

Joefiles 167

Silence may be our finest human quality

I was sure

the woman

was headbanging

Without abandon

in a bright blue truck

With back tinted window

and

then

I realized

it was

just the dog

with a real Poofy tail

getting very excited

about something

Like

Music

Or a cloud above

Shaped like

A

cat.

I heard the loud trail

of a military plane

High in the sky

And driving east,

I couldn't see the westward trail

And

All I got

From the majesty of that moment

Was

A dude loading up a

Moving truck

In front of a local log cabin

And he was stopped,

Looking up into that brightly lit pre-afternoon sky

In wonder

And that

May have

Been more telling

Than yet

Another plane

Leaving,

Leaving

Leaving

To

A destination

We

All

question.

Those deflated foil balloons

Stuck way up high

In those

Brown thin

Arms of growth

Are really

The dreams of children that

Wait for the right moment

To disappear

Into the fold

Of

miracles.

The fat cardinal

Sitting on that easter branch
While the snow came down
In unseasonable torrents
On that gray march afternoon
Had to be my dad
Looking in on
Us
With his new does of
Next life magic
Waiting
For
The
World
To
Get hip
To
The
Notion
That we are
All
Coming back,
But
The form
We take
Is
The
Love
We make.

The moment of the baseball game

Is as tense as it could

Possibly be

As

The

Bases are loaded

And the house is packed in Houston

As the players think about

Their new 9 pound rings

And the camera guy

Suddenly

Pulls int close to one dude

Sitting

With a tray loaded with chili dogs and

His eyes are twitching badly

As

The camera guy inches just a bit

Closer and

The world

Starts to take his lead

Behind fluttering

Eye curtains of wonder.

if for some reason we have déjà vu

and remember each other

Just know

That

I'm still stuck

on call waiting

because

I'm trying

to figure out

what may have happened i

n the past life

And

If the caller ID is OK,

I promise

To perhaps

get back with you

On

That highway

They advertised

In

The matrix.

I can never quite quit the thought

that we are
just so small
down here
doing what
we were doing
that to take
any of this
Too seriously
may be something
that
might just be
way too serious
for anybody
to even
comprehend
in the seriousness
of the
serious joke.

The empty winter amusement park

Is

The

Most comfortable

Place

In

Stephen king's

Lost

Set of

Frozen dreams.

Demeanor

is

part

demon

Is

You

Stare

At

It

closely.

The end
is
smear.

The pink insulation flurries

on the AM highway

of pink panther dreams

Could have

Been the best

Picture I

never took

In my whole

Life

And

It

As done

100%

Intentional....

When you start wondering
when
you're going to get the relief
and look around
and notice
that no one else
is really getting the relief
you know
that the relief
is knowing
that you
got to stop
worrying about when
you're going to get
the relief
and
just feel fucking relieved.

The only way to cure real heartache

Is

To

Ignore

The

Heart

Everyone has

In

Their chests

As

The

Brain

Stays

numb

Like

A

Fish

That

May

Figure out

The

Way into

2098 ...

The best stuff

Is

In

The

Jewelry box

You

Peeked into as a

Child and

Forgot

The

Exact contents,

But

Trip over them

As

You

Sleep at night

In your

Tall

Dreams

That

Smell

Like

Fresh burritos.

It's Saturday and my favorite girl in the world

Yells over

If we

Gots the salmai

And I

Point over

Like

I'm making a high stakes bet

As

The

World of

Aldi rolls by

In slow mow

As if

There is nothing

Better

Than can be done

On this picking

And choosing

Landscape of ours.

Letting the light slowly spill

Over

The patches of

Dark that

Have been long forgotten

Will

Bring back that

Echo of a baby babble

In the uncorked bottle

Of next year.

Survival

Is that

Forgotten step

On a path

The

Snake

Is wary

To

Take.

His arm

Was stiff with authority
As he waved the
Sunny 12:42 PM traffic
Around the trash truck ..

And as the cop went by,
The old black man followed
the invisible traces of his
Passing
Like an inspector on the
Case of Russia
And that
One election
That was Hillaried ..

Now as I go back by,
He's wandering down into a light
Brown field with his loud
Traffic directing fatigues on
Looking for
The
Edge of his soul
That he lost years
Ago
And
Is trying to
Find it
As he maneuvers around
The
Trash trucks
Of
Now
With
Cop razor
Eyes
And
The
Hope that when he
Finds what he's looking for,
It will be all shiny
Like heaven he was told
About
In Childhood books.

The pharmaceutical industry

Is

The prison

You never

Knew existed

In the clean

Suburbs of

TV news

Rumors.

The only thing

I want to do

In this reality

That

Is

In the savory run

That stretches like

A grand dream unknown

Is to

Love

And do it

Well

As the name

Amanda becomes

My beacon ...

The young black man

walking

by the

waffle house

towards

the clean

Morning sunshine

Is playing with some

weird string toy smiling

with

deep shades on dreaming

As

The

Day

Is

Well into begun.

Hearing all the voices

Tell me that they

Knew

I was married

To

A

Monster

Only

Confirms

That

Sleep is never

Confined to a bed

And

The flight of the

Phoenix

Is a phenomena

That

Can

Happen

More

Than

Twice

In

A

lifetime.

The real problem with this world

Is

That

all

The parents that

Meander about

With a hot coffee

And

better

Stories

Need

To

understand

That

The answer is

Never going

To

Hit

Us

Until

It's either

Too late

Or

We get the chance

To retire

early.

