

Joefiles 162

sunshine finally dissolves the cloud

44

slightly before
8 am
in the morning,
and i have turned 44 today.

and for all the
bits of wisdom and
advice i have heard
throughout my life,
no one
could have ever whispered
the
truisms
that would
lead me to
sitting
the way i do today.

with my
boy calling me on
a
magic camera phone
in a hotel room
hundreds of miles away
while
i
think about my
new
love...

the candle wish i
had
hoped for
during
years of
sending breath out of
my lungs.

so,
as the clouds move by
in torrents of
deep
gray and white.
i see
the
sunshine
in

large yellow
hues

angling down
on
this ride
that
goes
on.

loosening the grip on the steering wheel a bit,

i saw

the

tiny bird

dive bombing

the big,

huge winged bird

deep in the ozark

skies as the storm was brewing up

some new rain

and

the little man was finally

tired of all the

lies and

self-defeat

and

it was

high tide for

some

simple redemption

in

that

high

sky above

blanketing us

up like

a

warm

we

get to feel

when

the

little birds prevail.

I stared at the hunk of sky blue

turquoise
plastic on
the side of
the
road
wondering
how
someone
didn't know
that
some
kids's
pool
flew out of the back
of their
truck
lying on the
roadside
like
some drunken artifact
from a duck
party just glinting
there in the cloudy gray
like
a
dream
realized
and reincarnated for
the
next water droplets.

the moped man

and his
massive Coke
in his hand
driving one handed
down the road
will
be
the
best indie action scene
i will
witness in
some years
as
my bottle of water
dribbles down
my safe chin within
the confines of
my car
wondering
what
other
miraculous
simplicities
i
may just run
into
today.

the best definition for love

never
came from
anything
hollywood
ever acted out
or
drama companies
put on the
bright white flares of
light on stage,
instead
it came
from
some
darkened room
where the lights
were finally turned on
and
two loves
could put away
their life
of insecurities
and simply look
at
each other
with simple indignation
that
love
was
going to
be made,
her in him,
him in her
and in
that
academy award winning
moment of
warmth,
the world
would freeze
and
the
thaw
would be the
best symphony movement
you
would never hear.

true love

does
actually
wait
in
the
back
of
a
radiohead
b-side
for
you
to
forget about
it
and
suddenly
turn
it up
in
your
old
car
years later
as
you
understand
what
thom was
really
trying
to
say.

the bobbing blue blobs of water

sprinkle around

the

city fountain

as the children look

on like

a

new universe is

being discovered

and

the

older,

bigger

people

look on cautiously

as though

they are looking

at

a

glass of

water that may tip over

on an antique wooden table

and

again,

the children have

us

as

an errant dog

lops on by

with tongue out

wondering

why everyone

looks so big

in their sweaty

confusion.

having a talk

with
my brother in
a
graveled parking lot
down the hill from my
work
about my
broken marriage
that was ending,
and
suddenly
a
car flies up
feet away from me
as a woman flies out with
bag in hand,
throwing a soda at the
car windows as it
speeds away.

looking on,
listening to my
brother give me
his daily wisdom,
i see the girl
in a wondering pout
coming towards my car
with a ride on
her mind

and immediately i
realize
this is not
a
scene my brain
can decode

as i angle into reverse,
dip into the stream of cars,
notice her serene in the rear view

as i drive
on not even knowing
what direction
i
am heading in.

Larry Gary

is the eternal trucker
of
all
motherfucking
truckers
and
his claim to
fame is
clogging toilets
in pharmacies
to make
sure that
folks
are
reminded
constantly
that
drugs
are foul
and
tough
guys usually
always do finish
second.

the one girl in the grocery store

always spots
my boy
and i
and
when the talk
gets going
she finally
smiles
like
a
ray of sun
during
a
nasty stretch
of months
of
cloud and rain.

as the smile
spreads
and she giggles
a bit,
i can see
her brow crinkle
in
wonder
as
to
why
she
never laughs
the
other
99 percent of
the
time
on
the
funniest
ride
around the sun.

This town

is full
of
unwanted
pregnancies
in the broken
love
of
belton's
middle earth
while
the
charades continue
and
the
wandering
lovers
find
a
way
to
smile
over
a
meal
like
tomorrow may never,
ever
happen again.

pure riot

as the
scenes of another
round of
LA riots
penetrate
this trump filled
air about,
i realize
that
getting
divorced
is
the
greatest tiny
miracle
i never
ever thought
would
happen to these
relieved
bones of mine.

cheaper traveler

if i was
to
actually mail
my hand
via the US postal service,
i wonder
the
cost to travel
the
world
as my
hand bumbles along
looking
like a pair of eye balls
at
the
enormity
of
what
we all
dream about.

That one cold ocean seagull bird

lying above
the middle of Missouri
gliding high in the sky
as I look up and see
those
white little lines I
wonder if
he's lost or confused
and I realize
the birds are much merrier
than you can ever imagine
and there's a mission in his brain
as he's looking
for a tiny piece of pizza crust on the ground
right by the
sleepy pizza parlor
pulling all of us
into some sort
of
human
nirvana
again
and
again.

The Dollar Tree spending sprees

are
the
ones
that
will
eventually
be forgotten,
but will
linger
like the tall
grass of a lawn
neglected in
the
front of a
closed fast food restaurant.

The suicidal squirrel

ran right in front
of my tires
as I slowed down
to look back ..

I didn't see anything on
the thawed can mental illness
of running in the squirrel world

and I'm pretty much convinced
that it's the shadow me
while I walk the dogs and
run towards
my life like
I'm some huge brick
that's going to give them some level
calm ..

