

Joefiles 156

somewhere the quitter started a lawn mower & ended it all

the witch evaporated

from the burning

stake

because

the

burden of

proof

was

a

bottle

of

liquid

lie

as

the

angel

called

the

demon

over

to

make out

while

the

crowd

wasn't paying

attention.

at the waterpark

with my boy today,
i noticed
the half of the world with tattoos
and the other naked half with none.

and then a Donald Trump headline
went zooming in vapidly through
my head and i
thought about
the worst reason for a
civil war.

what if
those with ink on their skins
and those without
just decided to
wage a nameless war in
the name of our
dumbed down Trump country
and it
may have
been one of
the

most absurd
ideas
that
may become
a
story

soon.

all the wandering,

vegabond

black strips of birds

that loll about

the sunny blue

skies

are the

key keepers

on this

earth of

ours

daring us to watch

just long

enough

to see

what hole

they are going

to finally

let it go in

to lead us on

a

quest

into

absolute

truth.

the lovers

i have
been on
enough
bad
trails
of bad
love
by
the early
40's of my life
to
know
what
bends
and u-turns
in the road need
to be done
to
get
into
the
pasture
growing
flush with
pickles
and
a
real lover's
gaze.

what

if

all

of

us

in

our

earth

romp

towards

fun

and

pleasure

are

the

real

zoo

animals

that

the

aliens

in

fancy,

fast

nearly

invisible

UFO's

Gawk about

At like

We are

really

fucking

neat.

walking

the dogs in the
height of june 90's heat,
tongues out far,
the sweat lolling around like a lopsided
bag of balloon beads
as U2's 'Where the Streets Have No Name'
comes on loud
and
i completely
forget
where
i'm
at.

modern revolt (2016)

If I ever
see someone
standing
in the middle of the road
circa 2016
before a tank
on the other side of the
Atlantic
in that classic so of
Tiananmen Square
pose,
i will
only assume
that they are responding
to a
fresh text message
or checking the
weather or
moving their solitaire cards
or
tweaking a
selfie
instead of fighting
for
the rights to
be truly
free
and
democratically
happy
in this

smart phone

revolutionary
vortex
spinning
with the smell of
blood
and
a
hundred ripe
banana peels
a
conspiring.

forever burrito

if you
think
your life
is
beyond
the
pale
of all,
just
be happy
that you
have
not been
relegated
to
spending
the rest of
your life
waiting in line
at Chipotle.

fishy

my miles

boy

accidentally

exploded

a

fish oil pill

some weeks

back

and it's still splattered

all over

the window

and

shades

like a

real salmon

was

butchered

by

a

bear

in

my

work

space

and no one can

figure out

how

to

clean up the

fishy

crime

scene.

Slowly AM

a tiny
good morning
AM turtle
with
neck extended
barely
grazed my
speeding
car tire
looking for
the bridge across
the street.

i looked back and pondered
getting him free,
but i was in a real fix to
get my boy
to school
and
figured that nature
would win somehow.

10 minutes later,
i needed to get my
boy his swimsuit
and towel and noticed
that the heroic turtle
hit a fast pace of
lucky karma
and
was not in the road
or

otherwise
around

and it was
in that small moment
of
looking in the rear view
to verify
my sights
that i knew
the
gods
were smiling
all over
the
slow
ones of today.

My boy Miles

had a maximized
balloon explode
onto a plate
hanging in
the kitchen
that has been there
for 9 years,
since we first moved in
and it seemed
an apt metaphor
now in the throws
of divorce
and a new
life beginning
that things
instantly pop,
end,
startle,
shards
of colorful rubber
quickly hitting
the grounding a globs of
old spit
as the
plate wobbled a bit
and held tight to the
wall
like a tree after
a tornado,
but
better
than
ever.

Peter Gabriel

was there

to

shock your monkey

and

wave away

the demons

from

the

nightmare

you narrowly missed

last night

sleeping

on a

lead pillow.

early lates

of all
the mornings
i'm late
to work
for running
my boy
miles
to
school
or around
to get
a hot
taquito
or a
starburst or a
frozen green tea,
i feel mighty
in the extra minutes
i get to
spend in a childhood
that
is truly
a flicker
from a lighter
and
better
than
any burn
your
homies
can
concoct.

bad love

i'm starting
to
figure out
that
i'm
falling
for
bad love
because
i have
been given
bad love
and lived
with
bad love
enough
to accept
bad love,
but those
days
of
bad love
are gone
as
i look
into the good
eyes of
cupid
and
the other
kinda love
that

is grand,
great,
and
better
than
what
you think
you may
just know
as
you
don't know,
you know?

each time

you enter through
the doors of
the local dollar tree
and see the first
pale,
unhealthy
specimen
peering hard over the
ingredient label of
something you would never
eat
in this full lifetime,
you know at once
that you are alive
amongst the survivors
and you should make
friends quickly
because
these are the post-apocalyptic folk
that will
be here years
after all the newspapers and TV
say that the
earthing race has
been
wiped clean.