I was in the local dollar tree

on the
morning of
Valentine's Day i
And as
We all waited in
Tense long lines
With
Huge
Bungles
Of balloon string tickling our shoulders
I saw a woman with
Flu mask filling up the
Sweet bags with helium
screaming about
the frozen food truck
to the guy
on the register
with the glass eye
As I kept looking around
To see if folks
Were taking any of this seriously
And
As
The
Twitchy gallery
of
Adults
Acting like a gaggle of
Third graders waiting for
A
Long kept secret assembly,
I knew that there was a different
Kind of love
In the air
That
Kept us all
Grounded
In
Our
Own
Liquid gas slant.

I looked into a can of evaporated milk

This morning

And wondered

Why

It was filled to the brim

Like a don recks shadow

Waiting

To

Mock me as

I left the room

With a

Lemond stain

On my

pants.

For the second day in a row

there's a kid
that was
driving
in the
passenger seat
of the
van
and
he
had
the best
reddish Afro
I've ever seen
in my
entire
Damn
life.

Mark Summers

Is your
Personal
Human
savior.

Saturday AM kid

Dribbles

The ball between

Two parked cars

In the suburban driveway

Knowing

He's got the most

Difficult

Obstacles to

Shoot

Above

Down here

In our

Universe of

Stars.

I've said it before

and

I will say it

again ...

anytime

someone has

statues of animals

in their yard like

Deers and dogs

It

Ironically

Defies

The natural

Order of

Things that

Could happen

As

Tears

Of the real

Badger

Fill

The tiny

Brook

That

Squeezes on by.

The fate

of the

glow

may actually

come down

to

what kind of music

is going to actually

really going to

save us

As those

Rumors of bombs

Threatening the world

comes together

and throws

the music around

Us like a

force field

Constructed by

Positive

Invisible will.

You can keep all of those lids

for your

coffee mugs

On your cups

And in

Your pantry

Because my

Hot Joe

Needs to

Breathe like

An elephant

Hugging on

A cold patch

Of

Winter land.

Look

how

Good

And

Happy

dogs

Are

and

they

never

say

a single word

their entire lives...

Proof

that

human beings

Could do so

much better

whenever

they just

shut the fuck up.

(thank you)

I'm hitting every yellow light

possible

today

As

Caution is

My

Friend and

Mortal enemy

In a universe

full of

Vibrant

greens and reds.

Finally

Found
that one
red screwdriver
The glorious
And recently
Passed Jimmy Foy
gave me and
I
Want it
To last forever
As a reminder
Of how we can
Fix
This screw job
Of a modern day
Trump...

A tiny cup of empathy

Could

Be the

Buffet

You

Will

Never forget

As

The used napkin

Loudly

Hits

The

Floor.

I just
drove by
the man
with all
of the
Jesus magnets
on the
side of his car
and I can tell
by his
side profile
that he knows
the exact day
the world will
Presumably
ends.

The crow hop

Is the only
Dance
That will
Save
All of
Your feeble
Bird brains.

All those little bottles of liquor

smashed

on the ground

Are

The tiny

Crosses

Of hangovers

Your

Soul

Will

Never

Shake.

The Teacher was reading

the kids

cloudy with a chance of meatballs today

And

a little

black kid

in the back of the room

raised

his hand

and wondered if

one of those meatballs

with squash

Donald Trump

And

The class erupted

In loud cheers

As the teacher

Flashed

Me a knowing

Sinister grin

That

I mirrored.

Lately I hear all the kids

Start whispering,
Pointing up at me
And asking if I'm
Either Tony Stark
Or Iron Man
And as
I walk away laughing,
I wonder
If these kids
Really thing that
Robert Downey, Jr. is
Going to
Ever
Moonlight as an IT guy
In a
Midwestern
School district ..

I peer out at the woman

With

A

Special

White mask

Over her

Face

Refusing

The

Germ

And

Grime

Of

The

World

Wondering

What

Superhero movie

She walked out

Of

As

Everything

She did was

In

Slow motion

Full

Of

Better

Colors

We all never

Get to mingle in.

Hey!
Fuck everyone?
(Except for you!)

My life of a Phoenix

Has

Given

Me

The

Clarity

Of 9 cat

Lives plus

Some more

And

As

I slip into my

Next phase of

Existence

I realize

More

And

More

In

The karmic soup we all

Create

That there is

Indeed a reason

Why

The feline world

And I see

Things

In

The

Very

Same

Cat

manner.

Barreling through

mid January 2018

And

i'm very certain

That

It's

Very time

To

put those

Rudolph red noses

on the front of large SUV grills

So

Completely

out of commission

Commission

That

We will all worship

Pinochio and

Those

Little

Lies

That

Make

The

World

Safer...

The hearse speeding

Through

The

Busy intersection

To

Get closer

To

The

Next intersection

Fulla cops

Is

The

Best irony

There

Here eyes

Have

Seen

Since

The

Devil

Selling

charchol

To a younger

Donald Trump.....

Saw a bunch of country boys

Out on the edge of

A

big

Frozen pond

Trying in vein

To push sticks out on the frozen

Water to

Get towards a

Hurt bird.

And as it unfolded for

Minute after minute,

I wasn't sure if they

Were doing

Something good

Or

otherwise.

And as they

Fished the bird into

Their cupped hands and rushed

Off towards some hospital

In the clouds,

I realized

That

A rare

Moment of humanity

Was

Unfold into

Front of my

Surprised eyes

Like an origami

That

Grew

A heart

And

Decided to leave

To

The next dimension ..