

## **Joefiles 150**

*1 bullet birthed the glorious blues*

**jogging**

down a new street  
with the smell of deja vu  
in the air  
as the eventuality of christmas  
always hedges closer  
and the easter rabbit  
is hiding from your pounding  
footsteps making  
their way through  
the halls of karma  
into a brand new kind of  
sunshine where  
you're happy like everyone else  
and the broken  
are only a rumor  
from a novel you  
just finished  
as you wake up,  
eyes barely open  
and the dog  
licks your  
arm like  
you mean  
more  
than  
the bones  
you are.

## **relationship ballad**

defiant  
darts of yesterday  
that were once thought  
to have dissolved  
have returned  
and i realize  
i'm again  
that boy  
who wanted  
to  
love  
well,  
but simply  
cannot  
find  
the  
right  
girl ...

.. ever.

## **karma ballad**

this morning  
smells  
like  
bird  
and  
it's  
a  
clean  
burst of air  
coming from the northeast  
towards  
this window  
sill  
deep  
in the cold  
shadows  
of  
yesterday,  
yet  
newer  
and  
nothing  
i have  
ever heard  
about  
before  
in  
this  
city of new.

## **Your Only Reflection**

Eventually  
The mirror  
Becomes you  
True karma  
And it will  
Not placate your  
Excuses  
And shine the hard  
Lines the way  
They  
Were  
Originally etched.

The devil  
Woke her in  
The middle of the  
Night  
Some years  
Back with  
A barely audible secret  
And  
She  
Hasn't been  
Able  
To  
Go back to  
Sleep  
Since.

## **Sudden AM**

morning skims up into this  
warm pre-christmas december morning  
like a bag of  
semi cooked wedding rice  
getting strewn by the  
world's largest hands  
all over the horizon,  
but nothing sticks to the ground  
as  
one  
dark bird glides by  
above  
with both wings  
extended fully,  
no flapping,  
just gliding along  
like a  
victory  
we'll spend the rest of our  
day  
remembering.

**the dueling AM trombones**

of

vic and urbie

float about like

a

wafting cat tail hitting

my elbow

as

the

cat face yearns

for attention

and

the

tiny dog

wipes it's face

as

the

clean,

clear jazz

air

circulates around

like something

that was scripted in

a

story

i never knew

was going

to

get

acted out.

**The devil's blister**

Is

A dark maroon,

Yet tiny

Blemish

That

One day

You will

Find the ink

To hide

And

Eventually

Suffocate.

**in the final throws**

of a cool, gray  
Friday afternoon  
as spokes of sun rip  
through an undulating pillow  
of cloud above,  
one older dude  
in a tattered  
pre-World Series KC winning  
Royals stocking cap  
slips across the street with a  
tall, new  
brown bag tucked under his arm  
cradling the miracle  
to make it across the street  
and into  
the coming night  
that will  
twinkle with  
delight  
after the stars  
ate  
all the upper level  
marshmallow  
cloud.

## **The Modern Day Parental Teen Blur**

Driving to work this morning after putting my son on the bus I notice my 18-year-old's car being driven down the road .. I think it's him and said it's too young African-American man I call my son ask what's going on while he's in school and he says oh I want in my car for the day at this I watch the car veer off to the left and I can't turn so I don't want to get on the highway decide let me see what's going on as I take a backstreet the karma allowed me to pass these two dudes and when I finally chased him down I looked at him and said what the fuck are you doing with my car I don't know that I've seen eyeballs go that big in my life that may and then it was time to have him take the car back to my son for me to continue to rear Ron and roar into the whole teenage raising game for all the stories I heard about what it would be like I never imagine what it would be firsthand and it's a level of stupidity it's epic

## **Polar Polarities**

Yin

Took

Yang

Out

On a

Date

To an all

You

Can

Drink

Watercolor expo

And

No one

Has heard

From them

Since...

## **Wash wizard**

The dark  
Cloud of  
Now  
Follows  
Like it has  
A name ...

An address ...

