

Joefiles 147

The Secret Sunrise Made the Moon Smirk

The two big black birds

on the side of the road
were hopping in a flop
with their massive bodies
held up by twig leg
hammering away
at a massive
snake that was
pancake smashed on
the hot pavement of
summer's last days
as these two lucky birds
realized the buffet dream of
any good bird in the sky
when the travel is overrated
and the
food is something
of pure
serpentine lore.

Fast!

Each time
I see a speed limit sign
on the road,
I instinctively smash
my foot harder
on the gas pedal
knowing that
law is flawed
and freedom
only tastes real
good
when it's done
quick.

I see butterflies everywhere

flopping,
lolling and
gliding like saints
in their big monarch
outfits
leaving spring
and laughing at the Fall
as their transformations
go streaking above out
evolutionary lives
stuck on the ground
with the ghost
of womb shadows
in our wake
as their flimsy,
mighty wings
dote about.

Traffic jams

are mere reminders
that life is a
huge tight ball of string how
carefully held together
by
flimsy pieces of glue
as the
ultimate unclog off
traffic is
much like the
overrun sink
that again
sings again
as
a
huge
military truck heads towards
you at
excessive speeds
in a dream you
ready to
wave from
in the middle
of
a
spider's
overnight nest.

The world is

chalk full of monopolies
as the oligarchy
of today
tells the theologies
& their gods
that no one
important is
around
and
everything else
we thought was real
the devil traded into
the undercover angel
agent
that will
take the
evidence to a
throne
no one knows the
name of in
the
best monopoly this side of the
top cloud shelf.

Concurrently

Afternoon

bologna sandwiches

7

& the cold swimming pool

as two happy dogs

run between my

feet to smell

the earth

as the scent of

the daytime moon

sings

with the

aroma of

something

only a cat can

fall asleep to.

the cat

stalks me and
the two dogs lay on my
body
cementing me to
a cotton mattress
as the conspiracy theory
undulates from cat whiskers
and
the
sound of food
is silent
next to the silver bowls
and the only thing
loud on this AM landscape
is the
ticking of time
going through
our phones like
the deepest silence
only
the
dead may
remember.

i had the choice.

my hand was on the wheel.

all was firm.

most was loose.

and i chose
to crush that
errant hat
in the middle of
the street.

and i couldn't
remember when
i stopped laughing
as
that
day

stretched out ahead
like
the joke

most ignore
daily.

Old Men & Humanity

An old man
motoring in a wheelchair
over the busy
rural bridge
just down the
way from the
tasty bar b que joint
was stopped,
looking down
and shaking his head
in a curl of his stache

as everthing that was
wrong with humanity
and their littering ways
relayed clearly through
the
look of this mans eyes
that walks for us all
in the dormant legs
of his
human
waltz

that had to stop

and
loudly ponder
in the september
missouri sinshine.

Big Bird & God

it's a stack of
those tiny realizations
that make it clear there is a god.

and one such
came to me
the other day by surprise.

in 1986
big bird was supposed to
go up into a NASA rocket ship to
make kids dig space more.

but, his suit was too much
and he was to stay on earth.

instead a school teacher
would take the bird's place.

and when the explosion
reverberated once again,
i realized that big bird
was saved.

and
oscar the grouch.

so childhood
was again
salvaged for
us all
once
again.

Everything

Becomes

A marshmallow

With

Big teeth

And

A secret

Agenda...

1/2 Cows

seeing a
brown lake
fulla
half submerged cows on
a sweltering hot
day
gives me
that home in living things
like a pack of
hawks just circling over
the light blued
skies as though
there is meaning to their
rotation,
but its all really
just a way
to etch some
cool
in the heat
of it all.

The Accidental Maid

i ran into
the car that carried Zilla the Maid
twice in
one day
and for all the
grime
my world may have held
to that point,
the simple
cleaning car was enough
to sparkle the fuck out of
everything for the
reaminder of
that one,
insignificantly
unclean
day.

the real cowboy

strolled into the
oldest chapel this side of the
the left side of missouri
in his 97 year old bones
and stopped me after snapping
a picture as
the annointed photographer
of the hour
to recount the tales of him
being a
photographer himself in
his twilight under
the film of old slicks
and dated technology.

as he smiled the whole
way waving his network
of tassels on his shirt in
deep explanation,
i figured his substance
was being a cowboy,
but his real
legacy
is leaving an image
on everything
he
gets around.

Liars

Are

The

Downfall

Of all

Clown

Civilizations.

California

has
enough
heroes
to fill
all the countries
of Europe
and that's just
too damn
many as
the
fading missouri sun
snickers
something behind
the moon's
old
shoulder.

the loud clashing

of
broken
bottles in the
big recycled box
at the far end of
the parking lot
sounds like
the world is coming to a
cataclysmic
end as
few look to see what space ship
has crashed
and
i smile knowing
that
none
of
us
will
ever know
what the birth
of the end
will
emit.

Slow Luck

The scared,
lucky
turtle in the
middle of rush hour traffic
ducking it's head in
and around the
hot tires squealing by
and
as his body leaves my
rear view mirror
i realize
that his small
trek across the road
is the biggest journey of
his life
and
that
completion will
be
the
mount everest
we
can

only
remotely daydream about
as
we
criss cross our
pavement of
pages fulla
rules.

