

Joefiles 154

scientific molding of the broken vase chips

the meaning of all sound

the long,
metered
jazz
veteran
always has a way
with their wisdom
to make you
understand
that
life
is nothing
more than
one big
cloud that will
eventually
evaporate,
but in the
rain
the
music
is
the
best
thing
this
fucking
life
will
ever
emit.

OJ 2016

the Middle-aged black
woman
walks with purpose,
sunshine
and
some somblense of
home
up through the AM
yellows
and slight cold
with a large
black t-shirt on
that screams out
in big white letters
'WHERE IS OJ?'

and not only do
i not know for certain,
i'm wondering at this
point who would give a
fraction of a
molecule
to that notion
as the ghost
white bronco drives
by in a slow motion
fury.

energized American rabbits

the energetic bald
of vitamin b12 & b6
vitamins
is the 21st century
heart attack that
lurks behind
the ghost of
donald trump
to
find
your
lowest
common
demon-inator.

lonely togetherness

i would
like
to know
if i'm
the only
person in the
world
at 3:02 PM CST
listening to
radiohead
B-side
of the acoustic
fake plastic trees
off the latest robust
Bends release
and if there is
someone else out
there doing the
exact same
things,
i would think we
could be friends
and
prune
fake
plastic
fluff
together
in
slightly
bypass
harmony.

love dreamer

I had a dream
last night
with my ex-girlfriend
Elaine
and it was so nice
to be loved and
to have someone that would want to I
listen to my stories and dig
the me in
now and then and
ever
and me doing the same with them
that
i felt
both
empty and full
as
the
morning
sounds hit
my
anticipation.

love

is

the only real

work we

have

on

this planet

and

it's

still a

bit,

scratchy lottery ticket.

you leave your house.

you pass love.

you encounter ..

you embrace...

and you may have to start over ..

again.

again.

and again

like

a

1980's quarter

trying to

get the stork

to

drop
the bundle
in
that one
ms. pac man
scene
without

getting
weighed down
by
the
proverbial
past bucket.

birder homes

i see all the little
dots of black bird
flying in and out of
the carefully
etched hole in the
metal
light poles ..

and it look like they
were constructed for
the feathery
souls,
but it was
for the electricians.

and together,
they hold a commonality.

they spark
the tiny hearts
and feathers
in all
with a tiny jolt
of juice
when
you least
expect it ..

to keep the
tiny ghost hole open
to dream a
bird's miracle.

security broker

a car down the way
has the stenciled,
low rent
black letters
and orange flashers on top of the
car with
'security'

and it looks real.

but really looks like
a coupla of crooks think
they are getting away with
the coolest heist in
9 counties
while the clergy is blindfolded.

but they are only
jerking off in front of a camera in the church
basement while
stealing a truck load of
ice cream sandwiches on the hottest day
of the year

as the world

decides to forgive

the pranking clown
yet again.

The middle aged bomb

sometimes
the shock
takes years to set in
as the miracle molecules
rejuvenate
and
find
a
higher level of
redemptive
love
to
ignore
the blight
and
smile under the ceiling
of
a
few thousand
balloons
raining
towards the
cooled
ground.

in the bubble of wonder

i think the utility line guys with spray paint
marking up the suburban yards
are really vigilantes
that never get paid
real
american human
money but
simply get paid in whiskey to life it
up to their alien friends
to marvel at one
of the few american inventions
that
made
life
a
bit
more
full of
photosynthesis.

in this 2016 trump romp

of anger

i find

the

final

etchings of the obama

victory run

of putting

Harriet Tubman

on the 20

to replace

Andrew Jackson

as some

level of

poetic

symmetry

that makes

everything feel

ordered

and

jammed full of

twikie karma cream filling.

circle sugar kings

if you ever
run into
someone that
owned a donut
shop that says
they are retiring,
like someone down the
road from me
years back,
tell them that their
sweet little operation
has
been
fucking
already retired
for
years.

dully insured

the huge
reverberating insurance
fraud
is
the
politician that
smiles with
a
loosened grin
with mustard on the chin
while the ketchup boils
within his bones
and
evaporates his
memory of yesterday.

street beauty

several times i
saw a doll getting crushed by
tires in the middle of
the busy middle american road and
found the metaphor getting
crushed over and over in my head
of the
kid world of innocence
getting plowed by the adult world
of
fear jumping
and
judgmental abyssing
taking
the small
doll
for
a
ride
that
could
have
been
avoided
in
this suburban
sunshine
that is now getting covered
by the biggest cloud
the world may
produce
today.

kid waltz

the other night
i took my boy on a long jaunt
by rickety wagon to and from
the
grocery store and
t felt like
the mightiest thing in the world
and
the only thing i
could have
ever
done
down here on this sprawling
rock of chance
that proves each day that the only
thing we are in
charge of
in the biological karmic
dance we inherit
that love is
the only thing we
can be
good at
in this
wagon
walk
about.

