

Joefiles 160

Catching Baseballs, Mustard Seeds, Kid Glances and the Last Star in Her Universe

walking across this suburban town

after dropping off my
car
at the
brake shop.

they can't
find out why i still
squeak all the time.

and as i pass
the hillbillies,
rednecks,
retro queens,
the pricilla's porn shop
sucking down a
cold vanilla cone
in silence,
i walk over a big
grass cross accidentally
cut and strewn
on the sidewalk.

and as i walk over
the arcs of
the edges
and wonder
how this
grass cloud formed
in such precision,
i look up
to
see
if maybe there
is a puddle
up the road
with a hunk of bread
floating
in
some
mary,
mary,
mary
pose.

the echo of bark

started up the road

and got

louder,

closer,

harsher,

happier,

and upon

us all

it was a

medium

dog

screaming to

the world

that he

gets to sit

in the lap of

his

favorite

pal

while

the

world

turns by in

record

blips

and

dog

moments

that will total

months for us

as i witness

the

weight of

random

speeding canine glee.

shadowy threesome

Just saw
three dudes
walking down
the hot highway
in almost unison
of walk
as they were separated
by about 20 feet
between each body
with a middle school kid up front,
a middle-age man in the middle
and a third man
a little bit older bald
marching
like
they are on a mission
and
very clearly
telling the world
in this rush hour illegal
highway hustle
that something is
bad wrong
and
not
a
soul
is going to stop
as
they
work to keep the world
moving.

saw an older brother on
a worn mountain 10-speed bike
in the heart of local
traffic
with one arm of big huge black trash bag
slung over his shoulder
as the other older,
secure arm holds onto the handlebar
while his head bobs up and down, side to side

with headphones pumping the sweet
audio nectar into his brain
and it's evident
that he's the best survivor
i have seen in many days,
if not weeks,
just doing his one handed deal
to transport his secret stash
to the promised golden land
very few of us will
be able to pronounce,
let alone see.

Pastrami!

at
some
sweet,
salty
point
in
my
older
man
age
of
life,
i
want
to
own
an
italian
greyhound
rescue
dog
and
name
tha
that
happy
motherfucker
pastrami.

Booze-less

after i made a list
of all the things
that feel better
on my aging body
after i kicked the booze
habit in the glass mouth,
i noticed
that
my gums have been
bleeding bad
at night
when the floss
swishes around like
a
lost butterfly in my mouth.

as i told my dental
pal cleaning my mouth the
other day,
she nodded and
said that my capillaries
are growing back,
thus the mouth of blood.

she was smiling with her eyes
and dreaming with her hands
as she spoke of a friend in his 60's
that also quit and is now
able to feel a bit
of life better
and 6 months down the line,
the blood is gone.

no more of the red.

just clear,
clean
vision
for
miles
and
fucking
miles.

during my days

i go into
school buildings to
fix computers
and such.

and i see all the kids
and hear their songs
and dig their artwork
and
hear the middle school kids stories
of how they want cosmetic surgery and
other rather vapid resolutions
to the serious life issues that
balloon as you get older.

and it hedged me to wonder
what would be a perfect saying
for this upcoming generation of
middle schoolers.

it was one kid
getting off the
yellow bus
that had the shirt
which nailed all my
slogan sweats.

its was a brown shirt
with a modified
'closed/open' sign.

it said this:
"nope - not today"

'perfect.'

in the towering giants of cloud

resting their
rainy ways
and letting the sun
leap around like

a
small child,
i noticed one
one Italian shaped cloud
and i'm sure

i saw
my future
in there

as
the
invisible coin

of
the
trevis fountain
later came down
in the

most perfect
oval

of
premonition ever.