The outdated hippo

played chess

with the recovering

genius

and no one

caught

who won

because

the hand glider

demanded

his debts

be

paid.

cold waters

as
much
as i love
a
cold whiskey orange,
cheap beer,
lime filled gin and tonic,
more vodka over orange,
the ice filled white wine
and the assorted spirits
that bring the
ghosts alive,
i dig the
break
from
the morning
back of the skull headaches,
heart pain,
short breaths after a haul across the lawn,
bladder starts taking a break from the urinal,
numb limbs everywhere at night,
the sleepless dreams keeping the dogs awake,
the cottonmouth ballads in the early mornings,
the tired and silly bowels that get no rest,
Thud pain in the feet,
the tiny trail of hair in my lower belly getting pinched by my belt,
the bloated totter of weight,
zits on the forehead,
too much cast on over sugared liquid in glass,
the newly arrived vivid dream at night REM bank,
pain gone from bad toe nails,
late night white castles to feed the liquor best,

the warbly totter of hangover day
and the breath that
makes my cat leave the room.

no,
i'll stick with a big
cup of
water
and
the sound of sunshine
coming down my
morning existence
like a great trickle
of water
keeping
all the plants of
the world
full of
liquified vigor.

2016 comedy

as i stick
the finger in the airs
of political
comedy and
campaign trails,
i found
the
best point
was made the other
day in the swimming pool
as I ambled around
reading a
terrorist novel.

a gaggle of high school kids,
both black and white,
were shooting the hoops
when one kid
put on a loud song
from his
car
and it
shouted
this chorus over
and
over and
over and
over
and over again:
'FUCK TRUMP'

it blurred on so long,

i know that the 78 percent of the
republicans that
dig Trump had
to be ready to call
the cops or throw a rock
at the car window.

for me,
i started mouthing
the song

and
smiled the rest of
the time
knowing
that

most of the
world is
saying
the

exact same thing
right

now.

couple good old boys

were bounding up and down
like a gaggle of teen amped
roller coaster kids
in the front bay of the
trash truck
and my eyes
couldn't shake the enormous
line of trash and trinkets in that
driver and passenger bays.

they had to be tucking the
treasures up front
for their kids and people
and saying

that the trash will take care of itself
somehow
as these two hero's
of the trash day

waltzed on by with their
dance card filled out
and
the trophy waiting
in some unknown
destination ..

taxi hero

two
small
black
boys
sat in the
tarnished
taxi cab
before the
school as i pulled
up and
saw he driver
look into the
rear view
as the older
brother
yelled up
to his younger
brother,
'get out man .. "
And it was commanding
Enough that
the whole world should
have spilled forth
and just
done something
for this
little commander kid
in the back
of
taxi cab dreams.

thelonus monk

is the god of

your world

while

sun ra

rules every single

;planet and

every last

solar

system

you

denied

existed.

prince day

i was beginning
a new interview
with a hot KC jazz act
that was in the van
on their way to a gig in
Oklahoma City ..

and it was moments
before that i heard
Prince died.

yet,
i didn't say anything
to the band.

i didn't want to be the guy
that told him
the manufacturer of our childhood cool was gone.

not me.

i was going to let them
live in their new,
minced world of purple believing
in rock miracles and
super worlds beyond our repair ..

I refused to let
them hear
that their Prince had
vanished.

I only wished
that forever
they could know
that Prince would be there for
them in
the last moment of 1999 with
the light
colored drizzle of purple
coming down
making all of
us
be
the children of rock n roll dreams.

maurice exhaled

and said

'i'm better now.'

survived the divorce from

his wife

of 38 years,

PTSD from active duty,

found a new home to

talk to god

and figured that the only

elevator

going these days

is the one going

at 1/2 floor intervals

and sitting in the chair

next to me

i was a tiny step up

that shaft

of light

and home.

and while

he looked around

in confident

confusion,

i felt his

pain

and worry

intimately

as i wander

through the shadows

of a

death

of a marriage
and finding
new
ropes to swing.

and together,
a few fellas in the
heat of a new summer
smiled,
and laughed
about
the
way we have to
fail
to love
and
rise
to
feel
the
blood.

