

Joefiles 202

Sunrise over the Sunset on the Moon's Shadow Mask

The revolution

Was the last

Event 2020

Was going to be

Back in January

As the bells keep

Ringin

And the end

Was only

The true

American beginning.

The world's heartbeat

Is regular again

As the Trumped rage

And the logical

Sip tomorrow as though sun

In a chlorophyll experiment

Finally realized

And

Spreading like

A good

Viral

Awakening.

America returns

As the other half of us

Is that restless neighbor

Sleep walking up the middle of

The street looking for the

Lost car

That e plodded back in

May as the backwards miracle

Lurched into

Out

Laps.

Fireworks exploding over the 11 am November sunshine

As the Joe from Delaware

Saves America

And we

Exhale in unison

Watching the wind

As though we know

How it was created

And where it's

Finally

Heading.

An ultimate political sign

Battles ended this AM when

Biden came down

And the Trump Goliath

Is collapsing into metaphor on

11/4 night 2

As the 270th floor

Has Biden waiting to

Ride America from the flames

As the battle with a Nighbors ends

With my

Final signs quote nailed larger

On a fresh opposing tree:

'BYE-BYE DONALD - 11.4.20'

(amen)

The birds gathered

Around the human bonfire

Hoping for less

As they burned for more

In the lore of another

Mystery only

The animal

Can fully solve.

Election Day sunshine

With my boy

Breathing in

The full democracy

Is the sure win

I was looking for

Void of party

Or vanity

In the America of

2020 now

That

Should matter.

Cats knocking down our gates

to

Lay down and stare

At our silence

As the

War

Rages on the busy intersections

Of your

Untangled

Virtues

Running

Towards a

New

2021.

Late night comedic gurus

Have saved America again

As the orange leader berates CNN

And our laughs

Tear through his charlatan walk

Up the plank to a future

The world will witness

And soon

Thankfully forget.

Run like the night

Has a knife that

Won't bend

As you glass soul

Drinks

Your sweat

Like a miracle serum.

The orange fraud

Has to fall

And as I fall asleep

In 2020

Election night,

I hope the loud thud

Wakes me in a triumph

That

Will be glorious.

Of all the odds

That now face is

It's the fact

That

We refuse

To face each other

That will

Erase our flush deck

And

Give the clown tears

In a cry free generation.

The

King

Is afraid

&

Very

Very

Afraid of

Us proper

Paupers.

Tension

Is the new

Hip

In

This fluxomed

Car

Ride.

Find

The

Ride

And

Ignore

The

Rumor ..

Ready is the World

As we elect a new

King

And

The anxious folk

Hold their glass cups tight

As the ice melts hard

And

The water becomes

Our

Warmed past.

Retired jump ropes

litter

The ground like all

The active years that

Now seem like fiction

On this tension 2020

That mocks

Everything we miss

And all that we

Will

Evolve into.

The world tilt

is

Magnanimous as Tuesday

Vote

Waits like a groundhog

Ready to

Get heaven ready

To

Party like

Never,

Ever before.

The necklace

Of the queen

Fell into the well

That hydrates

The lonely as

The

King

Sleeps another hour

And the true savants

Invent née gold

And make

Their

Silver beds.

At unexpected life twists

I'm confronted

By the

Tom Selleck mustache

Like an old

Confidant looking

For hair gel

In a pizza empire

As

The smiles

Impregnates

Thousands of

Women

And

Makes the

Men

Grow

Hairy & wise.

Election Day 2020

Will

Be the bag of fireworks

That go off as earth

Magnanimously

Runs low on water

And the Chinese chant

How

Does it

Feel

Now in

A

Pure white

Salt shaker.

The victors of everyday democracy

cut their nails

And sharpen their

Memories for the day

When a pandemic will

Be forgotten

And the will

To grow old

Will

Once again

Be

Safe

And hip

With

The coolest kids.

The golden priority

Of our small

Fortune of

2020

Is locked in the quiet thoughts

Of a cat

That the dog will bury

Behind a wall in

Stephen King's yet

To be penned book

That

Will

Predict

The next

King of your

Broken

Universe.

Sleep Is the angel

That

Saved your father

And

Accidentally

Lied

To

Your

Mother.

The Halloween makeover

Has been

On since March as the

World looks to the politico

For the true fright that

Will

Cure a pandemic

As the shock

Becomes a cup

Of normalcy tea.

The pale bumble bee

Rambled over the

Etch a Sketch

Like

The prayer to the lost ages

Was going to be answered and

The sun would be the red giant

In the best hero

Movie made this side of

The solar system.

