

Joefiles 157

Smattering Array of Burnt Embers

Form Today's Origami

Loads the Cannon

Set to Explode

(boom!)

good friend

of mine

is

going through

the separated

divorced state of

things in the

40's boat

that just didn't quite

authenticate

the 30's and had

no chance through the

stormy seas of self need.

and when i asked

him how he was

holding up the other day,

he said,

i was all

a

stalemate and counterfeit ..

and that's about

the best was i can see

to put a jar on that

lid of used pickled pigs

feet

and

move

right on down

the

pork line.

bird incidental

the was the
loud dark shadow
of something
fast,
mysterious
and
a loud
metallic thud
as i looked back at my son
in the back seat,
then quickly the
rear view mirror on
the passenger side
and notice
a huge bird
few into the 73 mile per hour car
and lost
the thud.

it flailed on the side of
the road
and i contemplated going back to ensure
he wouldn't flail,
but there was no safety net
or easy way to
remedy this accident of nature.

and as my boy's friend looked over
with big eyes
and shock,
i thought,
but didn't say,
how the fuck
does a bird just plop into the side
of a car?

after four decades,
thousands of birds going by
and chance all around,
this was the first time
i had ever been part of
a feathered hero going
down in literally
biological flames.

and
at that,
i dreamed of the phoenix
and believed
in the
day dream
for
as long
as
i could.

the local diner

up the way off main
street burned
down the other night.

and it was
the haven
for all the senior citizens
and armchair hero's
that have all the answers
after a plate of
omltte and potatoes ..

as as i took my boy by
to see if it was true,
i saw a gaggle of
older folks
milling about in
shock
as
i took a picture of a wet,
used packet of crackers on
the ground
and
figured the cycle of
life is one big full circle
and everyone will
eventually get
their breakfast

as the world of
fire
keeps
on
raging

on the burner
and
in the mystery
of
our
subtle scramble.

the reality kid in a TV world

my boy was
racing around
getting bright pink
cards with
the autographs of all
the grocery store workers
at his older brother's job.

and as he got one several
people up from me in line,
the cashier told
the person checking out
that this little boy just
gets everyone's name on
cards and kinda shrugged her shoulders.

i was going to let her moment
pass as a
simple,
unknown bystander,
but i decided to
loudly make
my case for
the coolest boy i know.

I told her this,
'I'M HIS FATHER. AND HE DOES THIS
BECAUSE REALITY IS MUCH COOLER THAN TV.'

at this,
the woman getting checked out and the cashier
both did a
double take my way and smiled ..

a bit bashful,
but more in the glow of knowing
that it was a rare moment of real
that TV will never
create

and
my
boy
is doing something

no one
will
ever do
in that
store

ever,
ever
again.

and
it's nearly
miraculous,
in it's own
unique sort
of bearing.

drone plans

when those
amazon drones
begin flying about
in some jetson's episode
exploding into full -non-fiction delight,
i'm going
to see about getting
some programmed
to do my laundry,
squirt mustard on my hot dogs,
take a picture of that elusive local crane,
send a hologram middle finger message to the creepy red house neighbors,
drop a flower off to an errant 'special friend'
and be
here when the
real, non-essential jive
needs to go
down like
a
robot,
baby.

the sweats

ran into an old
friend at the dollar shop
yesterday
and she spent some time
talking about
a
rare headache condition
that is still being diagnosed with
much medicine and it
won't allow her to sweat.

and if she does sweat in
this heat of summer,
it means she is badly overheating
and the sirens are going off.

as this was being told to me,
i was sweating a bit
thinking i could not possibly
move forward in the right way
without sweating badly
all summer long.

and as i drove away,
i wondered about
age
and pain
as my cool
little 11 year old
miles boy
wipe a bit
of young
sweat from
his brow.

last night i had a dream

that i caught
my old
boss,
the school superintendent
on his last day on
the job
and he was in an old
truck i didn't recognize
and he told me to hop in
to run an errand
and once we got on the
highway he sparked
up a big J
and
was letting
the world of
retired fun
roll over his
bones like a river of good music
and
now
i think
it may be
the
best work related
dream
i have
ever
or will
ever have

and it just proves
why i liked
the man so
much
to begin
with.