IRS Waiting Bin

i had to wait on
hold several times last
week with the IRS
for a simple
answer
and
there was one
specific
day
with the gray
burned
into the sky
like a bad computer screen
that i was
waiting
for the monotone
man to voice
his badge and simply
say
the following:
'SORRY SIR, BUT YOU DON'T EXIST ANYMORE.'

and from there,
i would watch the phone receiver
as it went
tick/click
and
waited

watching
looking
peering

investigating

in my non-existent

bones,

eyes,

hands,

and brain

deemed

gone

by

the

American

government

that just made

me

wait

and

finally

clicked

me

free.

the snake

is the

summer devil

hiding

under

the colorful umbrella

waiting

to strike

your

last fear

and

turn it

all

into

your

first fantasy.

tonight

the first

woman

in the history of

politics

is going to

run

for

the president

of the united states

and the

irony

of how

ancient

we

are in american

thought

is that women

have

been

running

this

entire

human

show

for

eons

and

now

it's

just

a moment of

reckoning

as

the
trump
card wails
in
kid
tears
for
the
slowly encroaching
november rains
of 2016.

in the slight dangers

of vinyl,
i dropped
a regular
sized LP on my
big toe
and it
sizzled down so hard
that
i hopped around
like
my nail was on fire for 10 minutes
or so.

a month later,
the beginnings of
a
half arc blood moon
began to form
and rise up my nail into a perfect
circle
of darkened,
maroon
LP tattoo
under a nail.

and as the months went
forth,
it rose.

my bad moon rising
until i could trim
it back with the cutters
like a weed gone

bad
until
every trace
was gone
and

i returned
to my dull
looking
man toe
with
it's silly
bend
and
no more moon
to
watch
slowly
ascend.

Alien Static

when i hit
those
high screaming
AM static
pockets while
listening
to the local royals
game
on the radio,
i figure
that
the real Emergency Broadcast System
alert got hijacked
and the
rein
of alien ships
have finally
secured ownership
of all radio frequency.

knowing

that small town americana
in all their trump signs
and
the
unhinged beauty of
urban america
with the rainbow flag cohesion
is the exact same thing
on opposite sides of
the sand timer
should
be enough
to keep all our
civil war
nightmares tucked away
in a
a silk box lined ...

the sovereign

folk

on this

earth in their

delicate,

unknown

ways of

benevolence,

lawlessness

and

speed

are the

headlight

flashers

keeping the cops

cold in their

speed gun

traps

making

the

earth

an uglier

place

of

slow

and

dull.

Aspicism

In the
revolving
vortex of autism
i live in,
my boy knows
two children that
have unique
talents
that are very
cool to
witness.

one girl
within seconds can
tell you the exact day your
birthday is on
within a two year
window.

once the date is posed,
like october 13,
she will look up
into the sky,
smile,
totter a bit
and say
the day
and as you stand
shocked,
she will say she loves
you and walk off.

another boy,
is exact about the planets,
constellations
and directions,
amongst other things.

and each time i get around
these kids,
i get lost in their
savant surf
and
realize
that
we know
very little
about each other

and
more
than we can
ever
have time to
describe.

vapor trails

one day
some weeks
back,
that i have almost forgotten,
the
white,
separated tracks
of jet
residue
in the sky looked
like
blobs of 3D movie
that drifted from
the movie screen
into the skies
to taunt
us with
free entertainment
as our pirated eyes
marvelled
in some
sort
of lost fascination
that
the Coke company wants
to own
in the middle
of a Big Mac
ad
none of us bought.

trophy

in the heat of
a
late spring
day,
i waited in line
with my boy
outside of the major
baseball stadium
talking to drunk men and women
around me
while my son asked
a stranger for a handful
of spicy pork rings
while
the line
snaked around
the stadium
like it was end times
and we all needed
to use the bathroom one
last time before we got our
ration of oatmeal.

instead,
it was a gaggle of healthy,
sweating
post-world series
folks
waiting to
get our own
tiny
championship trophy

so that we
would
never
forget that
this tiny
kansas city town in the
middle
of the map
had our
moment

and we
were magical

for all the
world
to see
in trophy
glory.

