

## **Joefiles 158**

*the secret path to Pluto is full of planetary myth in a snow globe that was stolen by Clyde T.'s shadow*

## motorcycle man

weeks back,  
my boy and i accidentally  
happened upon  
an umbrella covering  
a  
motorcycle rider  
that was thrown  
into the middle grass median  
and folks were  
around him  
in  
a  
sort of solemn  
mode  
that was clearly  
unlike anything i  
had felt for some time.

paramedics on the way,  
it felt like a scene  
from the motorcycle gang  
in that movie 'mask',  
where it was a family affair  
and the kin  
were saying good bye,  
good night.

and tonight on the way  
home from a full day in the sunshine,  
i saw a bright  
orange cross  
that proclaimed  
'rest easy'

and i  
realized that  
i  
saw  
the  
Death of a motorcycle rider  
on  
a

saturday  
way back  
there when the sun  
was doing the same  
kinda  
shining.

## **Miles of help**

my boy  
got enamored  
with helping all  
the lifeguards at  
the swim park today  
while i  
floated around  
in circles in the  
lazy blue waters  
just watching the  
big fat bees of middle  
summer  
doing their dance  
all over a huge  
crop of Ecchenecia  
plants  
and it  
may have been one  
of the most  
exciting programs  
i have  
witnessed  
in  
quite  
some  
hour.

**the invisible mechanics**

of  
the labored sky  
skip along in  
white tufts of  
shape picking  
sky cotton  
to  
stuff into  
all the shirts  
and  
ornament that  
make the daydreamers  
wonder  
along  
their  
daily  
stop of wonderment  
forgetting  
what needs to be  
forgotten  
and  
cultivating the  
sky cotton  
of  
the  
pickers  
high aloft in  
the dreamy  
skies.

## Sluice

sometimes  
it  
may just be necessary  
to slice a sliver  
out of your  
hustle  
of the bustle  
to  
shuffle  
up to that  
fancy woman  
with the  
mole just right,  
the pout  
done like  
a  
bomb  
and the gait  
like  
hell  
and  
ask  
in a calm,  
low tone,  
'ow do you like wearing those bitch pants?'

**stopped**

on my way out of  
the work door with  
a armload full  
wires and bulk  
to pick up an  
errant  
penny on the ground.

instead of poking me  
around the shoe,  
i put it in the pocket for  
the rains that were to come later.

then,  
i forgot about it  
and heard it clank in the  
hot dryer circle  
and again,  
put it away in a pair  
of pants or  
shorts.

as of now near  
the midnight ding,  
i cannot find it  
and  
i'm pulling  
for the  
journey it's going to  
take  
on in  
finding luck  
right on down  
the line  
to  
the california coast  
or  
the new york peninsula,  
if  
we  
are  
all  
that damned lucky.

## **The old good modern times**

the grand  
thing about  
meeting up  
with old friends  
is that things  
are always different  
and changed  
for a better turn  
as we all  
become  
beat up,  
blasted,  
dented,  
rolled around  
carcasses of  
middle age  
with new levels of  
wisdom  
and an appreciation  
of sunsets  
akin  
to  
surprise sunrises.

**an unexpected plate of sushi**

is

the

warm

hug we many

never get

from a good solid crush,

but

just cold enough

to

make it feel like you

swam across

a

comfortable slip

of

water

to

forget the questions

that

you never

wanted

answered

and

to remember

the

riddle

that

made you

want to

live forever.

## **The ballad of holding onto old habits**

is  
the old lint  
we carry around  
in our pockets  
and  
that mirror  
we just cannot  
afford  
to get rid  
of as the  
years slip into  
decades and  
the eons  
stay behind  
the clouds  
hoping  
to orchestrate  
some kind of  
change  
that  
will  
ripple  
forever over  
the pond  
of  
your  
nearly forgotten  
teen  
dance.

## Final goose honk in letters?

I would say  
that this  
is my  
last poem  
about geese,  
but  
I love those  
motherfuckers  
so much  
I just can't  
musing  
about their  
long necks  
fulla sun,  
the slow cat walks  
they make across the busy  
streets,  
their honks that  
wake the chickens,  
the mass gatherings of them  
off the pond ready to  
pound the sky with their  
victory flight  
and sameness of  
each one looking  
just  
alike,  
but  
carrying  
as though  
they  
all  
look vastly  
different.

## **That one woman**

i saw  
several times  
on the  
hot, humid  
construction site  
twirling with  
dust tornadoes,  
jet black asphalts,  
huge trucks of of squash doom  
was  
the  
best  
looking thing  
i saw all  
day long  
and i'm sure  
every red blooded man  
that shared the same  
visage as me  
today  
has  
some  
extra  
good  
dreams  
to  
look forward to  
in  
80's film  
fantasy land lore.