a school janitor

was jokingly ribbing
me the other day
about a big
huge shit
in a toilet that
wouldn't go away
and he
was saying it
was me
as
his other janitor friend
smiled a bit,
then went on thinking
about the enormity of
this shit mess
that won't go away
and took
a huge
amount of ingenuity to
get it flushed
and
sent to the
government
to
figure out
in
their little
waste sweetener scenario
of
their taxing
ways.

the mirror ball

dangling
from the string
shooting
huge
bags of
light dots all
about is
the
train in the middle of
summer that i pull
up to and try
to decipher what
all the graffiti means
and
decide
that it's in code
like shorthand
in a bag of hieroglyphics
that i'm not
all
that interested in
decoding
on
that sacred path
of knowing,
yet refusing to
understand
like why
the sun
could
possibly make
you
blind.

the luck

a teacher
said in passing today
that miles
was a great kid ..

we should
be lucky.

and i told her
he always
finds a way

and looked around
the
corner
for
my little
lucky
rabbits
foot of a kid
to hop around
the
corner
to say my name

and
unveil
his
latest
plan

fulla chance
and
sheer bravado.

the
thing
of
luck,
i suppose.

paper parts

once
that whole
room of fiction
explodes into
a
big
mass of
the most lite bites
you could ever
imagine,
there will
be
calm ..

still ..

over the
whole
dimly lit
world
of
yesteryear.

knife handles

i was
a vigilante
on the right side of
the law
this
AM
as i shadowed
a
huge
firetruck
riding
like
a white hot
sledge hammer
into the unknowwn void
of danger
as
i held on with my
own version of
AM justice
just tottering
along
like
things
were
full of emergency
undertows,
but
camly
fine at
the
same time.

perpetual hunt

when
my boy miles
gets locked into
that notion of
finding specific things,
my mind
roves like a lost
vehicle on the surface of
venus.

with no TV ever on
in his life,
he wants to find a gaggle of
rubber cancer bracelets ..

and as we look,
he gets nervous looking
room to room
as i sit on a bed sifting
through the many
colorful lopes of
rubber
thinking about
the happy hope on
each as
we look
for
the
circles that
tell the world
that cancer can
completely fuck
off as Miles finally yells
that he
found the bag of
cancer bracelets
and my heart
leaps in relief
like there
was a
cure to
many things
found
all at once.

the real egalitarian democracy

in this life
is going to be the
day when
we decide
if and how much
tax money we want to
spend on what we buy.

much like
how many clams to shell out
for a new musicians album.

it would be to
see how we support the
politicos
or the people
or
if we just want
it all tax free
and
walk on our way
down
the
dark
dirt
road of
good
choice freedom.

forever grand opening ..

I want
to
open
a store
called grand opening
and the sign out front
would always say
grand opening and
it would
be full of
things that simply
say grand on it ..

no rhyme
or clear reason,
other than it's a
constant
opening of
grand
proportions ..

every day is
the biggest
celebration
on
retail earth.

doctored AM

as
the morning
car made a slow roll to
the red,
i saw dots of
purple
and
white all over the road.

it was a
huge explosion of
brand new,
fresh
medical face masks
and rubber gloves
sitting
there like
signs
that the
zombies were
on their way with big
glares and
forks to chase
us normal
humans down.

and as all the cars
ran over
these rational like
they were highway
trash,
i looked back in
the rear view mirror
at the darkening skies in the south
bringing
the rain,
thunder
and
the
parade of
the
morning
unknowns.

i was tottering in the hot airs

of the old jeep
behind a very
slow truck with a trailer
fulla top soil
and it hit
me that there
is no reason
this should
be called
top,
when it ends up
being bottom
soil.

again,
i'm in the middle of
a
thought
you
may dismiss,
but
something
you could clearly
be on top of if
you decide
to not bottom out.

the old nests

i see
hanging in
brown trigs on the
ground
look
like the clues
to the harry potter
world that arrived here in
middle america
to tell us things
that need
to
be done
and
those things
that never,
ever need to be uttered again.

the peaking

the great
unopened,
sealed with wax envelope
of now
is everything you
have hidden from
the world,
but
the very things
the
world
already
knows
about
you.

the drug agents

of

yesterday

are the

ones

that

hide

in the bottle

of your

favorite

whiskey

waiting

to

give you the voices

in

your head

that will

eventually

lead

to

the

words

of

eternal echo.

late night neighbors

stuck
in the middle of an
UNO game
and asking me
where I'm going with
the mic in my hand
as
the
moon passes over
the southern tip of
tomorrow
and
the
dogs wander around the
house like
grand marshals of a parade
that the sun
will lead
and
leave before
the twinkle
of a drunk mars
gets the
real party swinging.