Technical

every time
i come clambering into
the car to
motor on to the
next computer that
needs the
proverbial stitch
i see that fake
fresh air linen candle
cardboard hanging from
the
mirror
in a
weave of
fresh
delight
and
it makes me
close my eyes
as
the
world
ends
for a few
glorious seconds
as
i see
the
residue of rapture
when my eyes open
past the linen of
paradise.

evil neighbor boy

The
creepy
little sadistic
neighbor kid
roars on down
the street with his
tiny brother making
him wince and cry
most of the time
and on this particular
night with my 2 dogs in tow,
i caught them off
guard
and when this
little demon spawn saw me,
he had a
jason hockey mask on
with his orange gun
and raised the
fake plastic to shoot
at me about 10 or so
times
and as i looked over
into his hidden face
i think
i saw
who the next
real life michael myers
really is
as his dad hovels inside
his home up the road
counting his empty
beer bottles
and assorted tattoos
as his
mom
lolls along
like
perfection was
invented by
her,
yet

having many kids
only
really means
you
have
a
vagina
and
a man
that
sleeps
better than
anyone around.

Doppelganger

a woman
i work with told
me
a
story the other
day about my body double
living somewhere
in kansas.

she said it was in a restaurant
and she kept looking at this
dude to see if it was me.

after spending a while doing it
and getting this dudes wife riled up,
she finally noticed that it wasn't me.

and all this time,
i finally had
my story defined.

even when i'm not there,
i'm getting blamed.

the official referee of the
blame
game
and
i want nothing
to
do
with it
to
begin
with.

One

The
only
sure
thing
you
may
be
able
to
do
in
this
exhaustive
jumble
of
confusion,
beauty
and
uncertainty
always
is
make
them
just
miss
you
a
bit
like
the
thin
taste
of
blood
in
the
mouth
after
a
good
flossing.

someone named their child music

and

their last

name is

watson

and when you combine

both of

those together,

you have a name

that is nothing less

than full of invention

and

it's

the

cornerstone of

inventiveness

8th century style.

Sore

when the
sunday AM sore
throat got
to be too much,
i told my miles
boy
to lay down
for
another
does of sleep.

a monumental nap
with pounds of sweat
and he laid
like a
gullet of potatoes on my arm
and noiselessly
went wandering through sleep land.

and now that i think
about him at 11,
soon 12,
it was one of those
things that happened
all the time
some years back,
but now,
the unicorns
have stolen the
kid daydreams.

so
each time it happens,
it's
magical.

like everything they portray
on TV
that only
happens in
real life.

Queen Walk

this morning
the woman donned
up like an african queen
was pacing downhill
off main street
in the midst of orange barrels
and stacks of rocks
in the finishing stages of
completion.

but she looked done,
complete a long time ago
with her huge dark
orbs around her eyes,
no smile,
painted lips,
the head wrapped in a
carefully colored and manicured shawl,
heading towards the
throne in some hidden
chamber no one would
guess where.

the elected
representative
of the best in the AM.

moving like a train,
sounding like a bird,
whistling like a cloud,
strong
like
the queen of morning.

In my mid-40's

life of
things coming to an end,

family leaving or toxic,
a marriage,
older son to college,
friends from yore
and the like,
i can count on the jazz.

my radio gig
and momentum of jazz talks
is the one thing that will be up to me to end.

and i like the ring of forever.

going.

Non-stop.

keeping on keeping on.

yea,
the jazz comes through once again
in that superhero coated mask of
cool

and
saves humanity
from the dregs
of
dark

with
so much musical light,
the outer rim of the solar system
is jealous of us
out here in
cool cat world.

The rainy night ambulance

was flying by
with all the bright colors
of a carnival with
caricatures of kids
leaping off clouds on the side
of the vehicle
while the light
edited a loud yellowish white
like there may be a child
within
or a crew cleaning up
for the next tiny soul
that will make
the
world look like teams of
kids and unicorns napping on
cumulus clouds
as we continue to believe
that the world
is healthy,
wise
and indestructible
like
the
midnight
ambulance shuttle
racing off
to save
the world.

in honor of summer

and the
many innings of baseball
i consume,
i've decided that if i'm in
a traffic lurch
and i need to
let someone into
the traffic mix who is stuck
waiting for an opening,
i will not merely wave them in ..

no,
they will get the real ned yost
two finger flick towards the outer
rim of the highway out there yonder
as though
they have something much
more damned important
than driving a car facing
them as
the
9th inning approaches us
and we have
a
least one mighty out
looking us in
the face.

