

Joefiles 151

Separated Like A Sloth

Alienated

By

Cupid

Is

Like

Drinking

An unexpectedly

Cold

1/2 cup

Of coffee

And

It's

My

Karmic

Swig.

Guts

Your
Town
Wins,
Ours
Loses,
And
In a few
Years
Who is
Still
Alive
Is going
To
Matter
The
Mostest.

Gizzards

In a gut

Factory

Is the

Closest you

May come to

God,

Kid.

Beeeee

The life
Of the
Bumble bee
Is
Probably
The easiest
With
All that
Honey
And
Easy tough guy
Swagger
In
An
Innocent
Walk across
The
Never ending
Sun rays.

The Lucky Ballad

I got
Exactly
Zero
Numbers right
In the last
Big
Billion dollar lottery
And
The only
Reason
I got the ticket is
Because
I got a big bug
In my salad that
Day
And figured I was
Destined
To
Test
My
Fucking luck.

Reborn Music

The rebirth
Of jazz in America
Is going
To happen when
Everyone is asleep
And their home team
Gets into
The World Series
During
The
Best
Year
To believe
In
Miracles.

Music Family of Saviors

Bob Marley saved your mom,
John Lennon saved your aunt,
Joni Mitchell saved your grandma,
While Elvis
Gave us
The Beatles
Is the middle
Of the finest
Storm
Only
No one could have
Predicted.

Alone

In a

Jazz club

Again

As

The welcoming parade

Fades over the nearest hill

And

The last of yesterday

Is all

That

Is left

In a future

Worth

Finding

On the

Ambiguous stretch

Into

Eventual

Joy.

Very Alone

At this point

In

My life

Everyone

Has a girlfriend

But

Me

And

That's

Just

Gonna

Be

Fine

Like a lonely

Trophy

Made of air,

But

Something

A

Bit

Better

In

This

Solace.

The emoticon world

Got blasted in
Some unwritten
Star Wars novel
And
There wasn't
One
Cry
To stop

The
Illustrated
Massacre
Of
Digital
Proportions.

The last holiday

Will

Be the devil

Killing the witches broomstick

Over the Grand Canyon

As the

World watches on

From

Some

Old lava mountain

On a holographic Hawaii

Wondering

If Saturn

Will

End racism

And

Sexism

Forever.

The pink tint

Of Nirvana

Is the last

Choice

You

May

Ever

Never

Have.

Forever Earth

The
World
Is
Never
Going
To
End
The way
You
Think
It
Will
I'm the wasted
Fortune on
The
Back
Of your
Crumpled lottery
Ticket.

Mystery Leap

The first

Dive

Into

The unknown

Will always be your

Best

As the

Rest

Of your life

Somehow miraculously

Gets

Much

Fucking

Better.

the flit and flop

of the precise imprecision of
the goose arrow
against the gray AM skies
looks like the
neons and fluorescents
of a liquor store
beckoning the non believers
to step right
up and find
the perfect dream
to end their
lotter despair
and make
everything
completely yellow again
in
that
childhood tinge.

The blanket of history

Only

Covers

Those

Completely

That have

Frozen

Toes

And

A

Bloody

Half heart.

The sushi monster

Wrapped his

Enemies

In bun

And drowned

Them

In pickle juice

Just before

Getting

The final drub

Of

Special sauce

On the

Mouthless

Jellyfish

Brain.

Window World

The

World is

Always waiting for

A Windows

To start

As

The apple crunch

Penetrates

Every

Ear drum.

Zilch

Got

No numbers

Right in the

Billion dollar lottery

That

Went

To anonymous

As the

Cat and

Dogs

Of morning look

At my head

Wondering

What this

Paper

Money thing

Is.

Drunk Lucifer

The devil
Bought your booze
To
Echo
Whisper
Through the
Meat
Folds of your mind.

the political bow hunter
went to the store
to find
a tube of
pink paint,
and instead found a bucket
of purple bullets
that were too
expensive,
so he came outside
and started
yelling under
the slightly
silvered moon
as everyone ignored
him
and
the night
slowly slipped around
us like a warm

wool blanket
that makes
so much more
sense in
the
banal rhetoric
of
today's machine, baby.

Heroic Dance

the soccer
team
make
the
kids
feel like
heroes
as they left
the
greens
a buncha kings
and
the
young
felt the
magic
of being a kid
much like
old man hector
banging
his drum
believing
that his home team
will always
win
like
a
lucky
comet

ripping
over
the
brilliantly
cold
night
sky
with
so many stars
around,
you lose
complete
track.

mountain lions

with teeth growing

out of their heads

can

finally rival

the rumored

resurgence

of that

dinosaur

era

that is going to

come for your wallets

and

the

last thing on this

earth you

may

just

love.

EXting

for all the
texting that goes
on in these
badly dangerous
times of ISIS and
owls on the loose,
it's really the
ones with the bumper stickers
decrying texting
because
they are always tiny
and as the innocent
squeeze their
eyes almost closed
to see what
the warning is all about,
we declare
that there
is
something
much
more sinister
than
simple
texting.

The gin

Duped

The tonic

Into a snare

Of

Sugar to find

Out

How long

Forever will

Last.

All the divorced wolves

Roaming

The clubs

With a bit of

Jazz in their souls

As the sugars

Melt into

Honey molasses

And the

Next couple

In the corner

Begin

Brokering

The next big

Romance

To make

The

Songs

And

Books flow

Like

Thumb tacks

Over

Red velvet.

Dealing

with

The 40s

Has

Been like waving

A big plane

Down the runway

Without

Training,

But

Drunk

To the

Gills

To

Feel

The weapons

Of

Beauty

In the

Purest

Of

Folly.