Fights over chicken sandwiches

are

Gone as we listen

Real hard like

We are all a buncha

Darth Vader's

Whistling through our 2020

Grills in a newly

Invented language even

We

Barely

Understand

As

Pandamerican dialect.

The runway guide

Slicked us

Us into our anointed spots like

Lost angels

That accidented into 2020

Trying to find a warm month

Back in the middle 80's

When time

Was cool

And the future

Was that

Known unknown

We all

Love.

Bitter defiance

In live TV

As the scared eyes follow the shadow

Of hope

That is next year

In this decade of shirt time

We have all

Sanitized through.

The love of a stranger

in these 2020

Days will be a monument

Sculpted in a special

Soap that will be needed

By all to properly

Vaccinate

All the crimes

That have been

Smearred on

Our

Collective skins.

Cats are the new gods

That will teach us

A humility to

Behave like dogs

In a human charade

We

Wait

To have

Properly

Predicted.

Never Is the new forever

As we fly over

The collective edge

With our hearts full of

Helium

And our soul

A buoyant

Balloon

Waiting to make

March

Become safely April.

The promise for 1972

Has turned into the curse

Of 2020

As the heroes

Gather in a secret park

To let us know that

This was meant to

Be in the hop scotch match

Of a lifetime

With no clear winner

And

Cupcakes for all.

The only true heroes

are

Dead

And they

Will never know our sunrise

As the moon

Packs all the secrets in

Like

A human filled Jupiter

Cavorting with

Saturn.

Ruffled and radiant

Are the dancers

That believe in the

Arc of optimism

That will tilt the planet away

From 2020 to a year

We will want to remember

On our collective mission

To find

Joy again.

Moscow burned the hidden doctrine

we were going

To finally solve as the

Clown hid the angels car keys

In the velvet glove box of God

Reving the engines toward the

Newly erected gates

Of our 2020 purgatory.

The bird shit

I just saw on the
Trump 2020 sign
was like the
fly on Mike's head
as the universe speaks
and we
all
laugh our serious
karmic giggle.

The scientific survey woman

called and her number
was scam likely
and before
she got into it
the first thing
she did
was sneeze really loud
then said
she was going t
o do a survey
without asking
my permission
and asking me
if I was involved with anything
in the media
& when I told her I was
a jazz radio host
she paused
for about five seconds
and said thank you and
got off the phone
and sneezed
louder than
anyone could have
ever heard.

In our ways of shifting

and re-shifting

our focus in this

COVID-19 world here,

there are some things

to keep in mind

that really went to the

wayside

and forgotten about

like the famed Popeyes

chicken sandwich

and that last cowboy

leaving the

dangerous

Trump

rally

in Oklahoma.

My modern tale

of

McCoy versus

Hatfield

is the political sign

match between my Biden yard

and his Trump

lawn as

i forced him to handpaint

a

sign

he had scoffed at

with mine

and the final

exclamation point

on a sunny Saturday afternoon

when the

signs were gone

and the victor was one

Joe

ready

to rescue our

ailing

souls.

My son has this habit

of folks around him
to cherry pick all of
heir big words
and either write them into
a virtual long list of words
or on a post it note
and I wondered how this came about
and I now know
how this happened.

it was a speech
saw Bob Costas give back
in 1993 in St. Louis
and I did the exact
same thing when he
spoke as my hands
put
all the big words i never
heard down
in some sort of clarity

I never showed Miles this
or told him about.

Now I am
very convinced of all
the tenants that
go into

nature versus nurture

as the words flow f

orward like a waterfall a

a

big beautiful gene pool

of

boundless words.

The little bully kid

spit on my boy
on election day 2020
and as e was really upset
& being consoled by a host
of parents on
the warm november
playground,
I went up the tight chute to the
top and told the kid
that he spit on mine
and that i was going to go
down that slide
next
as he locked eyes with me,
without feeling and
stared me down,
and that prompted me to move closer,
he fled
and slid down that long
orange slide
and ran towards the
white banged up SUV
in the parking lot with
tinted windows
as he lurched to the
car door handle and it
was locked
then he looked back our way in dejection

as the door
finally clicked open
and the parent
inside had
to massage their
hands for all
the work
it took to sit
idle and
open the automatic
doors
in this
America
that mimics
their
silent
complacency.

As the world waited for a new Biden presidency

I'll never forget as the sun was setting

on election night 2020

and a man on an overpass

with a huge Trump flag

waving to the busy stream of cars

on the highway

as they honked in

the chaos below

and I wondered

who was really

going to get the

last 45th laugh...