The local garage sale sign
down the street
says everything must go
and
it's the second time
that I saw this
sunned over scrawled
marker written proclamation
shouting at the locals ..

so, what happens
if it doesn't go?

what goes?

what gives?

maybe they should
screams 'FREE'
in all red CAPS
and
make their
promise
a
wish we can
all
be gallant about.

jazzy

when i think
back over all the years
into now
and how jazz makes
me feel right,
the world looks
fulla ROY G. BIV
and the scents of
tomorrow taste good today
i feel
as though
the sensation
is like
watching a
connect the dots page of
some sax that
gets filled in all
on it's own like
a
bucket of magic
as
the
notes
become
the
beacons.

The Old guard

senior citizens
of the world
will always
run the diners
of this planet
and between
all of their
little talks
in magnanimous three measure
suites,
they
have enough
bring in their
whispers
to ensure
that
this
planet of people
sticks around
for
a
bit longer.

life sustaining photos

i called over
the lifeguard
who just told me
a few hours into my
waterpark trip to
stop taking pictures
as i looked up and
saw a gaggle of people taking
their own shots of
folks.

but,
i shook it off
and kept
taking
my shots
without
saying anything.

then,
a
few minutes later i saw
a
little black girl
crying in magnanimous sobs
lost
calling for her auntie ..

so,
i called over the lifeguard
and said that
they need to find this
girl's aunt or mom ..

at this,
she grabbed the girl and waded in
the water as the
little soul stopped crying
and looked around
like the world was
whole again

and it was in that
moment that

i should
have taken
a
picture,
the the guardian lifeguard angel

had
warned me
not
to
in this dance
of
human
chance.

the wisdom of time
ends more friendship
and family relations
that
the tornadoes of
the freakish south
or the hurricanes
in the boorish north,
and they
are probably
needed
as we move
on to
keep the toxicity
levels to
nominal levels
of survival,
but
it's the memories
that will
make
the pharmaceutical
companies
continue
to win
each
and
every
pill
infused
american
day.

my boy

got a box
of presidential
flash cards today
and asked
where
trump was in the deck.

i told him
he was no where
in the deck.

he has no deck.

just a crazy candidate
with
an orange clown wig.

and when i pointed out
bill clinton,
i said that his wife
would trump
donnie
out of
any
potential deck
a kid may buy
in
the future,
baby.

illusions

the big,
potential thunderhead
splayed the oranged
cloud that
i had
to look into
the
deep heat of the
midday
sky to figure
out if
the solar system
took
a
massive
shift or
unplanned break
before i realized that
a tiny,
white,
almost circular
cloud was
not
the moon,
but an imposter
trying
to
pilfer some
intrigue out
of the
deeply
hot & potentially
lying June
sun.

All the morning tough guys

rummage around
doing road construction
and making a
a big beautified
sign that
will be neon
aglow in the cool fall months
coming
and
when
all the dust is gone
no one's gonna remember
all these guys
and their circular cigarette butts
with tufts of used
ash smoke
standing around
on dirtied phones
and
colorful hardhats
in the heart tough guy
John Wayne avenue
as they look
into the
windshields of passing cars
like they are ready to
eat the last donut
and
put the
final brick on
your
summer
of
eternal
mortar memory.

This side

of the world's
largest cloud blanket
is being
pulled out of the
stratosphere of sky
and slowly
covering all of us up
into another morning slumber
as the
fast cars and
bright eyed spies
speed by
with headlamps alight
in
the
speed of
8:06 AM in the morning

on the passenger
seat
sits
one little wiggly eye
from
my son's
slime bucket
looking into the
ceiling my car
like a
cyclops that
can see the
future
and all the sunshine
coming
of
each and
every ass
that
sits
there.

All of the library books

huddle around
like young soldiers
unsure what's going to happen
but knowing
deep within
those grand smelling
pages that
there is a great
fucking story
tucked within that
you will never guess,
but cease to
tell everyone you
know
in this
big
pulpy game
of hide and seek.