## **The basenji dogs**

are  
the comic book  
heroes  
that came  
to life  
ruling the carpets  
of now  
and  
yelping  
through  
dog dreams  
of  
infinite fields  
of  
egg yolks  
and  
the  
sound  
fo  
squirrels  
coming  
to their  
rightful end.

## **Wheels on the bus ..**

watching the  
newly minted  
tow truck  
lugging  
the old,  
yellowed,  
barely audible  
rusted school  
bus across town  
like a cow  
going into  
the mcdonald's grinder  
lept me into a daydream  
as to how many kids  
dreamed their futures  
and  
weaved about their  
tales of wonder  
and as this old spaceship  
of speilberg memories  
goes yonder to  
roam in a new life,  
i bid a a good go  
as it turns lett  
and i keep  
moving  
straight ahead into  
the summer  
sun.

## **sunshine dreamin'**

every time  
the former californain,  
turned missourian once again  
tells me  
that he fell in love  
with the girl he grew up  
next to as a kid  
and always had  
a crush on,  
it gives  
me  
a  
candle flip  
of hope  
in this mid life  
of mine  
wondering  
if love has been anything more  
than a myth,  
much like  
big government  
for us to ingest  
and believe because it's been  
told so many times  
over and over crimson and clover  
on this love fueled ride  
across the sun  
and to  
moons  
that may still  
yet need to  
be  
discovered.

## 18 year old drunk tale

my older boy  
told me his  
18 year old pal  
got a burger  
late the other night  
while drunk  
as his friend  
was driving through  
the pull up lane  
and crashed his  
range rover into a wall.

when i looked back and  
saw the damage on  
the wall,  
i heard that  
the cops ran them down  
and  
made their night a longer one.

and it dawned on me  
that teenagers are  
the most ignorant  
creatures on the planet  
made pure by their courage  
and  
redemptive  
in their ability  
to age  
and  
finally  
figure out  
that brick  
walls always  
win.

## aliens

the cameras on  
the internet  
showed a  
possible UFO sighting  
from the international space station.

much like  
the lunar landing photos that  
have been lost,  
it was all an accident.

the video transmission was  
done at the end of a real mission  
they were beaming from their houston eye glasses.

and boom,  
there is a tiny ship of green fools  
careening over the black  
jewel of night with tiny  
punctures of light acting  
like planets that only have  
carnivals for weary  
universe travelers ..

i believe it was a space ship.

the greatest fucking UFO ever filmed.

and irony comes  
in all shapes and sizes.

especially from  
outer fucking space,  
kids.

## **The 40's march**

one of my best friend's dad  
barely recognized me  
this last 4th of july  
as he said i looked good  
and we talked for a bit.

i thought about all the bad habits  
i have kicked in my 40's.

and while we talked,  
i looked over at my boys  
and paid close attention to  
my youngest miles as  
he tottered around with  
lit punks and  
loud firecrackers.

it dawned on me that i have to live forever.

or a bit over forever for  
the kids  
lest  
i won't ever  
find out  
what happens

in this walk through  
the  
landmine field.

**the brave men and their sexy lady friends**

know  
the combination to your  
locker,  
and own the keys to your home  
and probably have  
the passwords to  
what you hold under your  
fold out beds,  
but they  
will never,  
ever fuck  
as  
good  
as  
you,  
because  
flashy fucks  
are  
just  
a  
bag  
of  
want,  
with  
little  
go.

## **the pre-midnight teenagers**

tear around  
the open blue waters of  
the cooled summer pool  
doing shoulder fights,  
screaming 'fuck' 'damn' 'shit' and  
the like  
as the still airs of  
suburbia hangs like  
a colon that  
wants to become  
an elipses,  
yet can't find the right gumption  
and with  
water flying,  
voices raising,  
one of the dudes flops off  
another's neck  
as the  
teen waves his arms frantically  
on the other victorious  
dude's shoulders  
as though  
the world  
is  
won  
and  
the next  
planet is  
on the radar.

**trotting down the hot sidewalk,**  
the butterfly  
erratically  
lopped by like  
some hollywood string went crazy  
and started staging  
productions down  
this midwestern dream lane  
and  
the reality behind  
this post-cocoon dweller  
is that  
the tiny brain it holds  
knows the future  
of  
everyone,  
but elects  
to  
waste it's  
time  
in  
the most proper,  
floppy,  
intelligent  
way  
plausible.