Fruit hurlers

I just
noticed
several people
two days in a row
running a tomato/fruit stand
in the midst of the hottest
days we will have all year long
and they
both had the same
expressions on their face.

most likely they knew about methadone
and were sweating out the
sludge that was in their pore,
but neither had a book or a phone
to peer at,
instead they sat in an oblong metal
chair with legs crossed
looking like murder walking the streets
staring at those blood red tomatoes
as they
both mulled over
what they would do with their
lottery winnings if
it ever happened
and forgot
what they had
orchestrated
when that one
car pulled up with
big fat fruits and
bloody tomatoes on their
brains.

King of BS

every single time
i see that portly dude
crawl out of the
Budweiser King of Beers
big red truck rig
parked all odd at a 36 degree bend
in front of the liquor store,
I think that that dude's real nickname
has
to
be
The King of Bullshit ..

Autism Warming

i'm just about
ready to
inform all the kids and adults
on this planet
that give my little
boy miles
who has been in
the autism spectrum his whole life
guff
with his proclivity to
dislike TV,
play outside a lot,
have store clerks write their name on the back of each receipt,
hug the greeter at stores,
talk to most folks,
write names in different colors,
compliment tattoo guys in frozen yogurt shops,
give a full evaluation of a nice outfit,
high five and hug at will
to all find a new
story to etch
and exit his world
if they cannot be positive and love him

and with this in mind,
i'm beginning to believe he may
be the only sane one in
this world of
video game,
TV watching,
obese,
social media,
attention split
bastards
roaming the earth
looking
for a hunk of sasquatch
or pokemon residue.

The problem

most folks
have with
seriously plotting
a plan
about winning
the massive,
staggering,
bird in the sky
lottery
is that
you
or
no one
you will ever know
is going to win the
thing
and
those
that will
are
never poets
eloquent enough
to stitch together
the best
story that would
sum up the
level of euphoric
lightning bolt
that would obliterate
your beautiful world
into fucking smothered smithereens.

Job goods

i pulled up
today into
one of my
work parking lots
and noticed
a
woman with long blond hair
running at a fast trot
towards a kid on the swing set and I was wondering
if there
was something wrong
and it was a teacher giving
the kid
a
push
further
into the air
and
i
figured yet
again
that
is just
the sight
i
need to see on a daily basis
as
i
work
for
a
living.

the unseen,
yet
definitely alive man
with his van taking up one and a half lanes
of a suburban road
so that he
can crawl into
a
man hole in the middle of
the street as the sun blares
on like the loudest
heat stereo on the planet
may just give this dude
the
biggest
gall
this side
of
tough guy town.

as my boy miles gets older

into the
spectrum of autism
i see new
fascinations
that become
a
bright spray of
prism in my world.

in a new summer
love of sno cones,
he want's to know
the flavors that everyone is going for ..

so,
he walks up and asks.

his fascination
includes minute fears of people,
so he talks ..

asking kids and adults named
Paris, Destiny or Allie
what miracle of colored ice they
have heaped up in the
warm air around to
take down as fast as they
want.

and there's the kid favorite root beer float,
sheepish delight of strawberry banana,
the brave sweet tart,
the playful peach Razmataz,
the swashbuckling cherry-strawberry-cotton candy,
or the sedate lovers delight,
maybe the guava - passion fruit,
perhaps the tough guy favorite of Mango + Pineapple,
or go into the pinkleberry,
perhaps you feel extra frog infused with
the grape bubble gum ..

whatever you choose,
my boy approves.

and when he gets
his iced ways,
the world
is
in perfect unison.

on a long drive home

from dropping of my 18-year old
step son to his dorm room
while my autism-spectrum boy
sleeps in the back seat
and i think about the phone call my
college boy got from his biological father
while i was moving crates into his dorm room.

it was a garbled conversation about
his dad going to chicago
and as i left the room
and ran into the new
boyfriend my former wife, now separated
is seeing now,
i feel like i have no idea
how this existence of mine turned into
the furious clown show it has become.

i'm only doing the best i can to
make sure my boys get some traction
in life and don't get sucked into the
lurid, dark world of bad adult decisions.

and as i drive alone
and do my solitary thing yet again,
i'm sure that somewhere along
the karmic path of my life
i
deserve
to
be
exactly where i'm
at.

alone.

and that's
the point
of this
final
period.

my boy never wants to fall asleep at the end of the day

and as he rips around
the house looking
for the last silly band,
or one more card,
or an animal ring
or a receipt with someone's name on it,
or the stack of change he had earlier on,
it's all just another page in his book
quickly filling up on
how he's
curiously enthralled with
being alive
and awake
so
that
he
won't
miss one
god damned bead
or strip
or
sliver
or
scrap
or
sip
of
anything this
whole massive
world of wonder
holds
for
him
in
his world.

