

Joefiles 211

The American Pandemic Hibernation is Nothing But a Dream

1 year ago today

There was no baseball,

The news was grim,

The heat was high,

The sounds of pops were echoes of what once was,

And now America

And the world is back

Like something happened

And that may be a first

For me

As we relish

Right

now.

The storage

Of your lost brain cells

Is in a beer cooler

By the stolen gold

In a coal chamber

Only your

Last kid

Will

Accidentally

Find.

The genius

Limped into
The science shop
Looking for
A refund
On humanity.

A wind swept sudden

Sunday hawk

Made all

Father's Day wishes

Finally

Come very,

Very

True...

Refinement is evolution

as each day
is one more step
forward
and all
we can
hope is
we're doing the best
we can
& all the hoods
that we run around in
like our childhood
and our parenthood
and our marriagehood
and our workhood
and all the hoods
that
we wear
As the heat
gets
cranked up
& winter sits idle.

My son Miles

& the final day of school
candy bars
are always a
fun little adventure
when the teachers
can get that
secret sweet surprise
and he feels
validated
and good
that everything
was a ride that
he expected
it to be
as we
track
through another year
and wonder
what the future
is going
to look like
and
all of that
bright orange
and yellow
and white
and gray
and purple
and all the
other colors
That blast to
our eyes
even
as we
speak and write.

All of the people

in the
big trucks
here in this
2021
Doodle
in a way
that's aggressive
and odd
and way too full
of testosterone
as I truck down
In a beat up a little
Chevy Cruz
Thinking
I never want
to be a
big truck guy
In a
Average world
Sneaking with
Regular car
Grandness.

What
about
that
.01%
germ
that's
not
killed
Advertised
On
The sanitizer
Bottle
Miracle?

Driving through

a field
of little cotton tops
just transformed
My speeding
Bike and me
into a
great little
sci-fi film
where I can
be
Both
Hero
And
Summer
Blockbuster
Villain.

The strange

Aura of your

Last dream

Is now my life

I will wiggle away from

In 24 hours

Like a fly.

The temptation

Of yesterday
Is your
Yearning as the
Kid in Whales
Flings the bottle into
The ocean
With your meaning of
Life
Scrawled in
Perfect crayon.

Believe

like

You never lied

And you

Will be the Pope of

Your own vast

Empire...

Amusement park therapy

Is the next big thing

In the special needs world

To heal

Everything.

It's eerie strange

how life works
& after some
Hard won years
I've realized
that my wedding
was actually
my funeral
not for me,
but for my family
it was
Officially
their time
To throw
The
Dirt
Over all
My
Living bones.

The late May cold morning

black birds
fly around
confused
wondering
where all the
heat is
& where
all the sunshine is
As the warm water
tropical feeling
here in the Midwest
but instead
they got a perfect
fall morning
As the pumpkins hide
in there little season
not full of flesh yard
and just as confused
as the bird eyes
looking around.

The shock of returning

to the amusement park
world

as the quiet teen

walks by

smiling with a

tiny fruit cup

and the biggest turkey leg

I've ever seen

As my

Son's amusement park

therapy

Roars forward.

When those big black birds

fly over me

& have hunks

out of their wings

I wonder

what kind of fight

or what kind of obstruction

Got in them

As the tough guy

Birds

Polish

Their

Worn

Claws.

Of all the high-speed chases

I've seen from a helicopter
and tons of cars
going after
the assailant
it's always
in some beat up
The fuck up truck
or some stupid rust car
& I just wish once
it was a Kona ice sky blue truck
or an ice cream man
& that someone who stole it
takes it back
to their hood to feed
their kids
& all of their neighbors
A free never ending
glorious beautiful
Sweet cold
Feast
Of Robin Hood stolen
Sugar...

Doesn't happen all that often

but I have to put
my life
into context
& based
on the fact
that I have been
ostracized by my own
immediate family
I think now
I know
what it's like to
experience
One's own funeral
or your own extinction
from planet earth
& it's an odd kind
Freedoms
To know that there's
a lot of other ways
that I have
been reincarnated
& one way or another
you find a way
to survive
& ultimately find
the right love around you
That treats you right
In this dawn
of my
new
living horizon.