**the off balance jogger**

is clubbing along

like

he will never regain

his balance

in the invisible

wet concrete beneath

his worn soles,

and i can't stop looking

at this dude

as he peers up

into the passing windshields

like someone would

help him,

but he would

lament such a decision

and

feels

like

he may just collapse soon

into

a

bed

no

one

will

ever

know

about.

**an old timer**

with a  
'nice guy'  
swagger  
and old school cool  
likes to talk about  
his old home  
outside of  
LA,  
an inlander  
as he called himself.

he beamed about  
weekends in hollywood,  
vegans,  
san diego  
and  
the mountain that was right  
outside of his windows.

it all started  
with a simple  
question,  
'is california really that damn cool?'

what i got  
was  
every confirmation of  
the dream land fulla  
good,  
salty waters,  
the best food round,  
happy people  
and  
something that  
may finally  
make me forget  
kansas city  
for  
a  
while.

now,  
that is

what  
i could  
call a hype  
jammed  
with a real  
paradise middle.

## **The dirtied & slightly disoriented wolf**

had a dream  
that it  
was going  
to eat the  
world in one  
fatal  
swallow,  
but instead,  
it  
at the fork  
and forgot  
where  
the napkin  
was hid  
as the pigs of the  
world rose  
in volume  
to  
fry the  
best bacon  
anyone was ever  
going  
to  
devour.

## **The slips**

right before  
the orange  
sun quickly  
danced  
into the  
nearest  
land mass on the  
horizon,  
the frog  
came  
to  
full life  
and  
hopped  
away  
with every single  
lie you ever  
had  
and  
disappeared  
with  
all of  
your  
best  
stories,  
baby.

## **the creepy red house people**

live  
on this block  
with  
their  
long stares,  
blond hair  
and  
odd tempo  
at walking  
and  
general movements.

they  
have  
the fixings for  
a  
stephen king movie set  
and  
years back  
i took my son to a birthday  
party  
and to this day it  
was the  
oddest  
room  
i had ever stepped foot into.

it was like feeling the cold  
of a room  
of folk  
that were not alive,  
but pretending to  
be human  
and warmly lit.

and it was  
then,  
on the heels of  
prior owners  
that  
had a bag of screws  
perpetually jammed into  
a

sinister metal fan,  
that i decided  
that

the creepy red house people  
need to be  
left alone  
to their odd  
calendars  
and  
winky wonk  
worlds  
that  
need  
to be  
forgotten  
like  
that  
one stephen king story  
that

stepped one  
bad food over  
the  
subconscious line.

## **Jazz talks in paris**

while i spoke  
to a  
former kansas city jazz cat  
that has  
punched his passport all over  
new york,  
japan,  
italy  
and new lives  
in paris,  
spoke in  
cool  
metered tones  
about his existence.

and when he was really  
laying on the  
jazz truth,  
i could hear  
him pouring  
his  
cups  
of coffee  
or tea  
in the background

making that  
gray parisian  
view in my mind  
sizzle  
with  
pure

jazz  
magic  
fulla  
art  
that  
will  
never,  
ever fucking  
stop, baby.

**trained assassins**

can never  
make  
really good  
sandwiches,  
because you have  
to be a bit slip shod  
and in a hurry  
as you hustle  
the meats,  
lettuce  
and sauces  
about  
to  
dance delicately in that  
paper envelope of bread  
waiting for the growling  
stomach  
to abide

as  
the  
shooter  
sits,  
waiting for the bug  
to completely  
walk over his hand  
and  
towards the  
shiny pickle can.

**while floating on my back**

in the  
slightly over warmed  
summer pool  
waters  
i noticed  
inordinately high  
in the  
blue of above  
with shifting cloud cover  
like a digital game in  
real time,  
1 huge black bird  
just gliding  
along like  
it had  
no where  
to be  
and  
slightly  
profound  
to say.

**the best moments**

are the ones  
you  
will  
never ever  
be  
able  
to plan  
for or  
predict  
and  
they  
will somehow  
poetically  
blot out  
the exact  
bad ones  
that  
unknowns  
will  
plan  
in  
their little  
lair of gray  
with  
half ripped  
posters  
and  
tiny  
musters  
jammed  
up in  
the  
springs of their  
beds.