Modern breakage

The
broken
app
is
the
actor
with
something
to
hide
in
the
smiling
republican's
illegitimate
child
ready
to
gracefully
waltz
with
a
shout
into
this
olden
brand
new
world

musically metered

the
truth
is that
the
broken
brass
horn of
Miles
Davis
will
finally
save
humanity.

motherfuckers.

seasonal

The
zesty
spring
of
your
burning
dream
is
nothing
but
a
used
urn
in
paradise.

the only saving grace

for our
searching souls
full of eye balls
are the gigs
that don't pay or are
unexpected that will tie together
our drams like a
solid kite that will have to be flown
but will blow our cover
in the miracle of a
painting
that the world will some day see
and only
remember in their
deepest and lucid
dreams.

The missing Stephen King ghost

is

in

The

shiny

kids

candy

wrapper

the

day

before

Halloween

with

tiny

fluid

red

dot

perfectly

perched

in

civil

chaos

for

your

white

sneakers

to

softly

explode

on.

the final trumpet note

of the set

is a

huge

tuft of

mixed feathers

that form

a

caterpillar

that

will

save

your

worst

childhood

memory.

my windshileld exploded

into a

mass of bugs

and the sound

was like

a demon shoving

a

tormented

soul from hell

into purgatory

which quickly got

a

coach ticket to heaven

to find out

that what we think

is

godly is nothing more

than a

used Oreo under a child's pillow case.

the ghosts of the local funeral home

make

lilac pies

in

high spring

to

keep

the child

alive

in us all.

TEXT ALERT: missing manhood

got into a texting
match
that got heated with
a neighbor that
was ignoring me
for some days
whilst about a matter
with my autism spectrum boy.

something a few
folks could resolve with
words,
but i got ignored.

so, i went for
the text throat.

when it got heated,
he cussed
and stammered,
then said he wanted to meet
at lunch
to talk face to face.

i like in person.

I said at 11 for the
stay at home dad.

got home,
texted again,
and waited 8 minutes for

his wife to come out.

she defiantly said
that her husband wasn't going
to make it to our
meeting because
he was too mad
and didn't want the cops to
come.

and
i pondered that.

so,
if the cops did come
in the event of
him getting violent,
they would find some
things out for sure.

but one thing they wouldn't
find.

his manhood.

the brown trees

of

early march

in their

mass of bodies

by the vineyard

look like

they could

bend

into a midnight

drunk dance

on a

moment's notice.

The fishermen

on the shore

always sees

everything that happens

And

everything that is going to happen and

everything you thought

was

done in

secret....

winning/losing

The
last
of
your armor
is the
reason
you
like to lose.

music trophy

The
winning
jazz band
is a
lamb
hovering
above
the well.

Loneliness

isn't

the

worst thing

you could

wish

on a

willing stranger

In the

Echo

Of a

Hundred

Intriguing

Conversations

In

A

Used

Mustard

Jar.

The pieces of known

The known
are the
fragments
of
zombie ghosts
that
sprinkle
you
into
dream
at night ...

A crab

in the

fist

is a

steak

in the

gold mine.

The jazz breaks

between

sets

are when

the leprechauns

find the

golden miracles

in the

rest of

Your

life ...

straight notes

The
sideways bass
is the
upside down
guitar
in the
ocean blue.

The best story

will

always

be the

very next one

you hear

when

the sun

finally sets

over

The

Evaporating

Bus.

Tomorrow's

only

guarantee

is

tomorrow.

lover lorn

My
best
love affair
of all time
is the one
I have
with
Simply
Being
Here
On
Earth
In
This
Massive
Quagmire
Of
How?

Finest gal

The
Absolute
best woman
in the
room
is always
the one
I never met....

dig!

The

Monday night

jazz hero

in the

middle

of a

Wednesday

treble cleft

tornado ...