And it smiles  
Like  
It knows me...

And I wonder  
How  
I'll carry on forever  
With  
This

Dark.

## **Animal wonder**

the dogs  
and cat  
clamor around me  
like there is  
food in my pockets  
hidden like  
jewels on a gold diggers map ..

yet,  
it's just me.

alone in the fall on  
a saturday morning  
as my marriage  
comes to  
the eroded end  
and i  
wonder  
where the  
spoon,  
knife and paddle are  
in the the forked  
existence of now.

and each time they  
nuzzle their noses  
in my arm  
or leap on  
top of my floppy chair,  
they remind me  
that  
being alone  
is like  
being together

and in the destruction of  
our life  
dance,  
sometimes  
it's  
better to  
try

than sleep.

## **Watts Jazz Dream**

So I had a very distinct dream last night of being in the home with Charlie Watts and asking him about the Kansas City Jazz Hall of Fame and what he thought and then I pause and asked him if it would be OK if I would interview him about it and he said yeah I don't have a lot of time but while he went out of the room a little itty-bitty kid came up to me and kept hugging me and wanting to interact with you I was reading what was on Charlie's bookshelf and finally Charlie comes and he's eaten some concoction of Chinese Thai food and I'm interviewing him and I just ask the one question I got my phone in front of them and when he's done I am real.

**river ride - st. louis via KC**

tiny shimmers  
of yellowed,  
brown water move along  
like a winter earth worm  
with 9 hearts  
beating wildly  
in the setting fall lights  
as this silver wobble  
of vessel carries  
me down the track  
to KC  
while all the river people  
ready to  
eat their pork,  
steaks and  
river fed vegetables  
in the  
luster of another  
day gone good  
here in middle america  
just collapsing together  
gently like  
the middle of a good book  
ready for tomorrow,  
but full of thunder  
from the  
pages of prior  
like an explosion of  
train that accidentally  
roars by to remind  
you of  
tomorrow.

## The Alien Art Words

hunks of  
colored words  
in bright curves  
with odd  
alien characters  
and everything  
spelled in  
hep,  
unrecognizable  
terms  
and acronyms  
only shared by  
the 'in' crowd  
looks like  
a  
huge,  
unending line of  
alien hyrglyphic  
language  
delivered  
from UFO's fulla  
beings  
and  
it's telling  
us that  
the beginning  
is near  
and it's stretching  
out like it's  
always been  
here  
as we  
wind around  
the  
crystal curves of  
river  
into  
space.

## **the fear**

of all the things to  
be afraid of,  
you haven't even  
seen it yet.

## **Presidential Dreams**

I had a dream last night that I was working with President Obama to complete either a video project of some sort or a commercial and at one point we are waiting for his helicopter to land and he KMan and we were talking and it was somebody that was working on the crew that was really whiny and I stopped everybody in their tracks and explain to him that he was being a baby and that Obama was not saying anything about our ideas because he was the liberating and he was a respected professional on the disc I should pretty much fuck off that was the dream.

## **The Kind of Real World**

The  
if fiction  
became a real  
cloud city above  
like Star Wars,  
there would  
be an accident  
some day  
and two towns  
would  
meet in a catastrophic  
mix  
of  
a George Lucas amnesia moment  
and  
James Cameron  
slipping on a piece of  
ice  
as  
the  
vapor  
erodes  
and  
we are left  
with  
one big  
ground city.

**September has**  
turned into the  
love month of  
marriages and  
young weddings  
as  
the calendar saunters  
around like  
the  
last teen at the  
dance that  
doesn't have a date  
in  
a pool of  
11 months of  
lonely lover  
thought ..

