

Joefiles 161

The best thing alone will be the last thing together

Pant road

it wasn't
until i passed
the crumpled
one legged off pair
of faded blue jeans in
the middle of the
worn main street road
that i knew it was
someone's pants
that had gone missing,
sitting there
in between two
yellow traffic lines
just
lurched enough to
be
dead,
but aiming around in
a
hash of direction to be
more alive
and most of the pants
walkin
around on this
newly sunny
fall day.

my boy

digs the cool
dudes with the
faux plus tattoos,
the long cigarettes,
shirts with the word zero all over
the chest
and the dour expressions
as they career concrete arcs for
the joy of their blank,
almost non-girlfriends in the blond
hairs and
undersized clothes
staring on into the sunshine
as my son
ambles along the skate path
on his bike with
the best anticipation
going anywhere
and so acutely
that none of these dudes
will ever
be the man
my miles is
now
at
11.

for one of the first times ever

a

young girl

from my son's school yelled,

'hey are you that broadcaster?'

surprised that she knew,

i waved and said yes ..

she said that she saw me in my

son's school when she was 10

and it

was pretty cool.

once she was done,

i dipped back into my jazz thoughts

and sketches

of

audio paints

that may come

true

some day,

or will

become something

that

the world simply

doesn't need to know

about.

my power of now

is going

to give

many yesterdays

the latitude

to evaporate

and rain on something t

hat will grow much stronger

in

flushly lush

garden.

my girlfriend

was
working her second
job
and
Told me over the phone
how the
rockers
were on the stage
doing
their
perfunctory,
never heard,
raw
sound check for
no one except themselves
as the pulsing
outside world
of
then
was getting
ready for
their own sound check
that would
fall on
enough
ears
to forget.

The distance

between
yesterday

and

today

is

absolute

and

pure

fucking

speculation.

love
may
be the
only
thing
that
will
save
all
you
silver
diggers
on
a
copper
mindset
as
the
orange sun
lowers,
hiding
everyone
and
everything
except
one
red
beating
maroon
heart
in the
middle
of
the
swirling
roadway ..

The big con story

got a cousin
that has done some
jail time,
then got out of
the meth world to
get a trade and
clean the tools of the
medical world.

but that wore on for
too long and he
needed some
easy money.

and the drug running
with the gun lords ensured.

and it went on long enough
that now he is hiding out
in his grandmas house
seeking witness protection
and a way out of town via
our DEA tax money.

and with a world
on the run
and people crazy on legal
drugs,
he's just hopping on yet
another train
that is already derailed
as the
planes
graze low
over the

teems
of people
below
that
have
nothing

but
dope
in their
shoes
and
clear,
hot liquid
roiling around
in
their brains.

past participles

the heavy,
soluble,
yet
bouffant past
will
some day
become
the
one
miracle
you have
been looking
for
out of
that
window
that
was just
a
hole
in
a
wooden
fence.

she asked me to take her hand

and

i looked over the my shoulder

and saw through her

blood,

into her bone,

and within

that bone i caught the

bright yellow

of a warming source

and

decided

to walk

and forget about

the

torrents of

hell

i have

seen once,

because

i know

that not only do

we have one trip around

the sun,

we may only

ever get one

invite to see

the inner bone

of a beauty

that can exit

as easily as they

can enter.

the man woke up in the alley outside

of the bar,
next to the church
with a
blue tattoo of a 4
on his lower arm
and knew
that
the demon that bought him
the last shot
was
the man that knew who
would drink the last cup of water
on earth
and
shake the hand
of the final jesus
to land.

with scraped knuckles

and worse kneecaps,
a damaged vocal box,
i sit here two days after
i had to save my two dogs
from a
dog attack
via a part pit bull mix.

i was walking the dogs
as a woman asked if
i saw her little dog,
i told her i'd keep a stray eye out.

that's when her pit mix came around
the bend fast
and as she said,
'he's friendly. he won't hurt anyone'

i had to swoop my little black dog up
in my arms to save her from
being crunched around the neck
and shook.

then it went after my bigger australian shepherd
dog,
so i had to drop my little dog
and go after her sliding into the pavement,
elbowing the pit away and
screaming for this woman to put the
dog away.

this pit was having nothing to do with her.

so, the dog ran out into the street
to get my little black dog and that's when i saw
her life flash fast before my eyes
as i screamed so loud that an invisible nuclear bomb dropped,
i slid again on my knees to kick him away
as a truck stopped up the way and
neighbors started slowly coming out
speechlessly as though
the alien ship was scavenging for food.

from there,
the crazy old hillbilly woman
got her dog by the pit collar
and drug her up the street
as i ran with my little black dog to see
where my bigger red dog was.

she was gone.

no one spoke to me.

no one said anything except a cool
samaritan cat that followed me home
and said he would look for my coco dog.

who a neighbor had once i got home
and the debacle
was done.