## **Kaboom!**

when i feel the  
shifty  
unknown  
of what life  
may  
give me  
in the advancing 40's,  
i'm always  
reminded  
of the  
amazing  
good  
that is jazz  
and the interviews  
i have with  
the coolest cats alive.

mike in vegas  
the other day  
laid out the  
finest tales i have  
heard in quite some time,  
and there have been plenty.

he's the piano player  
for the penn and teller show  
and has been  
doing  
this  
glorious gig  
for quite some  
time.

as we left  
the phone waves,  
he said  
i should get in touch with him  
for tickets  
and grabbing a lunch.

and as i shut the phone off and looked  
around the

hot, humid airs  
of kanas city abound,  
i  
thought  
that  
may  
actually  
work some fine,  
magical  
day  
in  
the  
future.

## Modern pic

my boy only  
wanted to get a  
selfie  
with a long haired  
baseball player  
and touch  
his hair  
in the pic.

the man  
with his tough guy  
swagger,  
melted down and  
let miles  
have his moment.

and this happened  
minutes later when  
he got a bag of cotton candy  
from a few ladies strolling along without  
asking.

my boy  
melts down the  
pre-conceived notions  
like  
hard sun on  
guilty crayons.

coming from  
the inner soul  
of  
beauty,  
and radiating  
something i may  
be much too close to see.

it is the charm,  
the aura of a grasshopper you  
want around  
for the amazing tune  
it will orchestrate.

miles  
is  
the  
bandleader  
as  
we all  
wait  
for  
the  
next  
glorious cue.

**when love breaks,**

it's not that

it's wrong,

or cannot

be fixed

or

can be

somehow

mended later on,

it's just that

so much is made

of something that

creates

so many

levels

of

duress

with

the

entry

of

damned

fine

and refined

yellowish

intentions.

**the next world**

is the one  
a customer  
several people up is  
whispering about  
in a barely audible hush  
as the listener feet from  
the mouth  
smiles,  
looking forward  
slightly shaking their  
head up and down  
as though  
they were told the rest of  
their life would  
be rent free  
and dogs would  
never,  
ever die

and  
this is only speculative,  
because  
your  
ears aren't good enough  
to  
pick up  
even the  
most minute of  
hints...

not even  
the forecast  
for one  
simple  
afternoon  
on  
this  
new  
world.

**Once this America**

of 2016  
begins treating  
everyone with the  
advice  
we  
give  
simple children  
and it sinks in  
like it should,  
we will  
begin taking away  
the cop anger  
and  
malaise of the hood.

when using your  
dendrites  
and  
invisible, pink pulsating  
soul  
becomes more  
indignant  
than  
buying a gun  
or  
a  
big  
magazine of bullets,  
then maybe  
the hope  
will  
become the new  
ET moving.

for now,  
the corporate NRA run  
charlatans in DC clothes  
will make sure  
that the whiskey soaked tobacco  
will do  
it's measured deed  
to send more  
into the

cold dirt of earth

instead of  
the clouds  
of comfort  
where color  
is dead  
and

a handshake  
means  
everything.

**the croaking frogs of night**

have

learned the forgotten songs

of the

ever after world

and will

sing it on

the

night that the

UFO

returns

to

get the milk

shake

it

was

so

earnestly

promised.

**the dog of satan**

is the one

that

bit

the old clown

on the arm

and

brought you

a

tiny glass bong

to

warn

your teenagers

about

the dangers

of gangsters with

genitals

and

angels that

burn in

fun.

## Baseball's life sage

there was one  
big, kettle corn eating  
man right in front  
of me at the  
minor league park  
the other night  
making sweet word noise  
to a couple of gals  
and kept warning the  
old and young around  
that many foul balls would come.

all the while,  
leaning on his  
plastic seat of a throne,  
he would smile and say,  
'told you .. ' when the  
balls were flying by in  
their bubble of velocity.

as the fists of  
corn went into his mouth  
and the summer heat of night  
was subsiding,  
he sat their like  
an african king  
weighing over his  
province of baseball kin  
deciding with his  
hidden magnet of  
world motion  
whether  
the stars would  
align into  
a  
flying  
baseball  
for  
the next  
lucky kid.

**caught some random dude**

for

the second time in a week

in a flat, hand painted

car with an elaborate

lighting rack on the top of

a

small car

and it looks like

he's so proud,

he could talk to a stranger about

this excessive,

useless accessory in

his life.

and i'm more than

sure when he bowls,

darts,

drinks,

and hangs with his people

that his first

agenda piece

is to talk about

this car

at length

and i wondered

as i saw him recede

in my rear view

who

of his friends

i will never

meet is going

to blow

and

tell him to

jump his car over

a cliff

and

never,

ever

talk about

lighting ever again.

