

Joefiles 199

2020 is the last childhood joke never told

The soaring

Cherry sky is

Going to be the best

Silver lining as the

Invisible pandemic

Roars along

As the errant neighborhood

Fox trots along

Unafraid

Like a

Missile

Never launched.

The old Blues woman

Laughs

As though that's the only

Pure thing left as

She tells me

No one

On earth has lived

Through this

And choice

Is the gold

In your rainbowed

Dream.

Errantly strewn along
the median shoulder
of the highway
is the biggest bag
of Kentucky fried chicken
and all of the little tubs
full of gravy
and beans
and coleslaw
& unknown fixins
emptied
and rolling
around like the
biggest disaster
I've ever seen
In humanity
As The tiny Brains
Wobble along
Like
Sweepers
Looking for
Forlorn love
Ensuring that
The trash companies and
Weekend inmates
Never go without
Work
Again.

Sometimes

I move

books around

the house thinking

if it's on a different table

in a different place

I'll read more

then

I

Trip over my

denial brain

that it may

just come true

one night

I may find a genie

That grants me a wish

To read every book

Written

In my dreams

So

My subconscious

Can brim

With

Pure robust.

I keep having a
reoccurring dream
About
going into my
old home
and seeing the
new owners
in there and
half the time
we are sneak
In to make sure
no one is around
but if we do run
into someone
they're very nice
and they talk to us
and we act like we belong there
In a place
We never
Really want to go
Back to
In
This
Reality.

My lawyer
the other night
thanked me
for playing
Him
Jeff Buckley
for the first time
in an old apartment
I had my 20s
in the heart of the city
and he said
every time
he hears it
it makes him cry
and I realized
not only is he a solid friend,
But
that's something
Late at night
you want any
lawyer to tell you
in the midst
of every possible
11th hour
around.

The coronavirus Dream
continues
to stretch
on and on
and probably
with all of us believing
It's forever
&
there's no end in sight
and everything continues
to go up and up and up
around here
in this Kansas City town
as we wonder
what's going to really happen
if there
is a conspiracy
for a theory
that doesn't make sense
Here on earth
& where does the wandering around
in a game perpetually
Going
that we have absolutely
no control over
whether biologically run
Or
nature Ron
Or government run

for mother nature is really

in the back of the

politicians pockets

laughing a weird

little high

whiny pitch

Of

Newly overdubbed

Swan song

Swing revival.

I wonder sometimes
if you ever get over
that pain
Of a family
not doing the unconditional thing
that you've always
been taught is a part
of all the families around you
and you decide
to just move on
and wander
on and
the thoughts
go away
Of them ever existing in
The childhood gone
In the revisited
eternal sunshine
on the family brain.

For all the
odd history of Americans
and the tension we had
with Cuba
I always
find the most relief
in the Cuban jazz musicians
As they meld together
all those different worlds
and make
you feel like you're on vacation
while you're driving
your car down
the middle of a
Simple
Missouri Road.

My wife
& my entire life
and all of the things
that we have to
live through
is like a tornado
and we need
to hold onto each other
like that movie twister
and I believe it
and I'm trying to do it
every day
hoping that
fucking tornado
just decides
at some poignant point
to leave us
so we can
sit on the porch
and sip
that lemonade
in pure gold in silence.

I know we can go
on and on
and on
about how
all politicians
are bad
but I have
never seen
something as red stained
and evil
& absolutely malignant
As Donald J Trump
& Johnny Depp said
In 2016
That if elected
He would ruin democracy^[66] at this point
& right now
I am totally convinced
that he has done
nothing more than ruin
every single thing
he's put his hands on as
this country looks
worse than I've ever seen it
In
all of my entire young 47 years
on this here planet
Earth.

For
all
the things
that I don't know
about this
coronavirus world of 2020,
I do know
one thing ...
that Donald Trump
is 100% responsible for
fucking
America
over^[08].

The next time
you wonder
if there's really
a problem
with human beings
I need you
to understand
that in a one week
I have passed
somebody
That has either had
black trucks matter stickers
on their car
or black guns matter
and if that isn't
an indictment
on how horrific humans
are these days in 2020
then you need
to really get out
and see the
world^[OB]
Anew.

The letter

The postal service

Will deliver to Trump in

His new high rise

In fire

Below any version of

Earth made it the a day

Early with news

Of

A

Big

Biden

Win.

The last UFO

Spotted on earth

Will

Be the moon

That

Always

Made us look

Like

A

Small

Celestial

Kid

With small shoes

&

Rotund teeth.

I found your

Valentine

Over my

Shoulder

And

It

Made me love you

Like

The

Shoulder

We

Collectively

Lean upon.

Old politicians

Condemn

Clown ball

As

The words fake

And thug

Roll around like

Anger at a closed buffet

As we feel a world

We only thought

Fictitious

As the story remains

Far

From

A final

Punctuation mark.

Cupid

Is hiding in

A subway

As 2020

Rams into a

Large oak like

A train

That never had a

Conductor

But thousands of

Geniuses

With maps

To

The

Stars.

The only
One that
Can save
Us now
In here
2020
Is Walt Disney
But
He knew better
Than to ever
Mickey Mouse
Around
With a Trumped
Fuckface
Waxing
Used
Bombs.

Saturn

May be up for

Sale soon

So we can

Colonize

Something cool

And far,

Far away

From

This

2020

Earth

Dragon.

The virus is

Our new

Modern era

God

Cloaked in all

Virtual bling

As the zoomers

Impregnate the tomorrow

With dead rumors

Of the 1920s

That may

Just

Somehow

Come

Very true.

The best bet in
Your karmic
Game of 2020
Is to bury the guns,
Drain the bank,
Bet on anything but orange,
Drink a heavy liquor,
Buy a cat,
Love your woman the bestest,
And
Close your eyes as though
It's really
2021,
Baby.

The rock star

Parade is the only

Way

You may

Procreate

As the pregnancy shop

Closes up

And the baby cry

Is a war chant for

Us humans

To finally

Win

What

We believed

We lost.