i was full blood,
dogs saved
and
still
waiting to
find out if
my brain
got the exact version of
this 21st century
tale of
suburban warefre.

the soft air

on

my

skins as

i glide down the

hill

past squash plants

and pumpkins growing

into the

deep orange sunset

is

the

coolest thing

that happened on

this side

of

the

cotton

street.

at an ice cream social

last week
a little black boy
came up to me and
asked if i was miles' dad.

i told him i was.

he said,
is miles special needs?

i said
he's just special.

he said,
no.

he's not special needs,
he shouldn't be in that class,
he's fine.

at this,
i said
that my boy
is special

and that's all
there fucking
is
to
it
in
this world
where the

american population is
contemplating trump
as
president
and
jazz music
is a non-force.

i noticed her

when she was pregnant
over a decade ago.

it was shortly after i had
my boy miles.

i was still in that post-pregnant
mode
of recognizing the
woman
in that state.

but
as the years went on,
i always noticed her.

liked her style.

dug her small comments.

the looks.

her trepidation.

and then she
asked me if i was married.

was,
won't be
and
thanks
universe
for
orchestrating
the

long,
long meeting
under
the magnetic
waterfall.

this losing royal kansas city baseball town

of now

is

a bit

sallow,

tired

and

humdrum,

but it's always got

beer,

some more meat to eat

and

the

helium tanks of the world

to celebrate something

else that

is

worthy

as

the

boys in blue

go into their winter

hovels

to

find that magic

orb that

took this kansas city on a two year

ride to

the outer rims of space

and

way fucking beyond.

every afternoon

for a few years now,
there's a little blue shack
kind of business I
that has no signs
or other business markings
down the street from
where I work
and there's always
a couple people outside
walking around nervously
or peering around
in anticipation while
they smoke
the butts off their cigarettes
and
each time i
wonder what kind of illegal
legal work are these shady looking
adults doing behind unmarked closed doors
as i forget that i ever saw the
as i round the corner and
go to wherever i forgot
i was actually going.

the popping sound of the old vinyl blues album

went so hard on the needle
that a dust
angel came into full formation and
ran into the upper fan blades
only to dissipate down
into a rain of
soft dust
that made the miracle of
music become
a visionary metaphor
for the rest of our entire
skin covered lives.

love may

be one of

the most

selfish things

we engage in

but

convince the world

via hollywood that

it's some

ignoble,

selfless act

replete with every colored

flower

and

meant for

everyone

and

made for

your

and

only you.

every time i trip on the cracks in the middle of the store floor,

i figure a pig is getting
another meal somewhere

or

a child is being born in australia

or

a

kitten saved the kite in the tree

or the

firefighter

created the best chili

firehouse 8.3 will

ever eat on this random

chance

over

a

world of cracked miracles.

star wars fight

my boy
gave up tonight
looking for a tiny
R2-D2 figuring
and just tucked his soul
under the covers
and decided hat
maybe he could dream
about his best
rendition of
daytime dreams
and
forget that
there was ever
anything to
be
anxious about
as
we
patiently lie below the moon
moving like
world's slowest mother
over the
blackened sky rim.

Old men talk

stopped my
10 speeder outside of
the sporting goods shop on
a
perfect sunny september 11 day
to get the nightcrawler for the kids fishing
and as i hopped off my bike
an old timer easily into his lat 80's
asked if
my bike would be outside when i
came back out,
i told him that i
was gonna keep my fingers
crossed
at which he laughed all he way until i
entered the store ..

and as i came back out
with worms
everywhere,
i saw he was gone
and had
my mouth ready to
tell him,
"All is well in America today .. "

and to on my
fishy ways ..

When The Who made it big

and

the kids were saying

The Who from England

over and over

again

until the old folks and parents

kept wondering who the who were

and why the hell

the Brits would start another joke

that would stretch and glaze over the Atlantic

in such precision

as

we all still to this day

wonder

who the fuck the who are.

the brief waking

My boy
woke me up
in the middle
of the night to
get some candy corn
that I bought him
before he went to sleep
as a part of a plea deal
and simply wanted
a hug,
a zip lock back of that candy to hold
and a tight blanket around his body
as the loud thunderstorm
came running into the neighborhood
and i scurried back up
to my big
with the best
smile
this dadio can
remember in
quite some time.

deep in the sweaty part of wednesday

in front of a robust fruit stand
on the corner of the road
as folks wonder if
the peaches are sugary,
the cantaloupe worthy,
the plums sweet enough
and then a huge
new flat bed truck carrying
around 20 purple
Johnny on the Spot's
rears around
the corner and
rumbles on without
missing a hitch
and with all the fruits
that were shimmering in
the hot,
yellowed light,
that
motherfucker behind
the wheel
was the
tastiest fruit
going.