Donkey tale

years back an old ailing
donkey named ebenezer was
about to meet his final moment
until a kansas city area rallied to raise
money and get him
to a good equine doctor and heal
his old bones.

after that,
i made some 'long live ebenezer' stickers
that went over real well at the local coffee and feed store.

and the other day i saw
that mine was about eroded to
nothing
and remember the local dollar general clerk
that loved her shiny new sticker
and it was a flitting memory of
some years back that i would see them on drives.

and it's been some years now that
our magical donkey from middle america
left us
and i know he's in the air.

because later that same day,
i was pulling up to a stop light off the highway
and saw the bluest car on the road
and right there on the
back bumper
was proof that
our donkey pal
ebenezer is
going to live
forever
as that sticker shone
like a hundred candles
in the bowels
of the darkest cave
on earth.

the urban hay baler

doesn't want to talk politics,
doesn't need your smokes,
wants a good sturdy flask of stout,
hums rock lines,
jingles like the world is never going to end
and all the animals in the fields and
the girls in the city
love the fuck out
of
The urban hay baler.

the broken down steakhouse

across the
street from our Rolla hotel
looks like it's gone,
but still left some old blood behind.

restive,
strong,
breathing the life of a hundred bulls
that took their lives down to
a local knife shop
and the traffic flies by like
there is always something
more to life than
a tasty hunk of well-aged
hot beef.

and in this college town
full cold donuts and
colder sushi,
we all believe
in the truth of the cold

and the
potential
of the almighty
missouri cow.

Next smarts

The
future
engineering
kids
of small town
Rolla
are
eyeing the
lion's den adult superstore
billboard
dreaming
of all the
smart dirties
they
will
court like
kings of the fucking jungle.

Animal instant

The
spasm
of
the
cat
is
the
growl of
the
world's
dogs.

Boy call

my boy was
talking via
the emergency phone
while on vacation a bit
back and
when i got on the
recreation box
of his delight .. the elevator ..
he looked up
like he
wasn't sure
what he should be doing,
but loved the thrill of the red phone
that may have reached russia
and could be starting a fight
the turkish insurgents may need to
end
as the american heads crane in the hotel lobby
when the elevator rests to see
what this
thing called donald is
speaking about in
his trumped
words
and
odd looking orange wig.

the legend of mike boos

will
always
be better
than
any
dream
you
would
decide to have
on
the
best
nap
of
a
fucking
lifetime.

The Transluscent

The
ghost
of
your
final
mask
is
the
faint
echo
of
never.

No St. Future

ran into
an old college sports writer
that has not
become a big shot radio
guy in town.

while covering the local NFL team,
i came up and shook his hand.

after a smattering of small talk,
his swagger as sports guy,
me mentioning my jazz radio gig,
we should hands heartily and moved
on down our way.

and since that brief encounter,
i realized
that he if a song was
ever written about him
it would have
the
following load of words:

“The ballad of the famous sports jock
who still wants to own a world
that doesn't know him at all .. “

the small town citizen of the year

sits in the donut shop off main
every morning
pecking at the
cooked floured sugar
looking at the sun
rouse all the cars into
action as the
plans move in slow motion
and the
secrets of the moon stay
hidden for now
while
the
fire engine up the street
flicks on the tall lights on
top
in a fit of false alarm
as the donut man of the year
reviews last nights box score one more
time to see if there was something he
missed in a rare win for
the team
no one cares about.

