

## **Joefiles 159**

*That one 21st Century Year in the Deep Future America Finally Told Rosa it Wasn't Enough and Obama to Leave*

## Fast

there is always  
that speeding  
AM or PM  
dude coming  
from the on ramp  
onto the  
overly sunny highway  
heading towards the  
latest thing they have  
ever been too  
and  
blurring  
up the highway at  
90 plus MPH  
as the cops  
lick the icing off  
the side of the  
coffee styrofoam  
as the  
vibration of the  
passing cycle wheels  
brings  
all the dead  
cats  
and dogs  
back to  
life  
in one miraculous swipe  
of  
speed fate.

## Snakelican

after chewing  
on the fact that the  
only celebrity at  
the trump hate fest  
RNC  
this summer in cleveland,  
i had a  
bad dream where i happened to be  
on the hone with scott bait  
and he was being vile,  
mean and  
horrid over the phone to me  
as  
we discussed something  
i couldn't  
remember

as i tried to  
pinpoint it  
down while  
walking through the garage  
hearing flits and pieces of  
a  
bill clinton speech the night  
before  
getting some  
assured confirmation  
that trump  
will  
not only lose  
in november,  
but  
will be one of those memories  
that  
scott bait will really  
yell about  
to his kid later on in life ..

it's been about  
seven months  
since my neighborhood pal  
george left suddenly

and the front stoop  
in front of his house is barren ..

but since then,  
his wife linda has retired,  
made friends,  
swam in her pool with my boy and i,  
bought some of my artwork to decorate her office,  
waved as we honked on by,  
mowed the neighbors yard on her cub cadet.

and as much as i miss and will always long for george,  
i'm finally getting to know his wife  
and  
she may  
be the  
strongest,  
most optimistic  
person i have  
ever encountered

as  
she proves yet  
again that  
the real test of a soul  
is how  
they  
walk though every  
possible situation  
in this  
long,  
difficult  
miraculous existence  
we have  
one  
shot at.

**at lunch**

i  
pack up my  
boy  
a  
few  
of the pickles  
in a  
small  
baggie  
and  
when  
he  
rips over  
the zip top  
and crunches into  
those tiny  
green miracles,  
i figure that one  
day  
i may just invent  
some  
pickle bubble gun  
so that we  
can both  
enjoy that  
miracle of  
the pickle  
for a  
lot longer  
than  
one  
set of crunching.

## **Scraping the Needle**

Over the  
Old record face

Like

Skin

Waiting

For

The final

Note

Of

A symphony

God just

Whispered

To

An

Anonymous

Toddler.

## **Squirrels Dinging**

The

Flush

Green

Apple

Tree like

A

Crowd

Of

Jewel thieves

Waiting

For

Restitution

And pits

In

The ease

Of their

Fading

Despair...

**the old men**

slamming the  
sweet middle of the  
aging diving board  
in front of the  
humid filled hot bodies  
at the rich county kansas water park  
do their  
warhol best to  
fly like  
overweight pigeons  
and do the  
world's finest  
belly flops to  
get the youngsters and teens to  
cheer in unison  
as all the cute girls  
smirk  
as though men  
will never get it,  
but mind as well marry  
them  
and see what happens  
because  
in this life,  
there may be nothing better  
until later on,  
but now  
is  
the know  
and  
the  
world  
is  
slowly acute.

**she pulled the little kid to my left**

and kept  
whispering,  
go ahead,  
and as i really peered over  
my shoulder  
at the packed water park,  
she had the tike  
pluck his prick out and  
do the  
piss war dance  
there on the fancy  
green grass  
for a minute or so  
and  
when it was done,  
she straightened up,  
and smiled as though she just  
faked her 1,567th orgasm  
of her aging life  
and tottered on to her  
wealthy life  
and  
impatient  
waltz through the gallery of  
human people that  
she's blind to  
as  
she  
exists in a french film  
with only her  
and those that  
she knows.

it's her world,  
but  
no one knows her name.

that's the truth,  
and the film title,  
kids.

