

Joefiles 204

New American Dream Awoke 2,020 Matrices

Shadows of a

Warm pandemic summer

Land like

A big of green leaves

Spelling our future

Like a dead virus in

The horn of

A cotton candy

Tube.

The western roars

On like a comedy God

Made while the devil retired

And the

Bishop

Cooked up the

Last of the

Call girls steaks.

The next wish on

Our jaunt across the

Electoral stars

Is for amnesia

As the velvet of tomorrow

Becomes the fresh

Picked cotton of

Yesterday's truth.

The scribe

Turned his

Pencil into a tiny

Rocket ship

And warped right on out of here

Into

Something like 2025

Or

The fuck beyond

2020.

The pandemic

Walls

Are

Tightening

As the streets wail

With echoes of

Chewbacca

Wondering

Where

All

The

Trash

Came from.

A 2020 Prayer

is the

Lottery ticket satan dropped

To the ground by

Accident as

And angel luckily

Got it stuck to her shoe

In the elevator ride up

To become human

Again.

Truth is

the

Only lie

We have

Left in the

2020 playwright's

Dream

The flits between

Surreal and fantasy

Forgetting

That

Reality

Is even

A thing.

The newly discovered morose planet

Is a balance between what

We found

And how we lost it

As the final

Days of 2020

Watch us like

A convicted stalker

Ready

To go

Straight to jail.

Your church

Is the

Last shack

In this

Heathen land

Of fake sinners

And glorious

Bastards waiting

To rise up

From

The dead

Yet again.

The scramble

to

The matrix and its

Middle

Is the vaccine monolith

We pray to

As his talks to a middle man

About the

Final

Act that

Will occur

On earth.

Thanks

for

The pressure as

Dinner is served

And the past becomes

And existential

Desert

Of the

Ghosts.

Yesterday's pop star

Is the god that

Finally quit

In the tranquility

You begged for

But

Never knew what

It

Meant.

Honesty

Is the final religion

We will

Believe

As the charlatans

Lead a final chant

Into the vortex

Of your

Best secret

And

Most ignoble recipe.

Yesterday

Was the dawn

That

Surprised Jesus

And erased the devil's horns

In one sneeze

And a

Prayer

Finally

Transcoded.

I squinted

Up at

The

'Think God'

sign

On the cold overpass

As the world

Trains to box a virus

And

The next administration

Prays to the moon

For all the strength

We forgot

From childhood.

Interstellar genius

Tripped on

A long cord

And rebooted your

Yesterday

Waiting to

Become

My

Best

Dream

Tonight.

The long year

Is now a matrix

That tricked the clown

And fooled god,

But time ran out a long time

Ago

As the romantic sands

Form a lost

Flesh heart

In the midnight constellation

The jungle

Prays to.

Ignorance is

A mere

Petty crime

In the new stupidity

That is forcefully

Inflicted

On the nicest insects

That

Accident into

Our

Fragranced

Scalp.

As the virus spreads

like

A candidate unwilling

To concede,

America acts like a

New toad

The world is just discovering

For the first time

After

It

Licked it.

Beating COVID

has been

All the hype

Minus

The reality

Of

When

There may be a way out

If this maze we are

All wandering lost in

As the sun pokes out

And we wonder if the clouds are

Indeed

Real

Water.

The trail of 2019

Dissipates

Like a dream we forgot

We had last night

As the monster

Hides

And

The angels

Hover in the corner

Protecting

The 3rd Coming.

We are the survivors

Of an American apocalypse

That we all

Started

And ignored

And

Threw gas on

Then doused with cold

Water

Then

Drank it down

Like the last martini

In

Dystopian land.

If you can survive 2020,

You can forget

Trump

Ever existed

In this Elvis like cult

That forgot

Yesterday

And

Had

Sex

In your

Last earthly

Dream.

The cold November bobber

Wobbles around the dark

Waters in full chop as

Though a ghost on shore is going to

Haul up the largest fish

None of us could ever see

Even if we could imagine it.

The old jazz guy

Spent decades

Loving the live

And saving the needed,

But he just never

Quite got around

To saving

His own

Song ...

America Is a different shade

Now that 2021

Will

Leave the

Mad man out

On the prison steps and

Again marvel

At the heavens

Like there

Is

Possibility

Way beyond

Our

Impossibilities.

We are all bound

To catch the

Infection as we wait

At home wondering what

The invisible tornado looks like

As the lime flavored hurricane

Blasts over the whole globe

Like a raging rumor

The joke

Never

Quite

Killed.

And in the end we will

Finally

Begin

As my wife takes my

Hand

And I finally

get

It.

Honor is the truce

They never quite teach in

School

But we understand

As a stark

Well said ad in the

Back of the

Old Life Magazine.

Inventions of 2020

Are going to be the

Relics we will

Ignore until

The day before we all

Rocket off of Earth

And

Hum

All the really good songs again.

I now look around

at all the people
in this late 2020 world of ours
and wonder
what dystopian novel
we have all been
dumped into
and that the rapture
probably already happened
and we are the ones
that have been
left behind
As we all look
at each other and wonder
how we got
Where we are
like a bad sports team
that can never win
Or like a kid that just keeps
dropping something off the table
and can't quite reach it
As dreams of a vaccine
Waft through our night brains
As
We
Wish
Our kids could
Take the strength
And tuck 2020 into a novel

We never

Have

To

Read

again.