Therapy test

the other day we had
an early afternoon
therapy appointment
as a sort of trial run for my
boy miles
and as we pulled into the lot,
there was a funeral home sign out front
and i wasn't sure if
the digits were correct.

when i found it was good,
i checked the doors to the building and both
were locked.

i called the front desk and they said
they were off site and couldn't promise
anything.

as all four of us prowled around
the parking lot plotting a way to
get in
during the sweat filled summer heat,
i was feeling certain
that the therapist had a window seat and
a good solid camera
to film how
we were reacting
to the
block out.

so,
a
janitor dude pulled up
and my boy got us in.

once in the office,
a sign said that
there was no one around,
yet the old janitor man
said the therapist was there,
but busy
with another client.

would we like to wait?

as we pulled out of the
parking lot to get
a
scoop of straight ice cream,
i thought
all of this is on film
somewhere and

we are being
analyzed in a new
version of
'urban therapy'
to see

if you pass on
to the next stage
or remain stuck perpetually
in the funeral parking lot.

Puppy signs

there is a bright
green sign hanging off
a sturdy mailbox
down the way
screaming to drivers
that there
is a litter of yellow lab puppies
and each time i pass it
i wonder why they didn't
get slightly thematically in their
lives to market these tiny dogs
and make the sign the appropriate
loud yellow
with hearts all over it
and
peppermint sticks taped to the sign
to lure
the
softies of the world
into the lair of more puppies
and dreams of kittens
instead of
some
non-coordinated green void
of
ad genius
that
this
world
craves
like
another
living
puppy.

The real year-round Halloween home

there's a small dracula
sign that hangs on this
one house
across from a school i work
at in this hot july of now
and
it's been there since last halloween last year
welcoming those looking for
sugar to come along for the ride
and see what
may happen
but these are the kinda folk
that have a house that perpetually looks like
both a hurricane and a tornado ripped through
their world
and they just don't have the energy to
clean things
up
and
the
truth is
that during
halloween
they will be so long
gone you
might as well look up at the moon,
wave a stick of candy at them
and give them
the rightful
and proud italian salute ..

the pains

i always
seem to run into
that one person
out and about
with a
mullet and a knee brace
and
each time
they have
a slightly pained,
yet slightly contented
face as they wander about
not ever stepping
a foot on the ordained sidewalk
or path laid
out as they desperately
seek out their
master savior
in all bright yellow
with the most
fucking radical
mullet
the world has
ever laid their brush on.

there comes a time in a man's lineage
that he finally has
to get rid of
all these
fucking Charles Bukowski
books and move onto the next phase of life
as
Chinaski
wanders drunkenly into
another cat's world
while
i listen to the
Miles Ahead album
in
the
next
phase of my
world jaunt.

there's a joint

over here in a town
called martin city
and it goes by hometown liquor
and every year or so
they change the entire color
of their paint job ..

one year black,
the next gray,
then red,
then yellow
and maybe green.

never resolute,
they epitomize the essence of
what they do.

you drink vodka all the time?

how about a beer.

whiskey on the rocks.

some champagne.

a devout group of alcoholics
painting
our world
in every possible drink necessary
and refilling
before
the
color
fades.

the alcoholic geniuses
up the street ..

every time i get
a
drastic,
short haircut that is
relatively unexpected,

the dudes
i work with and are
around
never mention it.

they may ponder
for a few more seconds,
look above my eyes,
and linger here and about,
but never a word.

all the women i run into,
they talk about it.

saying it's divine.

wow.

that's short. i like it.

and it goes on and on.

not one woman resisted the urge
to talk shop on the hair.

and no dude mentioned it.

if there was ever a spit in the gender genome,
that is it.

and soon,
we will have the first female president of
all time
aiming to beat
the biggest wig of a man
ever.

that 1970's looking dude

with the american flag shirt,
almost bell bottom jeans,
the mustached face
with a huge can of red bull in his hands
made his way out to
his tiny economy car
to tip off the gas and look
around at this wide, yellowed american morning
as though he bought it,
and is polishing it up
for all of us to ride right
the fuck into 11:59 pm.

dogs

remain
the beacons on
this cave we all
wander through
with a flashlight sometimes
that works,
other times a bit overbearing,
and at other times not at all.

but the ET hearts of the
dog world
always illuminates
the dirt footsteps
to the best side of
tomorrow

and the best
pictures in that
shoebox
tucked way up there in the
back of your brain folds
to
save
for
a
day
deemed the best
of nostalgia.

the tangled web

of

nirvana is nothing

more than the

devil's mist after a

huge sneeze,

but when that sun bolts

down with a rainbow the size

of tennessee,

there again lies proof

that

the

best

thing

about being alive

is that we know

very little

about

what will happen

and even less about

how

the

hell we

travel in the

next

ride to

forever.

love is the force of forever

trying to
con you into
the trap
that
this life
only lasts
a
day
and
in
reality
it
is true,
but
it's one
long fucking
revolution around the
sun and
many
of them
end in divorce.

