

Joefiles 187

The dream they just had is your current life

The mouse

Catching cat

Perches next to

Me like

A victory lion

Looking over

The crinkled corners

Of this

Bed

As though

It's a warring

Arfrican

Country needing

Saving.

The Trail

into

Forever

Is a shadow

That

Will mimic you

In odd movements

A second off

And a year

Ahead.

The longing

Is what will
Bring about
The best kinda
Reckoning down
Here in
A forgiven
Land
Of
Used pies.

The flying field of cold geese

Reminds us

That migration

Is a constant

Path

That

Baffles

Everyone

Down

Below.

Liquified Beaker

Sits

Still

In the

Rumor of

A hurricane

Waiting

For

Your

1 wrinkle

Of

Ripple.

Your past

Is nothing

But a

Rare

Note

Found in

A saints dream

That just

Threw his

Fortune

Into the

Ocean ...

The rumor

Of god
Is the last
Song you
Will hear
Tonight before
You
Fall
Asleep.

Love
Is the
Only
Savior
We
Know
Can
Fly us
Around
Like
A
Superhero
On
Vacation.

I passed the ghost
of DB Cooper
and he handed me
a tissue
and when it fell
out on
The dry ground,
I realized
That
All of this
Is real.

The minor miracle

Is

A major

Revelation

Made

In

Small

Times

Based

In

Fiction

Reversed...

Reminders

Are

Reminders

In a world

Running low

On ivy and diamonds

As the songs

Spin on into

The real shuffle

Up towards a

Strangers heaven.

Surprise

Might

Just be

The last thing left

In they eye

Of a child

Going into

The

Brief tunnel

Of

Teen town.

One Day

We will

Have the

Reason for

Our

Birth explained

Through

Something

Other than family

As the fortune wheel

Speeds up

In this

Hefty norm

Of

Needed chance...

Love Is In the Sun

That

Bore

The

Son

Of

Our

Pockets

Of

Needed

Fruits.

The AM hummingbird

in our
New September
lilac growth surprise
Was
Proof that
God was peering
Over our
Fencing with a
Wide
Grin of
Pure
Bewildered
Belief.

My dog

Finally

Showed our

Negative neighbor

Frank

Who

The true boss is

As he shit

In his yard

And I walked away

In a sheer

Mess of

Non-ending

Laughter.

I just hit

a

huge piece

of plastic

in the middle

of the road

and when

I looked in my

rearview mirror

I saw a cartoon

ghost

scurry off

behind a tree

and turn into

a

dove

lost

no

more.