All kinds

of big things
get transported
about on 18 wheels
and
before me
this Am
was
two bright
hydrogen tubes with the
fancy diodes
that look like some mail-in
Arthur C Clarke invention
housing the soul of Stephen Hawking
trapped deep inside
ready to let the world
know one day
the absolute truth
before
we
all have to migrate to Mars
wishing
we had a better view
of
the yellowy
little
fun twinkle of
Venus.

The libertarians

Huddle

In the

Corner

With

Secret plans to

Eat

All your whipped topping,

Mock your presidential candidates

And

Win

In

November.

40?

How can
One
Get
Into
Their
40s
And
Not
Know
A
Parent
That
Much
At all
After
Being
There
A
Full
Lifetime...

Animal gallery

the dogs
and one cat
of midnight
scurry around me
like a buncha post
drunk dancers
waiting for the music to
pick back up so
they can have
some sins to confess
tomorrow
and a plays
to throw away yesterday's
slightly
old
booze bottles.

old liaisons

are the ones that
will encourage your
forgotten ghosts
to come back
to life
and run the errands
that no one wants
to run,
and when they did,
middle earth will awake
and
all the
patty cakes of
kathy lee gifford
will chase
all of us
down like a poisonous
lizard tongue
with
no escape plan
to
find
in the escape hatch.

the coordination

of fools

is the

failure

of the

lone

genius.

deep in the yellow

of another

hot june

morning

i keep

rubbernecking

into the rear view

mirror

as some civilian man with

a full beard

was driving a converted ambulance

that was minced with the

kalidescope colors of an ice cream

truck

and as it took a

brief,

yet brisk left,

i could see

this man's

arm out the window

and eyes sqinting

waiting

to relish

the worlds

small

non-emergency scenarios.

the hot cows

off

150 highway

are almost submerged

in the hot, brown

lake waters

as the other

group of black cows

in their swiping tails and

flippant ears

all look on in absolute

calm

as i wonder

how those cows stuck

in the wet mud

on a steep slope

with limited mobility

will ever

get back up onto dry land

to

make the collection of cows

whole

like a burger

meal with a shake

and extra

pickle.

the best

way to approach
each calendar year
of your life
is to know
not whether or not
it was going to happen ..

it's always
gonna be a mater
of
when
it's going
to fuckin
happen...

(Kids)

heating heat

as i lean
down into
the wading,
slightly turpsy
blue waters
of
mid summer,
i collect all the sweat bees
and bugs
that
drank their last big
glass
of water
as
kamikaze
heros
extolled by all
the other insects
that know this is the way
you
want it
all
to
end.

today's AM man

in his convertible

tan,

mid 80's mercedes

with tiny dog in

lap

and

grayed,

balding head

not nearly in a sweat

yet

as

the sun

shone like

the

best book in the world

was

the

only retired person in the world

and his bumper sticker

should have

said,

'i'm the forever vacation man motherfuckers'

the word scramblers

in a fit
of late afternoon
heat and a quick U-turn,
i saw a
big, bright
Burger King sign
from afar
that simply said
it was now hiring chicken nuggets
a dollar 49 an hour ..

huh.

that's wondrous.

nuggets for hire
and getting paid enough
to take
over
the
Midwestern world full of cows.

The separated

the one
small
thing
i never
hear
as
a
revelation
after
divorce
and all
the lemons
have been
procured,
is that
maybe
i
could
really
fall
in
love
the
next
time.

Pooper

just
zoomed
past a dude
on the june heat
highway
with a
bumper sticker
that said,
"I'm so happy I could shit"

and as i caught up
by inching
and locked my
gaze on his
profile,
it was the dude
that would have
this
yellow
sticker out loud.

it was an older model
ford with a wobbly front driver side
tire,
he was sweating hard with the windows down
as he had a cigarette
hanging loosely from his
lips
in that manner
screaming he doesn't
ash,
the wind will for him.

and as he
went in the slow lane
up the road,
i could see tiny invisible
tufts of comic book
quotes above his head
that shouted,
'where the hell
is the nearest happy fucking bathroom?'

the end (?)

worm pals

few weeks back
after a torrential download of
rain for some days,
i went to flip on
the poop pump motor
and noticed a
huge group of robins
were hopping around me
with out
fear as though maybe
i was a bird
also.

something odd from
sesame street,
but in their hood
and of their defined ilk.

and looking on some
worn red brick holding the pump up out
of the mud,
i saw some wiggling worms
looking to escape the deadly
beaks approaching.

at this,
i found one,
and tossed it to my
robin brother in the
grassy trenches.

he hopped,
scooped up and
looked at me for more.

i turned and walked off,
feeling like
maybe for that one trip up to
the house
that maybe i could fly.

don't mind me
or mingle about,
i'm
just
waiting
at the
proverbial
bus stop
to
unbuild
and
realign
my
karmic house ..