Plans

if you could
hatch the painting
in your mind of all
your pals
that died
young
gathered on
seats in the
diner
waiting for
pie
while
he comets are sailing
by in the night
sky
as the cats walk across the
street in sleek black
colors
and
the
sound of
the future
is in your eyes,
what would
that
assemblage
of night hawks look like
in your
magic world?

The reincarnates

this morning
i caught a dead raccoon on the
side of the road
on his side,
arms full extended,
mouth open,
closed eyes
and the look of raw fear
and surprise on
his face as the
image him me fast
and i realized
that
in all the funerals,
dead animals,
and the like,
that was the most
accurate
portal into the
dread we face
of coming to
an
end we
have no
idea will
happen
and
why
or
any of that
other dark ink
around the question mark
that has
become a rabid
raccoon tale.

Those massive accidental paint explosions

in the middle of the highway
are proof
that we never
never be trusted with
very much as people
because one way
or the other
the intended purpose
of the proposed will
be tipped,
splatted
and permanently
ingrained in a fabric
non intended
for it's purpose
like most of us humans that
roam around the earth
because we were no planned
pregnancies
that likely began as
big,
ungainly birth marks
shaped and molded
much like
the
splat in the middle
of the american freeway,
baby.

Best prank

i'm working
on a plan with my
brother to orchestrate
a prank of a lifetime.

essentially i will walk around in an
umpires uniform
as my brother follows along in a baseball player outfit.

we walk through a large retail mart
and when i notice someone that needs to
leave or not be a part of this human waltz,
i will rear back and give them
the best heave hoe in the world.

OUT.

GONE.

GO TO THE LOCKER ROOM.

VACATE TO THE CAR.

I will be tossing
everyone out that is
out of decent boundaries

and it will be the
best,
most sensible
samaritan thing
i can imagine doing
ever in
my whole of life.

the sheer feeling of being unencumbered

may be the
most
relaxing point
of post-separated
life
as
i ponder the world of
being in a relationship
and get the slight dizzies ..

not sure when or if that will go
away,
but this kid is tea cup filled full
to the absolute top tip brim of
emotional damage on carnage
for at least 8 1/2 full lifetimes.

and it reminded me of a conversation i had
over dinner with friends for a pal that just turned 40 ..

we were looking at the specs of gray around the table
and i'm holding my own fairly well at 43,
but i confessed at
this point in my life,
i should be shocked full gray hair
and mainly bald.

so,
here's the tip of my cup
to the
peaceful space life
jams unwillingly,
yet welcomed into
the
path
that moves
forward
into
the

meaning
we
feel

we
need to feel
for friends
when we sit
in that funeral home on some fateful day
fills deja vu potential,
yet rife
with the smell of
lilacs that are
just about ready to bloom
and open the exposee to the
next
meaning in life.

Those big summer bogs of spider web

wrapped around big branches
of trees a
are the fresh, new worlds
of the supernatural
minced with the
a bit of malice and benevolence
that we all came
from something much larger than
what is depicted on the TV screen
or the sports stadium floor
or the church linoleum
or the fiction of a chime
ripped from the best page in
the history of
non-written oratory
as one caterpillar falls to the
ground a glows a bit orange
like it's going
to finally cure
everyone
from their
condition of being a 'human'.

All the pulpy novels

of
missed periods
and massive purple sickies
are just towers of presumption
that this life is just one long
line of fucking and being fucked
and in the end of this
fucked line of emoji's and catfishers,
there may just be
one
real siverline
in the entire
fucking storyline of our
fucking romp
and it's very simple:

go fuck yourself.

very early in the sparse spans of morning,

the cornwall tools guy
blares down the highway
just picking the errands from his
chin

as all those brand new
and dreamy
racks of tools rattle slightly
while the world
figures out
that is
may just
need a few more
moments of minutes
to get prepared before
today's show.