

Joefiles 206

Pandemic Relief in an Unknown Vial

He stopped to Ask when I got COVID

and

After I answered,

He rose the miracle

Injection

To the non dominant

And

Dominated a day

Of a year

Waiting

To start

And willing

To run.

The gloss of the rich

Is their sure

Way of making the rest of us

Hold onto what we have

Like leprechauns in the

Last of the gold rush

As the

Sugars await

Us in

Our

Humble

Abodes.

Rain hits our sky windows

With

Tympanies of

Morse code

Telling the rumors of yesterday

And

The

Mere secrets of

Forever.

Moonlit Magicians

Dressed as saints

Ride up the silver alleys

While you sleep

Taking care of everything

You forgot and

Betting on the dreams

Everyone tried

To

Mistakenly win.

The storm dogs

Roam the golden

Bridges of lost artists

Hoping that the canvass will

Again become blank

And the

Masterpiece will

Merely be a good rumor

That will

Make us all

Slivers in the

Best script

We never

Read.

Mock trials

Run down the rural

Roads like a

Orange maniac preaching

The devils finest hour

As Jesus hides

Behind

A

Painted tree.

You drank the nectar

And donated your will

To charity

As the disease died

And the deer

Trotted away like

There was never a

Trace of

Human

On

Earth.

Halted volcanoes

And earthquake whispers

Awoke the

Hibernated as the sun

Never set and the moon

Cried a sky of stars

We only dream about

When we

Cannot

Fall

Asleep.

Raging rivers

Cut through

Her mind

As his chest turns into

A White dwarf

Heating the future

And eating

Yesterday's sushi

Like a lost

Japanese

Emporer.

Spill your paint

Like mustard

Onto

The barren food

Like it's the second

Best thing

As the pope

Prays for you

And

God naps

For the first time ever.

Institutional love

Saved

The mosquito colony

From

Blaming

You for

The spilled blood

That

Turned to

Magic water.

Over the red rover

Was the last song
In the comedy skit

No one

Laughed at

But

Never

Ever

Forgot.

The earth is awakening

like

The best dream we all

Collectively

Slept thru

As the vials

Go empty and

Birds sing

Catchy futuristic

Harmonies.

Love is

The disposable

Redeemable

That is supposed to

Last forever

In a temporal bubble

Mocking

Outer space.

Tiny schools

Bubble with
The subdued jokes
Of a minister and
Oligarch
That invented you
And the neighbors
You
Never met.

Everyone is better than you

As the journey

Twists like a new novel

You almost read

But decided

The internet

Was

Your

real deal

God.

The dirty snow dreams

Sneak up on you

In the frost of

The early warmth

And warp you to a place

That childhood left

And the echo

Of angel feathers

Remind you

Of

Being right where

You

belong.

The one limb

bad winter tree

Stands in the

Bitter elements

Like a bunch humans

Waiting out the pandemic

Knowing that one day

A few colorful birds

Will perch,

Build a nest

And validate

The wait

Wait

Wait for

Everything better

In the

Past dreams of

Pure

nothing.

The death of rural Trump land

Is a landmark

We all knew was coming

On this AM of March 4th

When the

Conspiratorial tribe of

Hillbilly dread

Rides over the American

Painted highways

Once again

With stories of

Lasers and satanists

While their

King devil sits in orange

Somewhere in Florida

Wishing

He wasn't who

He is

Deep

Deep down

In the vacant

Chest

Looking for

A

March 5 soul.

The Sunday afternoon bald eagle

Started far off the
Distance
As the lake stood frozen
And the gray sky shimmered
A bit
And the white neck and yellow
Front fish antenna shone
While I took pics with my phone
Catching a man down the road stopped
200 feet away
As he lumbered out in
Full winter gear and
A camerawomen the size of a large
Rifle getting his
Fill of shots
As the bird circled behind trees
And he yelled to me
Where is that bird
And I pointed with my arm and finger
Like I had a camera gun
Just full of
Wonder
Of how we would never,
Ever forget
This
American 2021 moment.

I think the mother of all bumper stickers

That is necessary

Next

Is the one that will

Be used as a fundraiser for

All the Blacks and Indians done wrong

And it will

Simply say:

“Blame All the White People”

I'm surrounded

by the sugars

as the salts whisper

little missives

of the future

and things

I shouldn't forget

from that existential past

Of mine.

The 665th person

meeting the

776th person

In a soup kitchen line

Is like a winning

Lottery ticket

Waiting to explode poverty

Into history

And give

Both the

Devil and God

A moment

To simply

Forget

The

Battle.