the living

sometimes

i find it

beyond

words and

over mere thought

to

feel like

i can float around

in some semblance

of normal

in this autism

spectrum world i live

in as

all the adults around

me ship their

kids to grandparents

for days

and days

running

like

they are kids themselves

cooling off their

starbucks

coffee

and wondering

when

the next vacation

is going to

come

as

we
spectrum
folk
live
in the daily vortex
of
hoping
that calm

will be today
and
that
will be
the
vactation

like none other.

the bane

of this romp
of action
and age is
that i saw
a dude
from college
that had
a physical disability.

yet,
he always knew
how
to drink well,
cuss better
and
fly around
with the
cool kids in beer shirts.

and i couldn't place
his name
or exactly how
i knew this man.

yet,
i knew.

and i decided
it best to not go up to
him and do to him
what was happening
to
me because

i think
i liked
the guy
and
wanted to save
his brain
from
the
chainlink
jog
of tetris
that
is going to
end
now.

the daily hero radar

passed the local
cops under a busy
street under
an overpass
in town
and looked over
to see
the
splendor of
that day's hero
who got pulled over.

some dude in a
modified firebird
with no hood,
bad re-paint job,
he looked junked out
on a meth bender,
a bit dazed,
and his girl in the passenger seat
looked like
she just gave
him a blowjob
for a sniff of coke
and together
this all-star duo
looked straight ahead
and stunned
as if they never
knew the cops
patrolled the streets.

and the only
thing i could
truly think
is
how proud
their
parents
must have
been for them both
when they started to walk

and eventually
got
their
license.

the only real way to stumble upon the next genius

of sound

is to

mill about

an old

album you

heard hundreds of

times

to let the mouse

obliterate the wheel

and

feel

the wind

in that one

succinct way again

that will

transport you

to the

oasis

that

may

or

may not

exist.

Ultimate

The
extreme
version
of
now
would
literally
be
indescribable...

living in a huge aquarium of liquid oxygen

may

be exactly

the only

thing all of

this is about

as we

choke

on the best

steaks

of finest

vodkas

in the

absolute

time of our

lives.

modern modernity

in this descent
into the
21st Century,
i sometimes
stop and wonder
if the
iPhone
will
eventually
blow up
Venus
like
that scene
from
Star Wars
as Princess Leah
looked on
while Darth Vader cried
big dark tears over
his grill smile.

sunshine

on the
hawk's wing
in the middle
of the road
is proof
that
we
are nothing
but
a
bunch
of plastic
pellets
waiting
to be loaded
and
shot into
the universe
of
something.

soupy

the best way
to describe this
political
satire
of the upcoming
2016
presidential
election
is to give
it a
label

and that would be:

'FINELY MASHED UP BITS OF CLOWN SOUP.'

signs

The
great
abundance
of
patience
is
the
beginning
of
ever.

jazzed

in that one
tiny moment
the student
meets the jazz
cat coming off
stage,
you
witness the next
formative
bebop movement
and
something
that
will
become
sonic
over the next
decade or two,
yet you
won't be able
to put
your finger
over it.

jive ingredients

The
best
part
of
jive
is
the
creamy
mystery
center
of
the
soul
no
one
know
what
its
created
out
of.

my boy

miles can always spot
the tall,
well groomed athlete from
long distances away.

and by the time i look around
and see he's gone,
he's already swapped a bracelet,
asked for the ball
and taken a selfie
with this
high end athlete that melts
into
his world
and

will never
forget
this little
boy
that holds
a
spell
on
the
real meaning
behind
sports.

sometimes in Hollywood & KC

i like to lean back and
remove my subjective
bias of digging
my little
miles boy
with his charismatic
style
and colorful wit.

and that moment came.

it was at the kc comicon
when i met the
asshole of cool jay
as in silent bob
via clerks fame.

goes by jason m. and we were going
to take a picture with him.

it was one of those times
i couldn't pass up
and as we waited,
this hollywood hotshitshot looked down
at miles and was like
'whoa .. what's up little man?'

miles looked up and had no interest.

and as i readied to take a shot with this
dude from the fantasy jersey convenience store with all
his fucks and bitches in fiction land,
miles wanted to pass and this jason groaned a bit wanting

the miles allure.

so there ..

not caring for mr. hollywood,
miles got the
cool treatment
and

that
may have
answered many
questions i
have had about this life.

quickly.