## 90's

i remember  
those slim,  
simpler times  
back in the summer of  
the late 1990's with my  
hip ass cousin maria  
looking on at that tote board  
full simplified digital numbers  
running up and down and around  
like frightened binary  
flashing all the  
debt the US  
was in as  
the twin towers held steady in  
their unified peace sign  
and now  
it all seems cute in 2016  
with all the cops killing kids  
and black folk  
and the wars that turned up nothing  
but sand  
and more US oil  
as the karma of Bush Jr. has turned into  
ISIS and blowing up  
the minds and hands of the world  
in meandering places worldwide.

yea,  
debt was the day's daze,  
baby,  
because all of  
this more 21st century  
theological hatred that has brought  
about a  
bat shit crazy trump  
and another clinton  
is something the Orwell  
already predicted  
and Hawking will  
fitfully portend  
as  
this rosebud

on a Wells track  
is going right  
into a huge inferno of  
fire,  
followed by  
the  
best  
ice world  
G. Lucas  
never invented.

## **It's the tiny flit of moments**

in a  
day that make it  
cool to be  
alive in the heat of middle  
america summertime  
when i was driving by  
the police station and caught  
a huge spray of black  
coming out in big arcs back and  
forth roving over  
the pavement from  
the hand of a man  
as though he was at the car wash  
giving his ride the best  
soap bath ever  
and as this dude was grimed in browns  
and black,  
that flat white tough guy smoke  
poked out of that scene like  
he was some  
glorified non-digital  
pokemon hero  
called  
'new wave john wayne'  
ready to  
kick  
next year's ass  
today.

**in all the errant flips**

and flits  
of butterfly wings  
with their yellows,  
oranges, blacks,  
whites and  
slight grays,  
i feel as though  
it may be the luck  
of my dad that died 9 years ago  
coming back in some  
deal with a middle angel  
to see where i'm going to walk  
the dogs or  
how i dive into the pool  
with my boy  
or how the future looks at  
the end of 8 years of  
one of the best american presidents  
in the obama swagger,  
then i stop and realize that  
it was  
just once a worm  
in a bag  
and my dad would' t have  
fallen for that  
trick,  
but we know nothing of  
the other side,  
so get  
on with the  
daydreaming,  
because that is  
all we  
are  
down here ..

a gaggle of daydreams  
in a daydreamers paradise  
with that one  
butterfly  
aiming  
to  
keep

all  
of  
this  
jive  
in  
close perspective.

**the junkie took a swig**

off  
my invisible bottle  
and talked to me in  
my dreams  
about the invisible demons  
that ride on the medians of  
highways  
with spikes in their wheels  
and  
heroin in their gas tanks  
as the women  
fall for the well dressed preacher  
waiting behind the palm tree with  
erotic dreams of  
nude dancers he's never met  
and all the while,  
some new stars are exploding in the  
farthest reaches of space  
that  
satellites will never photograph,  
but one day will become our  
new sun  
as  
we  
all burn out into  
gusts of dark shale  
to run  
the UFOs  
of  
so many centuries down the line  
that  
a million math classes could  
never count  
that high.

**if i never fall in love**  
in this life,  
it will only be my fault.

i choose badly.

i dream without fences.

i run into rooms naked  
and tip toe out with  
turtle necks.

of all the great loves i have  
known  
and kissed,  
i failed to pick well.

or i let that one girl go.

and  
i am getting  
to that point  
where i'm fine with it.

i've tried to love.

i've been loved.

but,  
the 'in' has evaded me  
and  
perhaps it should  
because  
i'm  
certainly  
the kid  
you could  
say  
is on  
the  
'outs'.

## **The Trumps**

are  
the kinda folk  
that  
would smile  
with the poor  
& then  
collectively  
get behind  
the velvet curtain  
and say 'ewh'  
in unison ..

## **the diluted and demented ideologues**

of  
the elephant race  
are roaming around  
the streets of Cleveland  
with blood on their toes  
and  
malice  
stuck in their molars  
like errant lettuce.

lifting the anti- rhetoric  
high in the sky with  
the firework lobs of  
1954,  
they  
tip toe around  
like  
lepers in  
lost clothes  
waiting for the  
third coming to  
blot out the  
forgotten second coming,  
but in all reality  
they  
are  
waiting  
for the sunglasses  
to come off this  
summer of doomsday  
to look straight into  
the sun  
like the middle of a fortune cookie  
to  
welcome  
their  
king satan  
to run  
for  
the republican ticket  
all fulla milliondollar  
tissues.