## Flight

it  
was flying  
like the best looking  
bird i have ever seen,  
but it was a baseball.

my son yelled  
for me to turn around  
by the concession stand  
and i  
locked the white  
globe with red scribbles  
in my periscope.

angling,  
moving,  
mouth agape,  
i saw it smack against the wall,  
the ground

and i lept in and caught it  
right in front of some  
biker dude  
and as i gave the ball  
to my boy within seconds,  
the biker  
dudes tore off  
and  
my miles  
said,  
'good job daddy'

and as I tottered away  
a bit amazed,  
i calculated my simple math  
that is took me over 43 years  
to finally  
be the random  
guy  
to get his balls.

**the wise jazz legend**

of the keys and  
composing  
told me the best compliment she  
ever got was  
'i'm sorry' ..

at this,  
i paused and let her take over ..

she said pals would tell her years  
later that they were sorry they didn't like her  
music and told her that in the younger years  
and that now they got it.

they loved it.

they were sorry.

and the raspy wisdom  
of carla blay soared  
like a good joke

and she moved on to the next  
sentence  
as  
though nothing ever happened  
and

every friends she had  
was the best  
person

in the entire  
sorry world.

**Sometimes i catch myself wondering**

who the loner  
was the stole  
all my personal financial  
information and passwords  
and emails  
that were scrolled by hand into  
a wide ruled steno pad  
left behind in a flat  
in the richest county in kansas ...

and i have to wonder  
who else has  
the same things about  
me in this modern world  
of selling of your  
work  
and personal soul  
to the highest bidder  
in the lowest hole.

and i put it  
into the  
proper magnifying glass,  
which is to  
ignore  
the  
ignoble  
low lives that  
have  
nothing to do  
but to scrutinize  
the dirt on the desert floor  
and  
dream of a  
dollar that  
is nothing more  
than tattered monopoly  
money in  
the hand  
of a  
transclulent god  
that never existed.

## **the moment you realize**

you  
are holding  
onto the  
hot liquid yellow  
and orange of a  
volcano that may  
blow  
into bright sparks of  
red that will  
make the dogs hide  
and  
kids  
leave the room,  
you should slip  
into your low chair  
or high bed  
and  
rest it off  
with nothing  
more than  
a  
package of  
fresh air  
and  
a  
minty fresh  
pack of your  
best  
daydreams,  
motherfucker.

**my boy miles always knows**

when it's going  
to rain  
before the drops  
come falling  
out of the cotton above ..

it's the way he talks  
to the dogs,  
laughs at the cats,  
wants to write one more thing down,  
goes into the other room and finds  
the shoe he swore he couldn't locate,  
and  
the  
odd fruit he wants to eat  
just before  
going out on the porch  
to play a game of UNO  
i figured he  
forgot that he owned.

and right about then,  
the thunder rumbles  
and he asks  
how  
long

it  
is going  
to  
water  
from above.

**in our democratic fight**

to decide  
between the color  
red  
or blue  
or  
the elephant  
versus a  
donkey,  
it may  
all just come  
down to  
the middle ground  
or  
the  
best hybrid  
for the money  
as  
the  
comedian drops the mic  
and  
tells the economist  
that  
they are next  
to  
entertain  
the  
slightly drunk,  
but  
dumb crowd  
of alien eyes  
in the darkened room  
of  
smoke.

## **right after the tight balloon**

popped loud  
through the  
upper rafters of  
the hockey crowd,  
many looked back  
to see a little girl  
clutching  
the armpit of  
her patient,  
fatherly looking fellow  
full of watery tears  
and raw distress that  
her favorite  
balloon animal  
was really gone  
as  
her dad had a grin,  
looking towards the wingman going  
up the ice for the  
goal  
as  
like  
slides forward  
like a hot piece of  
rubber over  
the  
cold,  
cold  
canvass  
of  
new  
dreams  
hatching  
in  
a  
helium  
paradise.

**just in case you ever wonder,**

I'm fine with being a ghost  
to live out  
the rest of this  
post-40 life  
of mine  
with my name  
and  
footprints in the  
sand abound ..

i've served  
as one my  
whole life .. or so ...  
thus far,  
so i think i may  
just keep an eye  
out for casper  
and together we  
can reminisce about  
the family  
who  
didn't stop by  
and decided to  
blame us  
for  
the cake that  
didn't blow out the candles.

or the wives  
and lovers  
that  
felt it was better  
to move  
on that  
to  
dig in.

in other words,  
i 'm glad i know  
what i am  
in my invisibility  
and  
knowing

that  
will  
be enough  
to  
relish  
floating like  
a  
cloud in  
front  
of  
the  
hot,  
groovy  
sun,  
baby.