This might just be

the poem

that you don't

want to read

but it

Is one about

The two dead cats

in the middle of the road

I saw this morning

And in that inherent pain of the tragedy

I saw the triumph of one cat

going up to see if his

Pal was ok

and sacrificing himself t

So they could spend their 7th or 8th life

And cutting

Out just as 2020

Gets more and more

interesting.

The old woman in the black Mercedes

Had a big old corn dog

Lopping off her grip

And she just cut me off

in the middle of the road

As I passed three bikers about the same age

as her all well behaved

In the open air

With their Harley Davidson patches and

they're well protected heads

As the sunlit day of

Ironies

And

Stereotypes

Go

Mashing up

Like

A

Mix

I'll never

Forget.

The world is virtually

On virtual again

As we watch all the personable things

about our world

Continuing to slip away as it has since mid-March

Of this here 2020

As

Wall all collectively with

For a Christmas miracle

That won't need to be

Anything in a box,

It could be needle

Or

It could simply be

Something we cannot

Imagine,

But much nicer

Than this here

2020

Our our collective ours.

I wonder

How long

Earthling will

Be allowed

To use

COVID-19

As

An excuse

Or alibi

Or

Reason

Or

Truth

Or

Backbone

As

The vaccine starts pumping

Into arms

Today

And

The

Sun explodes

Like something

We have

Never

Seen before

In this

Perpetual

Months

We all used to

look

at each others mouth's

and now

we look

at each other's eyes

& soon

We will look

above everyone's

head

And soon

It we will be gazing

Up at the stars

Wonder what

We thought

Was

Hip

Or

If

Cool

Even

Applies

Like

It did

waaaay

Back there

In

The

Before Corona (BC) of 2019.

The big

Fat

Blue wold

Of king size mattress

All smashed up

Looked like a

Dystopian whale

Poached by

A hillbilly brigade

Convinced Trump is Jesus

And

The wold

Already ended.

I got a receipt at the bowling alley

Yesterday

That totaled \$6.66

And

I kept it in my pocket

As

An oddity

&

10 minus later

My son's friend

Deliberately,

Meanly,

Out of character

Decided not to buy him a soda

After he promised it,

And that made

Me

Rip the receipt up like

An Ouija board

That you

Can never,

Ever fucking trust.

When the corona stole my tasted buds,

I was

Approached by

My step-daughter with

Glee

To finally

Ingest the hot, hot chips

She loves,

But I detest,

And I did it like

I had my whole life

As I took one after the other

With no fire,

No taste

And

The sound of

A pandemic

Silently

Lurching up our

American streets.

As I waited to get my son his rapid covid-19 test

I thought a bout a new book

On breathing

I was reading

And all the hot exhales

From the long, long

New American line to get tested

Heaved like a bunch of

Train engines

That don't quite know how

To even breath right

As this

World of

Ambiguity stretches on

Like a

Watercolor

That may sell

For billions in a century from now.

My son is addicted to words

on post it notes

And there are bags of them

Filled with great words

Like ironic,

Consequentially,

Unique and so many more

In a cashmere of

Scrabble

Meets wheel of fortune

And if you have to figure out

What he is asking for

It could be

Double jeopardy as

Every day seems like some

Sort of game show

With

The prize of silence

Or complacency.

Got full proof

That computers are smarter than

I ever thought

As I went out to fix

A

Time and date issue on a Mac

And the date here on this 12-15-20

Was stuck on 12-31-19

And was convinced

That computer knew

So much

Better than to click forward into

This here new year

And just stay right there in the

Old world of 2019

And watch

From very,

Very afar.

It took me 48 years

To figure out my family

And it all began with a tape my father left behind

And I listened to in 2008..

In it,

He left an audio account of his life

For all his family to hear when

He was gone.

It was almost overlooked,

And likely would have been if I hadn't

Been a sort of scavenger.

In that tape,

I heard my father talk triumphantly of

The birth of his son and daughter.

Then,

It came me me.

Who almost made my mother

Hemorrhage to death in a

Hard birth.

The pain in his voice.

The exhaustion.

And it connected the dots of my childhood.

I always thought I was adopted.

Had to frantically wave my arms

To get some attention.

Vagrant as a kid.

Several Juvenile detentions under my belt

By 13.

I was always acting out.

Looking for attention.

My sister hated me.

My brother loathed me.

My dad was never around.

My mom did the best she could with the baggage of her past.

And I was alone.

As a kid and a teenager I wandered wondering for someone.

Waving my arms worked for a time.

Found god and morality and good and that never stuck.

I was little Joey.

Don't tell him anything.

Just leave him be.

Now as an adult, I have been abandoned again.

Because of my choice of wife and family.

Gone.

All we ever need is unconditional love.

I'm convinced.

But if you don't practice that, you can quite learn it later on.

And all I can do is give that to myself and those around me.

Life is certainly full circle and it took nearly 50 years to discover that.

What was once before, will be later.

Alone by Moby is my favorite song.

My family reinforced that well as I listen to the silence.

I'm fine with that.

Anything is better than conditional love.