There was a sign

on the side of the road

That said traffic

is picking up

& some kind

Cautionary message

& when I really tried

read it

I started

Veering over

Into the right lane

so I'm thinking

that sign was probably

The worst

Possible caution

Avoidance

Scenario.

Rural Sinkholes

and big truck drivers

Are

The

Karma

That

Will

Eventually

Meet us all

Before

1

Dawn.

There was an older gal

at the waterpark

yesterday

that had

a big tattoo

on her

right ankle

that said

Laffy Taffy

&

She didn't smile

1nce.

I just saw

a big recycle

trashcan

that said

'he is risen'

on it

& it prompted me

to send up a

plastic prayer

to the

All mighty

aluminum Jesus.

The melody of

Your rhythm is the
America no one can find

In the

Soft ooze

Of

All out

Centuries

In the

Sunlight.

The rumored jazzman

that was supposed
to be bad with women
and unsavory in general
was one
that I avoided
but I finally got
approached
to interview him
and he's
a star
& a big shot
in the world
of Jazz from his
home-base
in Germany
&
With me
he displayed
grace
class
&
maturity
& further proof
That you
Should only
Buy
What
You personally
Taste.

The older I get
the more
I realize
that
the moments
that are
truly spectacular
are the ones
that
no one
will ever
sell you a
ticket to.

The other hot morning

was the very first time
that I almost
hit a deer
& it was a baby one
& it was on a back road
with no signage
& again it was
one of those surprises
in life
Where you wonder
how the hell
did this happen
&
The whole time
I knew there
was no way
I was going
brush one hair
on that young
animal
As
The
Magic
Continues.

Slim fished an alibi from the caboose

Of a Midwestern train

And

In the middle

If his story

He found the

Young

Blue heart

Of Stephen King

Running

The motors

Of

Hoover Dam.

Ectoe

Was the finest

Graffiti cat

This side

Of

Your

Fucking

Doubts.

Wax!Ares!

Is the newly discovered
Galaxy that
Is waiting to
Collapse and re-emerge
Like
The greatest
Space concert
Ever
Heard.

The Comic

Married Boamer

And together they

Birtherd a bomber pilot

That would save the eternity

For a select

Few

We will

Never

Likely know.

Ducer Kobs

Was the king of your underground

And

The elevator operator to

A hidden realm

Only God knew

But he was trailed by

A lesser known demon

That

Finally

Threw Trump in

Front

If the dreaded fucking

Trump Train.

Soda bailed

Ubz WOD

Out of the clink

And forged a check

To buy your past

Full of checkered designs

And whims of

A new century set

To give us

Minions all

We

We're governmentally promised...

They named him Gusto

Because the

Name

'I love you Tommy'

Would have

Been

A slap to

The ghost

Of Johnny Cash.

Baso was the King Pric

Of you

Glacier Mountain

As Bingo Bates

Lured

Behind your

Enemies shadows

To break the curse

And

Drink till drunk

Of the

Finest

Waters

Ever ...

Kiyotel was legend

In some parts

As his

Final battle is akin

To that conspiracy gun battle

In downtown Dallas

Hatching

The same kind of

Hopeful wonder

That just

May have a chance

Of coming true.

SKRVB was the hitch

In your
Supremacy
Plan as the
Knights of binrb
& toss
Hekso
Into the 1 abyss
Your are not
Allowed
To
Ever
Utter.

The roller coaster disappears into the 1980s

As Steven Spielberg yells

Loudly for

It

And the film crew

Stands stunned silent

Knowing that

All will return on

A spaceship

With a used SAG card

And alien parts

That will

Never work

In their next

Project

Of

Impossible fiction.

Good night guilt

As

Confidence is

REM sleep

And the rumors

Of my demise

Is nothing

But

Here say

In the

Greatest

Option

We never had.

The early morning man

straps his bicycle
to the front
of the city bus
on an ultimate barter
with the
Transportation gods.