine sir.'

and my boy asked what he was doing
as
my wife muttered on the way to her car,
'wasn't that broken?'

saying a short 'yes',
i realized that nothing
is broken in a
world that is saving
the trash heap
and getting a bit
of joy
from the

confusion.

and i didn't even see this guy
drive off down the street
as my boy
hit the ball
hard off the tee,
across the driveway,
fast over the street
and
running
quick
with fresh coffee sloggin' around
my belly

i heard a little bit
of louis armstrong
echoing
righ between
the ear drums.

welcome to magic town

as
our kansas city town
gears up for the world stage,
i think about one
fan
i saw every day of this
hot summer
and cool spring.

a
tow truck driver
down the street that
would always have a royals shirt
on blaring
the game
or talking head commentary.

serious as a tack,
he would
be roiling around
baseball thoughts in his head
while most of this town
went from point to point
like frenzied pin balls.

and the whole time
he knew the
magic of
this
kansas city royals
team here in the 2014
of it all ..

and just before the first

game of the world series begins,
i remember seeing him this morning
sitting
in his tall tow truck
proud
with eye balls full of
gutsy wet
waiting for
the magic
to

continue.

cornered rip off artists

there's a gaggle of
dudes at a corner market
here in town that
have ripped me off 3 straight times
and each time i call them out
on it,
they say that they're sorry,
but their machines have not been updated
yet.

just like that.

oops.

was going to charge you
a few steps over the
finish line,
but fuck it,
you said something so we'll back peddle.

and this is just yet
another
bag of clowns
in life
that have to be
illuminated before
it changes

and they still don't change.

so,
the only thing real
good about these dudes
is that clowns

aren't
supposed
to
change

they're supposed
to be a
herd of floppy,
aimless
cariactures
bent on being
young and
funny

ripping into your
soul
like
a
con

artist

but
with make up

and
leaving
the
maliciousnes

at
the
door mat.

the fabric of regularity

all those
people that have
waved
to
the
presidential motorcade on
the news
or
the thousands of faces
in
the
world series crowd
or
the
eyes in the crowd
of
the
belmont stakes
are
the
sideliners
that
make
up
the
real
fabric
we all forget about
in life
like
the
massive list of
names of
folks that work

on a motion
picture

that immediately become
the land of
the forgotten

like
a
stack of found money
that
gets spent

and no one can remember

what
the fuck
was purchased.

so,
congratulations
to us all
for
being the forgettable
ones

on the most
memorable
set of trips around
the
planet
i can

think of.

The Molasses Olympics

i'd like to come up
with the most laid back
sporting event
in the history of
the olympics.

it would be called
the molasses competition
and it would have
the unique
ability to
star in both
the winter and
summer games.

the said team,
or athlete,
would spend years coming up with
the fastest sort of slow
full of bold color and style
to win
the
big gold.

they would get hoisted to the top
of a makeshift flagpole
and
would pour a vial of molasses
down the pole

and
the first one to get
to the bottom
is the winner.

it will take hours to
finish,
but

oh will
it
be
the
sweetest fucking victory
anyone
will
ever

taste.

the tomato vendor

with his tiny
used scale
actually weighs
souls
when the sun sets
& the moon
crests over the
missour buttes
and
when that
needle pitches to the
left
or

right,
it is

then that this
little fruit
man of day
becomes
the
god you

have
spent your life
searching for
and

you'll only
find out the
worth
of

your soul

if
you
give him a smile

and
simply
believe
in

everything ...
equally.

smartest person in an empty room

saw a pregnant
woman
milling around on a cold,
gray concrete stoop in front of her
house
frenetic in her tiny steps
as though she missed
the bus
at the stop
while she chugged at a small white line
of a cigarette
sending signals
into the sky
for
the
birds to decipher
and

this whole
time
she's doing it across from a wing
of 6th grade students
at the local middle
school

and
all i could
hear when i got out of the car
and
approached the school
was a huge balloon
with the air rushing out
as

the cherry on
the cigarette

sizzled like
it was the
only
thing that
didn't matter.

the suicidal squirrel notions

are running
rampant
around my neighborhood.

the other day,
while the dogs were tugging extra
hard on their leashes,
one squirrel was in the middle
of the street
motionless.

my boy asked what happened.

and asi explained that
the animal wasn't around anymore.

i was really thinking

what
are these
suicidal
squirrels
eating and drinking
when we are

all
no
where

around
to
see
them

frolic.

the next to last guy
in
the
long,
winding
line is more
powerful

than the person being helped
at
the
center of
the line

because at this point

there is nothing to lose

and
everything is going
to
be a
slow,
glorious gain

towards the
top
of

the
everyday maslovian
chart

splashing over our feet

in some translucent

glow
every day.

the buzzards are circling

in
small
concentric circles
at
odd

times lately

as
rumors of universal health
about to go away,
i'm getting more
and more
convinced that these
bottom
feeding birds

are watching all the
republican voters
that
live

around me

and these
mangy,
smart birds
are

waiting
for
their
mid-term
decisions to crumble

yet
again so that
they can

be the first
in line
to
scoop up the

old laws

like
a
fit
bad
eagle

in heat.

It's Obvious .. Obviously

not sure why
trucks
have to have stickers
that say they
stop at railroad crossings.

stating the obvious is their duty.

i never thought they would
scurry into the front of a train
to play chicken or prove a point.

and this has inspired me to
get into the business of
making obvious bumper stickers.

things like,
"I BREAK EVERY SO OFTEN TO BREATHE AIR"

or

"I EAT TURKEY DURING THANKSGIVING"

or

"I LOOK AT THE MOON AT NIGHT"

and it's then
that we realize

the only thing
we

all

can
truly
understand

is
the absurdly
obvious.

the end of the magic?

when the royals
finished their magic
world series run in 2014 with
a guy on 3rd and
the hero at the plate
that popped the ball up to
end the series in kasnas city
i figured a few things.

you don't have to win championships to be heros.

if you live in kansas city,
you are so groomed to accept defeat
that it's simply another day in sports paradise.

and finally,
every time i saw steve perry at the giants stadium
singing 'dont' stop believing',
he always looked like
he was crying

much like
this
kc town of ours

when the miracle ended
and we all had to give back october
and get back to living

and halloween

with all the goons of night
looking for
more candy.