## Lit

that  
loose,  
saggy line  
of filament  
holding the  
lightbulb aloft  
in a superior corner of the room  
like the  
best sun  
of the inside gods,  
is the closest thing  
to perfection  
until  
the bridge of filament snaps  
and you  
go looking for  
a  
new bulb  
with a flashlight  
borrowed  
from  
a  
blind neighbor  
that doesn't believe  
in anything  
but  
the  
darkness.

## Muslim gals 2016 USA

the fully clothed  
in their dark,  
heavy burqa  
as the men and boys of  
the hot midwest waterpark daze  
leaps around in  
sheer pleasure as the  
liquid flies  
and  
the world looks like  
it is make believe.

these woman  
have similar eyes,  
robotic movements  
and smiles  
that avert the crowds  
as they lift tall  
cameras to capture their  
shirtless men  
soaking up the best of  
the sun  
and  
the  
sounds of  
miracles  
flying around in the  
american heat.

and there is still one  
more thing  
i figured  
as i caught  
an eye or two of these women  
and it's that  
they don't miss  
the water,  
shedding the clothes,  
being back home  
or  
the trappings of  
anything

our  
behaved minds  
could  
ever  
fathom  
in  
100  
tall delusion of dreams.

**the naked women of the desert**

waltz around  
in their  
nirvana  
of  
now,  
then  
and forever  
as  
they  
cook up  
the manual of  
the inequity of the  
black man  
and how  
the  
world  
will  
become  
another  
world  
in  
the  
next  
fictional  
narrative  
of  
fucking,  
music  
and  
  
drugs  
in  
the  
22nd century.

**the real fix**

america faces today  
is a lack of courage  
to talk to the world  
like it would parent a child.

with some love,  
honesty  
and compassion.

instead,  
we have  
TV's infiltrating  
hate to sell  
kitchen wax

and lobbyists that  
start with N and end with A  
pilfering big guns  
and  
backwards legislation  
to ensure that  
everyone has  
a  
great chance to kill,  
or better than  
their parents did.

and as rome continues to burn,  
the smoke is  
hanging over  
America  
and before there is a chance to  
turn on the collective faucets,  
there is will  
no water left  
as  
the well ran off  
to Europe  
and  
the streams of river and ocean  
decided to  
fudge on gravity and  
go to

a  
better  
joint  
like  
mars  
far away from  
the trumped notions  
of nepotism  
in a tornado's  
grin.

## **Sunny relevance**

lately the sun  
seems to be  
just a big  
light bulb  
from my childhood  
that used to expose  
my closet  
with its tiny forts  
and star wars figurines  
and worn shoes  
and  
secrets that  
no one on this planet  
will ever know about  
because  
as much as childhood is  
the sacred place of  
wonderment,  
it can also be the  
dark  
spoke  
of damnation that  
will follow you around  
willingly  
as you unwillingly  
try to shake it.

but one thing  
that both kids and adults  
can agree on  
is that no one  
in the history of  
this world walk  
of human beingness  
has ever  
been able  
to shake a shadow  
while  
the big  
yellow ball in the sky  
winks on.

**my boy always wants the recipe**

and insists  
that girls  
sign his receipts at  
the  
gas station,  
grocery store,  
retail marts  
and the like.

he finds their smile,  
calm gaze  
and worker flow  
to ease his  
soul looking for more  
all the time.

and when that pen  
goes across the slip of  
paper,  
he has their  
world for a moment.

their name,  
their curves on ink,  
their attention,  
their forever

and another piece  
of paper  
quillwork  
that  
makes  
miles perhaps  
the  
greatest  
kid  
ever  
created.

