

Joefiles 180

A chapter my cat reincarnated by sheer accidental chance

I saw an old woman yesterday

In a

Crisp & colorful

bathrobe

at about 4:30

in the afternoon

with a cup in hand

that once had a shake

In it

walking around dazed & upset trying to find

the person

that littered

waiting to obliterate them

& take them down

With a poignant lecture

then make sure that they understand

this world needs

to simply be

a much

cleaner place.

Our cats

Are like spiders
Because they
Are hairy
And kind of creepy
& they just appear
out of nowhere
at any point
& they can strike
in whatever way
they decide they want to
and you never know
with they are thinking
and they never talk to you
and they just kind of look at you
and most of the time
they're actually there to protect you
and keep all the rodents away
and give you comfort
and provide you that level of calm
and their mystery
and as my cats as appear
out of nowhere
I never know
where they come from
like spiders ...
so welcome to
My world of cat spiders.

I am hoping

that each successive year
of my life is better & things have
gotten easier
and things are in a better place
as I look at myself
down and
look at all that
I've lost and all that I've gained
I figure
his is just the way
that life throws you
as you start getting older
and realize that the end of the day
we all live in a foggy veil
throughout our lives
and it can be
a year or two
or a decade but when
it's finally parted
you realize
what the real is around you
and sometimes
t's better to
have less than more
and in that less there's so much
that's more.
dig?

I'm going to get married

on July 13

& that

just so happens to be

the actual day they did

Live Aid in '85

when Queen

rocked the world

and soon I'm going

to have

a new queen

in my life forever

and a new chapter

as

i keep trying to be

magnanimous

in this bizzare,

cool

life

adventure.

Everything in this mid Missouri April

is blooming again
as all the whites and purples
and yellows and oranges
and reds are punching out
like a little hieroglyphs
that are leaving winter
and just as it starts to get warm
it gets cold again
here in this Missouri world
and that's just the way
it is
but I'll take all of this
beautiful Friday sunshine
and all of the colors that are coming to life
like a painter was born brand new
like the birth of Venus
throwing little slivers of paint down below
to make us understand
that this is the way
we likely should see the world
every
single
day.

We are nothing more than a bunch of electrical impulses

as the fella

pulls up in the RV

to the stop sign

looks right

looks left

looks right

Looks left

does it one more time

because he understands

that everything happens

in threes

but those things

that happen once

means

you can get out

and wander the world

without worrying

about a damn fucking thing.

Of all the remakes

in this movie

remade world of ours

there's one film

they better

just stay

completely

clear of

& that would be

the magical

Flash Gordon

In his

Queen appointed

Garb

Sheen.

The morning traffic jams

force you
to think about
all those little things
that you may
have forgotten
and here's to
remembering
all the things
that you forgot
as you sit in traffic
& it's probably
going
to be
the ironic self
to feed us
moments
where you
really want to go
and take care of
those things
but you're stuck
in a traffic jam
so that's
the real crux
of a traffic jam
is that
all of those things
that you thought

that you forgot
that you didn't have to do
come back
& it's the opposite
and antithesis
of procrastination
As we welcome you
to this morning's
Eternal time bending
traffic jam.

Those guys and gals that are on the little trash clean up crew

on the side of the road

makes me

look at all the trash

just sitting around

wondering how

could all of this

trash just rain down

from human hands

like hail balls

from the sky

like no one cares

and its just OK

because

at the end of the day

it all just seems

like a whole bunch

of garbage.

The small little church sign

Was old in

the pale yellow

late March sunshine

Saying those who forgive

win the argument

In this

Quiet

Of

Agreement

Before

The storm.

Little darts float above

as specs

of magic

and dreams

and wonder

as the

railroad company store

stands a little bit quiet

but ready for everybody

off main street USA

for the fanatics

to wake up

and start letting

all of their

locomotive

magic motion

loose.

Is there anybody on this planet

that

you

know

who

could

possibly

win

an

argument

with

God?

Driving on old Royal Road

outside
of Springfield, MO,
there was
an old boy
that had
a spray painted sign
saying nothing is for sale
& I have to wonder
how many times
people stop
to try to buy anything
and everything from this guy
that appears to have
very little
except his
large
signage addled
soul.

Sometimes I wander around

looking at all the people
that walk in and out of convenience stores
and Library's
and grocery stores
and schools
and wonder
how are you are maintaining
because I know every single one of us
has all kinds of different things
tht tax our brains
and weigh us down
and make us think about other thoughts
and make us wonder
and wonder
and I wonder
how we all make it
and stand up straight each and every day
as we go and go and go
wondering what
this eventual thing really really means
and I believe at this point
the only real word
they can come to my mind
would be
love.

If for some reason

your therapist

turned into

your shadow doppelgänger

would that mean

you really

have bad luck

or would that mean

you finally found yourself

somewhere within the middle

of all of that quagmire

of all of the shit

that you have started

and stupid things your soul

is actually somehow going

to be worked out

no matter

what the therapist

looks like

or no matter

what you look like

yourself.

No one in the world

warned me
about the 40s
except maybe
my father
who used to sit in that
Sunday black leather chair
leaning back
looking at me sideways
like there's no fucking
possible way
that I can explain this to you
but someday
you're going
to get it
and someday
you're gonna look back
at me and think
I have more reverence I
in that crazy sideways look
as we all continue
to ponder
the
real moral
of the whole
life story.

The dark little sketches

of tree

here in this

mid March

is lurching up

towards the sun

waiting for rebirth

as all of us

down here

below

believe that rebirth

is indeed

the only

real way

to defeat this

rumor of winter karma.

As we get older

I think it's natural
for a lot of us
to wonder
if the families
that we were born into
down here
are some kind of test
to see
if we can get
to another level
and what that level is
and why this level
is is the thing that's made up
in a video game brain
as we just
continue to climb
in vain to save the girl
from the big monkey
in that eternal
donkey kong drama.

I sometimes think what if I'll drive by liquor store

that says spirits and

find a gaggle of ghosts

inside sipping fine wine

with their spirit

wandering around

wondering why

they have no more

money

but

the world at their

sheer expense.

We are all
just
a
bunch of
invisibles as
we continue
to be
come a bunch
of
many
mingled thoughts.