## **sweet apocalyptic love**

in  
a local  
grocer,  
walking  
in a bit  
of cloud,  
i slip by and  
flip over  
ads for  
wedding cakes  
and later  
blaze by  
a stack of  
apocalyptic novels  
that  
are all  
on sale  
for  
every single  
eager  
lovers  
ready  
to  
survive

**the new prophet**

is in a  
leaf  
slightly yellowed,  
but more orange,  
tinged with blues,  
draped in green  
as it  
flits about  
the  
sky in a wind  
surf towards the crest of  
a  
small puddle,  
knowing everything  
and  
deciding  
to only speak  
when  
the  
tiny plop  
takes place  
and no one is there  
to record  
the  
wise  
conclusion.

## **the Miles**

i'm certain  
that at any point  
in  
his life,  
miles davis  
could have kicked  
your  
dad's ass  
and  
that  
may  
be  
the  
best  
b-side to  
a  
cat  
of  
his  
loud,  
confusing  
legacy.

## **today' brains**

living  
through my brain  
today is  
like  
missing  
a taxi cab that was pulling  
up to the curb  
as I got distracted by  
a stray cat  
as someone  
pours me a  
new whiskey shot  
in the 2 pm sunshine  
while a plane hits  
a cloud made of skyscraper  
and the  
meme of forever  
is but a big white  
canvass painted by my  
friend  
kato  
who is promising to  
introduce me to the  
pink panther  
if i would just finally  
get some fucking  
sleep  
and  
begin  
dreaming a new  
dream.

## **real puppy speak**

the point  
of puppies  
is  
every decent tv show,  
good movie,  
song,  
middle of a book  
and  
that  
chewed dog  
bone in the middle  
of  
a  
child's  
tousled room.

**the ruined people**

of our past are all the actors

that move

like mimes over

the silvered

screens of expensive

scripts

and

better

promos

to lead you

like a fish after a worm

to see

what you

already

know

about

how

your life

is

already

going,

but

hopeful

that there is

some sort of

real rainbow

in the middle of

the road

or

a

way to

understand

women

for

just

one

fucking

hour

in  
your  
entire life.

that would  
be  
the lottery  
ticket  
of  
a  
9.3 lifetimes.

**the pang**

of one

late night rolling

rock on an empty stomach

is nothing

school,

parents,

old girlfriends,

better dogs

or

cool cats

could ever describe

to you as

you

decide

that maybe

it's a good idea

to jump out

of

an airplane someday

instead of

shredding a stack

of

old,

forgettable

fucking

bills.

## **the wise old water fountain**

the coolest thing  
about  
growing  
older  
and  
seeing  
that  
my son's  
knack  
for fearlessness  
has not only  
stuck around,  
it's gotten stronger,  
is that i can  
say i know  
the hulk,  
superman,  
batman,  
the thing  
and  
at least  
6 other superhero's  
that are him  
when he  
brings a smile  
to the face  
of a new  
stranger  
that is a cashier  
that wants nothing ore  
than for  
him to talk  
a  
bit  
more  
and  
flex those  
strong

eyes  
like  
there  
is  
an  
entire  
world  
left to heal.

## **the George ballad**

my old friend  
george  
was there every single  
night as i walked  
the dogs 'round the block.

old cordless phone in had  
with decades of  
nostalgia  
and dirt,  
he always waved at passing  
cars and had a story  
about the old  
trucking days  
or sales malaise  
in a world looking  
for a buck  
like  
lovers hunting cupid.

he was the new grandfather to  
my boys miles  
and it  
was always known that  
he was  
good with  
both kids and animals.

the hero  
in a drama only  
suburban earth could render.

so,  
when i got the call from his  
daughter  
that he suddenly left  
forever,  
i couldn't rise

from the fog,  
but i had to for my boy.

it's been about a month  
and i waltz at night  
with my dogs  
in a haze  
as my boy  
just  
says,  
i'm sad

as we drive by his house  
and the  
aroma of his life  
hangs like  
the cold  
winter mist  
that will soon  
turn to spring dreams.

and here in the middle  
of america  
and my life,  
i miss  
george ..

the man with meaning,  
the unconditional  
hero

that will  
fight like  
hell in  
my brain  
for the rest of my days.

alive  
as he is gone  
and around

as if  
forever  
is just  
a sneeze away.