**the grand illusion**

and reality of  
having a child with  
autism,  
is that the  
pegs are already stacked  
against the  
married relationship.

thirty percent or  
so is the chance  
you make it out  
of the  
world you try  
to create together.

and 70 percent  
says you emerge from the caves  
alone.

so,  
as the metaphor of autism  
is the puzzle,  
you start out with  
a big huge  
puzzle  
made of hundreds of pieces  
and it's fully complete.

and as the months flip into years,  
a piece or so gets  
blown off the table,  
eaten by the dog,  
flicked off by the boy,  
scuttled by mystery  
until there is a halfway done  
puzzle  
and the damage  
is done.

incomplete.  
cheated.  
disingenuous.  
partial.

counterfeit.

gone.

but,  
likely stronger

as i abandon  
the puzzling world  
and  
go straight for  
the  
more reliable  
lite bright existence.

## Flight

as my brain  
mused at the  
increased flocks of  
geese wings above,  
i caught the  
dead black cat on  
the side of  
the road  
and  
wondered  
how  
long  
that  
karmic  
luck trail was going to last  
for the kid  
racing off to  
work,  
school,  
the airport,  
a 9th life  
or the first thing  
that is  
next in  
this long line of  
life that  
somehow beats  
death  
dead  
each and every  
revolution of  
day.

## **Sometimes i stand in lines**

at  
the grocery store  
or hear another parent  
at a baseball game  
or catch a glimpse of  
a  
slow stroller in the park  
and feel  
as though  
i have finally  
found the  
secret society of people that  
string big  
words of black trash bag delicately  
across their windows  
to let the air stay away  
and the  
plastic flap  
in erratic  
flits of insanity  
and i  
figure  
that once  
i have them pegged,  
that i know them  
less than  
i ever will  
in my  
random life.

## **Over time**

i enter a  
handicap stall  
at a busy  
ball game  
or a big  
even jammed with  
every possible soul  
on the planet,  
i close my eyes  
and let my  
relief flow  
and  
for  
a  
brief moment or two  
i wait to hear a massive  
cocaphany of  
sound as a  
wheelchair bound cat with  
swat on his brow  
begin beating on the door  
saying,  
'GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY WORLD,  
MOTHER FUCKER.'

and i would simply zip up  
immediately  
and tell him  
the  
next  
drink  
was  
on me.

## **Car flashers**

people that  
decide to adorn  
their cars with big  
packs of fake eye lashes  
deserve all the silly  
the world  
will  
eventually  
perpetuate onto them  
and the  
brief stares  
of real fluttering eye brows  
that will  
never  
figure out  
why folks  
buy  
the  
shit  
they  
consume.

**there's this one older spanish man**

that lives by  
a good friend of mine  
who engineers my radio show  
and i see him all over  
town.

each time,  
i make it a point  
to stop and fixate a look  
on old paul as his face stiffens  
and his white head of hair gains new  
cock feathers.

he squints,  
and watches me go on by  
as i look in  
and wonder how  
many times  
this man  
has looked in the mirror that one day.

and each time,  
i want to just smile and wave at the old timer  
haunting old equipment for the copper  
or doing something else to make a buck,  
but instead i see how long i can milk  
the cow and  
when he will fold and  
give  
me  
that  
middle finger  
or  
worse.

one day,  
it's gonna be  
a  
pure paul show  
and  
i  
can't  
wait.

## **Shakespeare again**

whispered  
a lot of lies  
in my ear  
today  
but they all  
sounded so  
damn good  
that maybe  
it's all really the truth  
or maybe it  
really is an imposter in plagiarized cloth,  
or  
perhaps  
no one should care  
like the tom petty conspiracy theory  
and dig  
the  
words  
for  
what  
they  
have  
gave to  
the  
world  
year  
after  
after  
after book  
after  
brain.

**if the world**

decided to  
make that honest  
kids book  
it would be about the  
last  
pig in  
alone in the back  
of the big  
18-wheel rig  
as the  
driver bites  
square into a big  
piece of bacon  
before he  
gets a spontaneous epiphany  
to pull over at  
a rest stop  
and let  
the  
little pink fella free to  
become  
the  
patron saint  
of  
some  
lonely patch of  
land ..

and he can drive away knowing  
that  
fate  
will one  
day  
save  
all our  
hams.