Two big fan exhaust pipes

&

one empty

Chinese food container

over the other exhaust pipe

and a big

saying that's hard to read

because

it's in cursive

but one little heart

in the middle

of the back window

is

Lifting the

World

on

His

Zip

down

An American

Chinese

future.

I was thinking yesterday

how people
get pigeonholed
into musical genres
and I was wondering
why Jazz is mine
since
I never grew up
with it
or listened
to it
until my 20s
&
Realized
it's
Likely
another reason
why my childhood &
early life is
something
forgettable.

At times it's overwhelming

to feel

as though

the stick figure

I've spent

my whole life

drawing

of myself

& is now at 48

I'm

Hustling

Around

A

bunch of

Familial

eraser bits.

The great

Thing about
The pandemic
Mask era is walking
Into a bathroom
That has been
Destroyed
And only able to
Smell 2020.

I still find one

of the

most satisfying things

going

when

I'm behind

the wheel

of a car is to

really

really

align myself

and smash

a good

Used

plastic cup

in the

middle

of the

Our

Collective

Karmic

road.

Rumors of daylight savings time

is

almost

like a Christmas holiday

coming up

as the gift of sunlight

and longer days

and the smell of fresh

comes into

our view

like a gift

we never

have to buy

but

it's the

greatest thing

we will ever

Partially

receive.

The two love birds

Amble around
on the branches
in front of me
trying to angle
their feathers
a little bit better
into the sunlight
and find the
right piece of wood
to sink those
claws into
as the sun
starts setting
& the world
starts getting
a little bit
more alive
so that they
can make
their plans
to go out
late at night
and rear it up
writing
bird poetry
and
listening
to
Salty
beat music.

In the afterglow of the new election win

for Joe
I am again
reconfirmed
that the dreamers
will ultimately
save everything
down here on earth,
Even the survival
of this pandemic
we're all in
& hoping
that we will get out
of in some months
as we go on
and the shots start
getting ratcheted up
into the
Collective arms
I know that
at the end
of the day
it's ultimately going
to be the optimists
to make the fruit grow
& the grass
standing tall
as we survive
like birds
flying over
Similar
To astronauts
watching over
This spaceship of earth
floating around
all healed like
In the 2021
after the 2020 scare
Of our Collective
Modern Human narrative.

The world is beginning to wake up

as churchs fill,
Donut shops allow more people in,
Lotsa toilet paper in stores
and baseball games
will have people
instead of cut outs
and the dogs
put their heads further
out of the window
At a red light
at the intersection
As the flick turns green
and wishes of 2021
and a shot in the arm and
One more for the mouth
has become
the revival that
we all were
dreaming about
and never knew that
this would be
as good as
it could be.

Sometimes I wake up and realize

That there's
whole days
that I don't
think once
about Donald Trump
and those are
the days
that I had knowingly save
in a way
that words
will never ever
epitomize.

There's a nice picture of an Asian man

on a billboard

I've been going by

for the past week

& it says

wanted for murder

and it's very strange

because

he looks

like somebody

that would operate on you

or sell really good produce.

It's early March

in a town called Lees Summit
and the parks
are starting to fill up
and there's people
with masks and distancing
but again
the world is starting
to wake up from
the slumber
Of a year ago
That is starting to fade
a little bit and
we are all hopeful
that we don't
have to return to that
horrible existence of
nothing upon
nothing
and nothing,
namen.

There are a high number of car bumpers

ripped off and laying
on the side of the road

As echoes of winter

fade away

and all the

old paint buckets

and chicken sandwich bags

lay on the side of the road

like they want to come to life

and dance through

the spring and disappear

under the words again.

It's 11 days till spring

and it's a new year
and it's a whole new way
of looking at things
as the news report
talks for the very first time
about
vaccinated people
getting together
and being able to hug
and shake hands
and not worry
and share a meal
and fraternize
and things that
we never thought
would ever be restricted
as our brand new
brave world
wakes up
in the Aldus Huxley
dream
that has
captured
every single one of us.

Now that we hit that one year mark

of the initial
lockdown in America,
I keep remembering
a billboard I drove by
every day that advertised
a promotion
at the local hard rock casino
from March 9 to the 13th
for some big
extravaganza
and it's probably
one of the loneliest pieces
of metal holding
a sign
I've ever seen
in my entire life.

Every Tuesday

is the T-Mobile Tuesday
and there's always
hope for a
dog bandanna
or a chicken sandwich
or a sub sandwich
from a place you've
never tried
or a free game of bowling
or a scarf or
a pair of glasses for something
that you probably
really don't need
but will get used to it
because free
is something t
hat everybody
gets used to
very,
very
easily.