#76

The night of
Evaporated lava
That never burns,
But
Is
Very
Cool,
Baby ...

Birdly

I love
birds
because
they can
do things
human will
never ever
be able
to do
and
they don't
even
need
any healthcare.

Luck x10

I just found a
small, shiny dime
on the ground
and realized that
I need to decide
what I'm gonna do
with the nine
additional ways these
wishes
may go
one way or another
in
this
wishy-washy
lucky
money finding game.

The FedEx guy

just delivered

an angel

to an anonymous house

on the end of town

as the UPS man

was substituted

for a demon

and together they're going

to bring all the salt-and-pepper

this world

may ever need

on this one day of delivery.

The Chinese

rule this world
in our glowering
American haze of pop culture,
but it's really
the Russians
that may just
hold the key
while this we sit back
and the Swedes
laugh.

at the end of the day
it's Amsterdam
not thinking a speck about
what the hell the rest of us
are doing
as the curtain to the right
swings open
making the world look
all yellow
creamy orange.

Control Valver

One of these
days
you're going
to fall in love
and you have
no idea
how that's
going to happen,
so in all your
predicting ways
that you think
the world going to end
and the day Jesus,
the real mystery you
may have the chance to solve
is scurrying under
a used cloak from your
childhood into a hole
behind your wall
to
hatch the best plans
ever

in the best
comeback of
all
fucking time.

Original Origins

I spend
My night scribbling
Notes to
The skies
Only to wake up
Surrounded by
Piles of letters
Strewn about me
Like thick, wet dew
To rearrange
Into
The words of
My
Dreams.

Seven years ago

My dad
died today
and
each year
i realized something
very small about
his life
and
this year
i realized that
he was born
on the day after
john coltrane
was and that's
just
one
more
note
of
sweet music
on
a
life
that
was fulla

everything
but
more
time.

Flashy

we ran into
one of my son's
teachers
in the middle of walmart
and she told
me the tale of being in
a coma for 8 days
and came back to life
suddenly
when her
exhasuted husband asked jesus
to bring her back.

it was all caused by open heart surgery
and her period on the story was
showing us the scar
in the middle of her chest
and she pulled up one shirt and
down another to expose most of
her chest
as the slow motion world
of wal mart oggled by
wondering what was
going on
as my boy kept muttering that he saw boobs
in the middle of the store,
but i knew
more happened
as her
life
came back
and the bane of middle age
was kicked in the teeth
in favor of
good
solid
living
under the medicinal torch.

the faithful truckers

keep praying to

their

gaggle of

lot lizards

as

the rest of us

pray to the

altar of politician

in the dance towards

sex

while

love

walks the other way.

The silence

In a roaming

AM cat

Is the end of

Drug cartel that went

Undetected like 1,000 kids

In a midnight mint shop

As the lick the

Water from the bathroom

Spigot

Like they are grooming

To become

A lion

In

11 hours...

The Truth Seekers

Big
Rig
Drivers
Are the only
Ones that
Brush
The molars of the
Afterlife
And have the best
Dreams
Of
Angels.

Baseball

Is one of the

Few

Things in life

That may keep you

Alive

While simultaneously

Killing you

With

Pure

Adrenaline...

The last Chicken

in the
Feed line has
The cure to
Our human disease thread
As the new
Trip hop duo
Begins their smash
Song anthem,
'Everything tastes like chicken'

As the butcher
Sharpens
His blade and
Some distant cow
Croons
Off in the

Past
Ure.

Rainbows

Are made of

Solid jello

As

The devil

Eats the rest

Of the rainbow cake

Left on earth

while the church service

Goes a bit long

And we all

Forget

That we may

Just

Have forever

To figure all

Of

This

Out.

Compositions

We are
All made
Out of sex,
Set free
To rip towards love
With
Our
Satchel of morals
And
Odd tadpole bodies
&
Thousands of
Sunsets
To
Find the
Hiding Cupid ...

Spider Dance

Just watched
a guy doing
a jig walking
down the street
through a
big bough
of trees
dressed to look like
a middle-age
business guy..

he just wouldn't
stop waving
His itchy hands
around his face ..

It was then
That I realized he
Was inventing
The Skye summer
spider web dance ...

it's the new craze
As he tries to get
the web in the spiders
out of his brains ..

The real man
Caught in the fiction
Web of Spiderman

Couple of city boys

just repainted
the crosswalk
flat white in the
middle of the gray street
and they
look like
modern urban artists
in the gear
and the grub in their
serious faces
laying down
the thick paint
and if we could dig up
that concrete
at some point
and put it in the gallery,
it would be the
modern caveman
putting down directives
in
the ultimate
safe painting.

Dog Cool

My autistic spectrum son
always gets
a bit stir crazy
towards
the end of summer
in his garage of thought
laughing maniacally
at our big red
Basenji Shepherd dog.
he touches,
laughs,
cackles
and loves
getting around her.
while it's a funny spectacle,
it's living through
the life of autism
in it's blend of loud,
and color
and
human
raw
and i think the dog
really digs
it no matter.

Flights of Yes

It's starting
to get
cold outside
as the geese rise
and clip the tree tops with their
gaggle of neck faces
running against the last of summer
leaning into the brown of fall
as the
blare
of winter is something
we are all putting mute
on in
this
dance
aglow
exploding like the sound of
every season
in a big color ball.