

Joefiles 192

Earth is Really Pluto in Disguise

The antidote

is

Always knowing

The time

Is shorter than

Forever

Even with a clever

Smirk and

The worlds tallest

High heels.

Failure

May be

The only thing that

The human race

Can truly say

We ex excelled at

As the

Animal extinction list

Floats up into

The sky.

How will love

Try matter

When we forgot

The blessed manifesto

In the burning

Pockets

Of the

Lost

Lawyer.

If trying

Is the

Lost virtue,

Then we can

Finally proclaim to be found

In this joke of a

Rumor

We can't stop

Hearing about.

I found

Saturn in the

Pants of my

Pocket in the middle

Of the night

In my closet

Sparkling

Like

Rings whispering

A list language

I finally found

Like

Hearing music

For the first time.

I'm here

To say

Sorry to everything

For the

Accusation of

Nothing

In the

Viscosity

Of my

Valid

Attempts.

God

Wrestled the alligator

In a gala

In my dreams last night

As the crocodiles laughed

And

The elephants became

The true

Kings of the jungle.

How Will Peace

be

Harnessed in this

Constant cowboy maze

Of cobwebs

The demons somehow

Trick

My dreaming

Brain into...

Plop

Of the ages

Is our dark

Democratic take

That

Is slipping into

Clown fiction

As the orange louse

Hangs the by innocent

In a lie

I'll never buy

Even

With a trove of

Wooden nickels.

The loss of Yesterday

Is gaining

A bigger tomorrow

As today

Comes out of

The bathroom

Like a king

On a

Slight bender.

The rooster

Is really

A slick pigeon

That sent you a secret

Message

Only your

Neighbors know about

In their subversive

Altruism...

Next Stop

On the

Road to below

Is enough cotton

To make

Heaven

Glitter

All over again

In some

Reformed dream.

KC Is surreal

Town again

As the world peeps in

To find the cool football

Kids

Strutting down

The worlds

Plushest runway.

Yesterday

Was the only

Thing that made me believe

In you

Until tomorrow

Came along

And gave the long

Awaited gift

Of

Blissful

Amnesia.

Find that Tomorrow

in

A forever

You

Never lost.

If

I

Was once

A cat

I

Wish you

All the dogs

In the

World

To

Warm

Your

Frozen

Dreams.

The plunge

Into

Light

Is

The only

Thing

You can

Do be yourself

As the

Crowd waits below

Ready to take the

Blindfold off

And bring the

Yellow rose

Back to life.

A walk

Through the

Moon Ash is

A revelry in

Rebirth as the

Song starts over

And all

The children of

The

World

Him in unison.

The star left

Earth today

In early fashion

As the

Echo of forever

Deafens our memories

And

Blurs the

Birthright we

All

Will

Never escape

As the

Stardust

Settles

Onto

LA.

Winners

We're once

The losers

On the bottom of

Magazine shelves

No one knew how

To find

As the

Scavenger hunt

Roars through

Our

Ghost

Wardrobes.

I live In a matrix

I will

Never be able to

Explain to you

As my fiction

Becomes the only thing

Real

During this

KC Super Bowl week

Of us

All

Really trying to

Expel

The orange impeachment

Clown.

Portals

To

The

Other side

Are just mirrors

Of relationships

You have to

Fix

Before

You

Will

Be

Forgiven.

The dust

Is

Your

Life

That

Will

Gather into

Bird specs

And become the

Arch

To infinity

If you

Don't

Live

As long

As

Expected.

Love is the Only Arrow

that

Is really

A stick

That

Drew

Your

Most

Significant

Of

Lines.

One Impeachment

In the

2019

Was

The most

Poignant

Event

In the

Insane orange

Clown blunder

That

Paints

Our memory

Like

Used money.

Youth

Is the

One hope

We trade

In for

Middle aged

Wisdom

As the dogs

Become messiahs

And our

Wives

The only

God we will

Ever

Really

Know.

Taxes are The dirt

That

We use

To

Pad our

Bat handling hands

Before we

Beat

The

IRS tax

Machine

To the lowest elevator

Level

Of

Hot

Hell.

The old Dreams

Of our fathers

Eventually come

True

As the sleep of

Our kids at night

Carefully

Orchestrate

Those candy coated dreams

Of

Sheer

Fortitude.

The snow

is

Yet another

Layer of sunny haze

That

Reminds us

That

We are mere

In a massive

Of mere

In our

Monolith of thoughts

Aiming

For

A

Chance

At

Immortality.

This KC town

Is again

Full of

Lenses from

The world

Looking in

And

A

Wondering

How we did it

And

If we may

Just

Fucking

Do

It

Again.

I was at work

yesterday When I walked
to go to the bathroom
and a
huge swat team
of about 20 dudes
were standing
in full riot gear
doing a practice
school shooting
and storm scenario
with massive guns
in hand just looking at me
as i
was going through
a set of doors
to the bathroom
and
stopped in my
tracks
wondering what happened
in my life
for me
to not
have to
feel like the
bathroom was my
place anymore.

I saw a wet cat

strolling down

the street

in the cold snow

as

the sounds

of ^[]_[SEP]Triple Helix

by Anat Cohen

went

over the radio

and all just somehow

made sense.

life is all about redos

no matter

how many years

or decades go

on by

and once

that relationship

or realization is

mastered,

the radar screen

will be clear

for the next

globs

of lime green to

come invading

on

in.

the kids

that see me

doing tech work

by day

stop me at the

library

with my

kid

and

marvel

that i have

some kind

of existence

outside of

their world.

had a vivid dream last night

about going back to high school

to run cross country

again

as a homage

to my old coach tim nixon

that died unexpectedly

several years ago

and

the coach and kids

were quite excited about it

scrambling to see

if

a

dude

30 plus years older

than all the

rest could pull it

off

in the land of dreamers.

Girls in their boots

girls and their boots

all I can say

is girls

boots

girls

boots

and

more

boots

and

girls.

i was with my mother in law

the other night

in dream

watching an exploding

skyline

of

both

stars

and UFOs

like

a

big

game of missile

command

and

i

suddenly

woke

up and

fervently

went

back to sleep

to

see

how

earth

was going to

deal with it all.

The egg carton

rolling down

in a

lofty way

on the

side shoulder

of the street

in the cold morning

of February

is the king

of all

chickens

today.

when that whole town

comes together

for the

one sole

reason to

celebrate a

championship

it

means

that

something is wrong

with politics

and

folks

have

much

more

sense

than we give

them

credit for.

Lately the weather people

have gotten

people

in such a state of anxiety

and panic

about a simple snowstorm

it's almost

like that scene

from Flash Gordon

with all of the

fiery hail balls

coming down

out of the sky

as everybody

is running

for cover

in

the shanty

town

of

cold dreams.

Talking to God

in the middle of the night

may

just be

the only hope

to save

that

proverbial day

and make

that week

look

like

a

new

lottery ticket

glowing

from a lost wallet.