



## 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.