The wandering dog

of
the
upscale,
new
jazz club
rules
the
entire
fucking
earth.

my neighbor

across the way
the used to live in LA and
lives mostly in the 90's
as an early 40's cat
who lives with his parents
now to get his
feet back above his shoes
stopped by some
months back to listen
to a stack of old vinyl
he found in storage.

after we went through
the stash,
we he asked if we could take him
by the gas station before
running him by home.

once there,
my 11-year old
got a snack and some gum,
while my neighbor was
loading up on those tiny
airliner plastic bottles
of heavy booze.

once he got them and
we came to my house to
get his vinyl,
he began to sweat
and nervously stuff
them into
his pockets
telling me he had to hide
them from his step dad because
he was a recovering alcoholic,

and as his words kept
explaining his booze crush,
i tuned him out and just heard random
words that didn't mean much to me.

not cause i don't like the guy
or want to judge his issues,
i'm a master at bullshit living

in reality
and i think i have had my fill.

if you wanna drink,
get drunk.

if you wanna bullshit,
find a good girl.

and on those spots in between,
let's talk
about
it
all
at
some random,
surprise
later date,
baby.

Windy tales

when the windy
nights
rattle the world of wood
and shingles around,
it's the sound of UFOs landing
and i'm just
about fine with
all of that
because
something out
of this
fucking
world beats
the
sound
of
these regular old
earth
moments.

Covering it

if i was
to ever
decide
to join
a
bad,
silly
cover band
it
would
100 percent
be called
The dead battery brigade! ..

Forgetting

When you
forget when
you last laid your
phone down
or what cushion
you tossed our
lost keys into,
never
forget
that the last swig
of beer
is going
to keep
everyone
in the room
alive.

the real savior of kansas city

is the man
that
walks around
his
cushy old steakhouse
ensuring that
all the seafoods and hunks
of meat are
done to
absolute
perfection
as
the
jazz band
led by
lynn z. goes
into another solo
while
the crowd rises to
another murmur
and
the dusk children dance
their souls
away.

and that man
with the suit
and 300 dollar
grin
is
Dick Hawk -
The Lord of KC ..

The spotlights of dawn

are brightest

when

you forget

that

your

whole life

is about

to

begin again.

The Stars

twinkle about
with thin lines of laser rope
to
kidnap the moon
and
teach everyone
a thing of fucking two
about
a real
celestial heist ...

every other weekend

i happen to
flick far enough
into the Sunday paper,
i find the
obituaries
and slowly go
over the names and
faces
thinking
the
whole
time
about that
shiny red brick
put into our childhood
brains
that
has
an etching on t
he underside of the
red brickness,
'we are supposed to live forever.
no one will ever die.'

and when the final page is
clicked over on that
Sunday installment of
death,
i think about the
last pregnant woman
i saw
and
how many hospitals are
full of
babies
ready to inherit the new,
indestructible
red brick of
forever.

Day daze

there is only
one day
ever
in
this small
middle american
town
here in
missouri
where i see
everyone that
spends the
year hiding
in their homes.

and most of them hate
communism.

detest socialism.

and the only thing
that yanks them
from their monitors and screens
is firecracker 4th.

they get to indulge in the
best of chinese labor
to make the ears ring
the the dogs
hide
as

they
plant the whitest bodies
on the planet
in a seat

to

breath
in the
outside
like a bunch
of god damned
lunatics
that

probably
won't get
back out

until
it's
time
to
vote.

or
worse.

The horniest motherfuckers

on this
planet
barely speak
and
plot
tiny
plans
to
bring
more souls
onto
this shiny
blue ball,
if they are
unluckly

as
they
leave the
room
to masturbate
in

your finest
bath
hand

towels.