**the devil's drool**

is the fire

you

put into

the

last words

of

your

bad joke

and the first thought

into your

wasted sperm

that

will become

the landfill

of

fish bones.

## **Bussing**

The  
Ballad  
Of the special needs  
Bus aide  
Is one you hear in the middle  
Of the day  
In the form  
Of a hawk squack  
That  
Makes you jerk your  
Head around  
And just as that  
happens,  
you feel the pinch in your neck  
that will last  
for a week or  
more.

it's something  
you can always  
name 'nellie'  
if you feel so inclined  
as the  
heat and  
silence  
does  
the  
trick

## **Kaboom! Talk**

My  
Boy  
Who has  
A smaller satchel  
Of words to deploy  
Heaved his  
11-year old  
Gap tooth mouth forward  
In exasperation  
To describe his  
Video game brain ignoring brother  
To  
Screech out  
That  
He was  
A  
'Fucking meanie'

And with that,  
The doubt of his  
Message was  
Underfuckingstood.

## **Bracelet Hop**

Hundreds of  
Bracelets flop  
About this house  
In plastic tubs,  
Clear bags,  
On errant surfaces,  
In drawers,  
Under papers,  
Lost in couches,  
Hugging wrists  
And  
Always  
In the  
Air  
Like  
A loop  
Full  
Of  
Miles that  
Will  
Never  
Cease.

**golden birds**

One cold  
Penguin  
In this  
Huge warm world  
Is the  
Gateway  
To  
A  
Single  
Shot  
Of  
Good  
Whiskey.

**The end**

Is

Only

Another

Acorn embedded

In the

Millions

Of

Ruminating dots.

## **Best Improv**

The laughing

Jazz

Legend

Always has

Had

The simple

Edge

On the

Rest

Of the world

Without

Saying

One

Profound

Word.

## **Mouth Magic**

The bridge  
To the  
Tip  
Of your  
Tongue  
Is full  
Of used blood,  
Good coffee  
And  
The best story  
Only  
You  
Can possibly  
Remember.

**Spoiled**

Hermits

Of dendrite avenue

Hock used swords

And make

Up the best

Jokes

This side

Of the dust bowl

In

Nearest

sin city.

**the ragged tug**  
of your  
rich fingers  
took  
the vinyl off the  
color chart,  
but there  
is very little  
that will rearrange the  
letters of  
ROY G. BIV  
and his  
angled  
chemical  
color spray that  
comes down like  
a  
torrent of  
loose hail  
in the middle of a  
cold night  
cut out for  
one  
lonely cat out there.

## **nut animals**

the wagging,  
erratic  
tails of the  
roof bound squirrels  
in the new year's day light  
as  
the bright white blankets  
of snow  
look like  
landmines for the human  
foot,  
but add to the architecture  
of the squirrel  
that is looking for  
something  
much bigger  
in a smaller  
world to leap to  
and begin  
a new  
life  
like  
in in-between  
that has finally  
arrived.

## **funeral lightspeed**

looking for  
a lane to  
nudge into  
and away from the world  
of zoo animals,  
and as i began,  
a car was zooming up  
in a dead heat with a little  
2nd hand light on top  
of it's hood  
racing like the grim reaper  
on a crystal mix  
and  
head resting after  
an abrupt halt,  
i saw the  
words  
'funeral leader'  
on the side of  
a  
car as it  
barrelled over  
the tiny bump in the road  
like it was  
a joke  
at a  
wake you could never  
tell,  
but  
would make  
one helluva  
story  
if  
  
the dead  
were ever  
to  
come

back  
again

like  
a  
speeding fucking  
bullet.

## **fuzzy**

the greatest  
thing about  
the fuzz  
crawling around  
the world  
in its shroud  
of mystery,  
dirt  
and neglect,  
is that when  
it finally  
changes the world  
just a click enough  
for you to stop  
doing  
what you thought  
was cool,  
you will have  
no  
idea  
why  
everyone  
will finally  
fell  
the  
fuzz.