Back in the 90s

when I was pumping gas,
I would squeeze that lever
over and over and over again
till I got 20 even number
like 10 or 20
or even five

and these days in the 2017,
I just let that thing go right
over the zeros
and the ones and the twos the threes
because it ain't nothing but a tiny thing
with the debit card

and it's the
obvious act
of
subversive consumer sabotage
that
makes all of this very
well
worth it.

Every single time I hear Jimi Hendrix on the radio

it reminds me

why the world is rock 'n' roll is on fire

and how water came about

and why the air is always full

of good old-fashioned oats

just slamming against

each other in the

chaos of invisibility.

The nexter

I keep
having
dreams
about
the kid
across the street
playing on the banks
of a busy highway
right by
mirages of your
homes,
but none of us can ever figure
out why or
how
or
when it
may begin.

The Belton dude

that looks like
the duck dynasty man
fulla tattoos
in the
little white minivan
is the
man that bought your dreams
and sold your childhood
to the lowest bidder
for
a miracle
that
may just
arrive
when
aren't
paying
any attention
to
it.

Burger brains

I just looked at big dude
while driving 70 miles an hour down
the blatant highway
and we watched for what
seemed like a while,
but in that tiny
second
that
elapsed,
i think he
knew that
i just ate the biggest burger
of
my life
as
he
burped a bit
trying to remember where
he lives
in
this
bit
America of ours.

I had another dream

last night
that I was
in Times Square
in
New York time
wanting to get out
to
take some pictures ..

I was at a Chinese restaurant
waiting to see the Stephen Colbert show
and as
i went out
to walk
a bit,
i couldn't find my way
back to
the
restaurant ..

and as i got lost,
i took those photos
of NYC
and never
ever
expect to see them again
as
my
superhero camera
turned into a rotary phone
that dissolved into
a
stack of
used
photo slides
of
someone else
trip to
Ohio.

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
soundcheck for
no one except themselves
as the pulsing
outside world
of
then
was getting
ready for
their own soundcheck
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 ..

got a cousin in law

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 ensued.

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.

the heavy,
soluble,
yet
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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

**

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.

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.

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.

birds

I saw a sign
for
Burge Bird services
up the way
the other day
and I thought
it was a business
to help people
flip each other out better
because everybody
can always
give the
bird with
just
a
bit
more gusto.

For the past month

or so

I've noticed

a big shiny winged hawk

flying out here

above my house

or

the school i work at

wondering

if

it's my reincarnated

father

just keeping a mindful eye

in the winds above

reminding

us that life

is

forever

and

perhaps a little

easier

with

a

bird brain

and

no

bills

an

no where

to

be but

with

your

son.

Wednesday morning woman

with the dog
in the backseat
and she's driving
as fast as she can
to get where
she's going
but it doesn't matter where
she's going
because
soon
the world
will explode into
a
sequence of stop signs
and
flashing green
lights
reminding
you
that
dogs
run the show....

I stumbled upon a lost mexican passport on the ground

about a year

ago and realized

the

irony of it all

as trump is our president

and that

immigrant

is likely in

some

corner of

the

world now

that i

can never

imagine

even if i pound the period

on this

line of

sentences

and

think

in

the

most profound

part of

my

naturalized brain.

my boy

skipped across
the street to
the smoking man
to borrow his hose
to
spray day his scooter
and in all the
low fear in my boy's brain,
ron just stood aside with
that smoldering stick in his mouth
looking on like
a
stealth was flying
high overhead
and
the
world
was again
fixed
as
it
should have always been.

God

is a
big rainbow
stretching
right
across your brain
and
soul
as your
ear drums
play
the
longest song
ever
constructed.

been sunny for months

and the day

donald trump is

was supposed to come

dumpin' into K,

it turns gray and

spitting rain silly to christen the event

in

the best way

mother nature could

and

should.

Everyone

is
open
to
the
unknown
adventure of love
and
that
1
notion
alone
is
enough
to
be
assured
that the
human
species will
never
die
out.

I saw a shooting star last year

that was so big
it was breaking apart
& i could almost
hear a little bit of it sizzle through the sky
and
this
time
1
year
later
i felt
it
in her hand
as
we held
it
not saying
anything,
but knowing
tha
love
is
the
result
of
all
the
wishing
chance
that
would
be easily
dismissed
as
a
blind miracle.

The unbridled excitement

of a paycheck
before you actually
have to pay
all of those bills
is
the monthly reminder
of what
childhood
felt like
all the time
before
you
wished
so hard
to
be
an
adult
finally.

The clang

of

[Friday night](#)

major league jazz

in the midst

of 18 and Vine ghosts

is the

reason

history is

the heavy sag of comfort

and

why

the music

will

simply

never

go

away,

but

get stronger

in a din

we will try

the rest of our lives to describe ..

The sunglasses

sliding across
the dash
from one end
to the other
is the
perpetual ghost of a
blind blues man
in the car
that always knows
what
song to play next
in
the miracle
of
song.

Like the echo of a crowd
that
just left the stadium
is something like the matter
of soundwaves
that echo within your souls
and you will never be able
to put your finger on it
much like the impact of
the thoughts of a dog
or the sneaky silence
of a speechless cat.

in the clouds

above us all
the ghosts are humans
that have been alive
&
mingling together
over a cuppa coffee
trying to figure out
why we
continue to do it
The way we do down here
in our small little attempts
to make magic
and waltz about...

The world
Of Lovers
on unicycles
Will
Save
Those that
Are
Extinct
Some
Fine
Day.

The crazy bald man

in the puffy
Blue jacket
walks down the
outlet road
looking around
like a bull
stuck in the middle
of the worst
Stock clause in the world
yelling and snarling
and looking
and waiting
for someone
to listen to him
and all I've ever heard
is mute murdered
nonverbal silence
Above the
Cartoon
Bubble
Over
His head