**in the middle of the brazen bible christianized belt**

of the world in  
middle missouri,  
i pulled up next  
to a minivan on  
the edge of a very cold AM  
to see a bumper sticker  
that says,  
'I'M SO GAY I SNEEZE GLITTER'

and realize  
gloriously that  
this world of varied folk  
will not back down

and  
knew  
who that very finite  
morning  
had the biggest  
balls in  
all of  
redneck town.

**There are some nights**

when I'm so tired  
that my my brain  
says I'm not dreaming  
or I'm worried during a dream  
that I'm not dreaming when  
I'm actually dreaming  
about not dreaming  
and that's  
the kind a dream i  
in a non-dream kinda  
dream way  
that's odd  
in all  
that dreamy  
banter kinda  
grandiose  
way ...

(wake up)

## **Those bursts**

of  
warm spring days  
in the middle  
of winter  
remind you  
that death  
isn't  
the end of everything  
and  
rebirth i  
s just  
one corner away  
from the block  
you're not sure  
even  
really  
exists.

**the grand sniff of vinyl**

as it slips from  
the worn  
sleeve within  
the  
slit of cardboard  
onto the  
spinning rubber  
of the wheel  
is every possible  
good memory of  
childhood  
jammed into a  
salty bottle  
and throw out into an ocean  
that is getting  
ready to form  
into the best  
fucking roller  
coaster ride  
this side of Mars  
and  
the  
other side of  
Saturn.

**it was easterish time**

this year

and i was making my dad's  
famous tomatoe pasta sauce  
in the very early

AM

and i was sure  
that he was sniffing  
my pending divorce  
and

general  
lifestyle

and

was whispering  
slowly across the air  
tow

very distinct things:

“you have the extraordinary power  
to make your life both wonderful  
and terrifying at the same time .. “

it has and  
may continue to be  
my mantra  
for  
the  
entirety  
of  
my  
toeprints ..

**the ballad of the stadium worker**

that slings  
their goods to  
the hungry  
thirsty fans  
as they tear their brains  
through the event  
while the place shakes  
and the workers  
act like they  
are at a quiet desk.

the colony of  
stadium workers  
are the  
ones addicted to  
the glory of sport  
with their sweat brimmed hats,  
addiction to cash  
and their  
thrill  
that will arrive  
each and every  
single night  
they  
roam the halls  
of dream  
and  
throw peanuts at  
tomorrow.

**As the sun shone almostwhite,**

in the yellowed rays

everything went

to slow motion

as

i

drove

past the

trash guy and

the motorcycle man

standing out in

front of the 7-11 showing

all of their teeth

while

they

warbled along

in pure unison

talking

the

best

of

tough guy shit.

## **the fearless approach**

of my boy miles  
during the post-score  
of a winter  
soccer match  
was to march over to  
the  
party boys with  
big drums,  
ask for a drum  
stick and start  
pounding away  
as the earth shook,  
the lights waved  
and he  
entire world  
became  
entranced by  
this new,  
villigant  
drum leader  
bringing  
in  
the  
best  
of  
a new  
generation  
of  
fearless  
cheerers.

## **The true evolution of middle age**

is sneaking  
an  
ice cream cone  
away from  
the  
invisible angel  
while refusing  
that one strong  
drink  
because  
it feels too damn  
good to  
remember the dreams  
that put the devil  
to death  
and made the earth  
whistle in colors  
that may take  
forever  
for you to describe  
to your  
son  
and

that should be time  
enough  
to  
finally  
indulge,  
if you  
are  
lucky.

**it was a unseasonable, silly hot day**

and a huge

bug

as it seemed,

went careening over

my windshield like a lost

asteroid that came

to earth

looking for a big

bowl of taco soup to explode into.

it wasn't meant to be.

not only was this not a bug,

it was a daredevil dark bird

that made it's aerodynamic ways

over the front of my

car glass

and out

as the bird judges on the wire

gave him straight

9's and 10's across the

board for

form,

daring

and

never ever

dying.