days of residue noticing

a couple of
old,
crumbled
green plastic
chairs
lie on the side of the
road
like refuge from
a
forgotten brain
that never
turned off the
front porch light,
pulled the laundry from the washer,
kissed the kids good-bye
or put the old salad in the refrigerator,
but
i know where he put that
big bottle of booze
as the empty bottle lies
on the counter
like
the best
bet this side of
the wavy, colorful
rainbow.

the little demons

spend their
days licking
extra pasty envelopes
and pushing them
towards the edge of
the
counter
corners
with their
tiny red suffer hands
laughing
in cognition
as the dogs wag their
tales and cats yawn their
disapproval
while
the
voices in our heads get louder
and louder each passing
year as these
envelopes fall to the
ground like
tea filled glass vases
releasing all the voices
we thought age would silence,
but only made
louder
as the tiny red tails of the
demon workers go behind the
crimson curtain
cursing,
searching for
more
brownish envelopes.

The final earthquake

every
single weekend for the last
11 or so years,
i have gotten up by at least 7 or 8 am
with my boy miles
to smile in the sun
or breath in the rain,
and each time there is a new adventure,
but rarely an event that has shaken the
ground in a literal pull.

until this AM.

a 6.5 earthquake in oklahoma
shook the KC metro and
folks all around
felt the thunder below.

except for me.

i was asleep
until 10:30 or so
working off
several late night baseball game losses
and the inevitable build up of living

and in a rare morning of slumber,
i missed out.

here's to the next time.

and what will happen the
next time,
i may never,
ever know.

saw a woman last sunday

in the bright sting of
early morning
sun picking up trash off
the side of the road
with her gray locks of hair
and bright yellow bags
and when i saw
her purplish skin shining
like a pale lizard,
i finally discovered the
aliens of the world
and they
are picking up our trash
to transform it all into
new fuel to leave all our
humanly trash behind
for a better
movie in the sky.

the old brother man

in the bright white
wife beater
screams
over to his quite overweight
girlfriend on the front
stoop of an apartment
complex while a 2 year old toddler
shifts about
as the throng of traffic
motors by loud and steady
in the humid head of august
as
every other car
wonders
why
why
why

this kinda
thing all the
time
when

there is so
much
fucking love
in the world.

Ring toss metaphor

a few years
after i was married,
i went to the local
man made lake with long in the title
and played some water football in
the beach area
when my silver wedding ring
went flying during a touch catch.

the slow motion
silver tumble in the pure sunlight
was and continues to be vivid.

and i convinced myself that i knew
where it landed
and that i could scrape it out
of the wet,
heavy,
laden down muck below
and revive my
lost symbol of love.

and in that early time of my life,
it was nothing doing.

it was buried.

lost.

rushed.

put to bed in a lake bottom of mud.

and now that my marriage has ended
after a decade plus,
i feel that life always finds a way to imitate
art
and put
the
best metaphor on the easel
without
even

trying
to
catch
that
proverbial
out of reach
football.

jazz cats

i always
thought
the jazz cats
had the
gig word
nailed until
i saw
some young gal
in a board
in the local conservation magazine
steady with a
three forked
long pole
ready to
kill the hell out of
a fish
in her
our
jazzy rendition
of
fishing
called
gigging
in a craze
taking over
the
strongest of
heart
in
the
middle of a pond
you
may never,
ever
see.

there's a big fat buddha

looking
cat at the chinese restaurant
that never speaks english,
sloughs around with the biggest
pan i have ever seen in
a small kitchen in the open
making the
best general tsao chicken i have
tasted in years
and
he just
beams every time a good thought
pops into his brain
or
he knows the hunger
is real
as
he
battles
the
raging tempest of
good in
a
world
that loves
him
almost as much as buddha
as
the
american food worship
sweeps by like
a
logarithm that found
home.....

had yet another dream

last night
that i was living
in new york,
taking pictures
and walking
around the cacophony of
living
and
simply woke up with
the heaviest meat lids
over my
bloodshot eyes
in
this attic
home
outside of kansas city,
in the center of american
tottering around
somewhere on
the
blue globe
of home.

all the little kids that live in the trailer park homes

beside the
big Quiktrip distribution plant
go to bed
every night with elongated
dreams of
more ice cream
and hot dogs
for the entire world
until the next night
they have dancing donuts
and hot taquitos doing the salsa
until all they have
are
the best
stories to tell
their pals day
after day
at the bus stop on the corner
of dream ave.

the whole world is beginning to turn 40

as the 80 year olds
still look on like
we have no clue what
we are doing
in this tightrope race across
the decades
into a sunset that
is only just a slight sunrise
and a moon glow
that will eventually
become
the light of
pluto,
if we
can just
hold on
a
bit longer.

The tiny white cross

on top of the
church steeple
sits there
against the clouds
each and every day
as though
it's the only
true meteorologist
in the skies
keeping an eye
on our tiny ant bodies
with flailing arms and legs
trying to
make sense of the
water on
the
ground
or the sun
in the green
leaves.