

Joefiles 214

Panic Pandemic Pillow Party!

Southern Missouri

Trump flags

Are in a faded 2020

Gulch as the world moves on

In lightning speed towards the

Newest pandemic and

A greater denial that we are

All gonna be greater

In the final cold swig of

American grown

Beer.

White spots of bird

Flit

And

Blatantly flop

Like

Armies of

Nice kids

Looking

For that

Rumored

Sugar rich

Rainbow

Ice cream.

My wife's birthday

Is now my favorite day

As we

Sit atop

The last day of July

Like August

Or any other month

For that matter

Could ever

Get close

To

Touching us.

Millions of fish

Hide in underwater

Conspiracy chambers

Whispering in bubble language

About all

The upper air breathers

And their bipedal days

That will soon

Bow down to the

New dinosaur rulers of

Tomorrow.

Symphony of lake insects

roar

In concert for the glider birds

Fancy in the hit July sun

As the kids peel off

The rafts as the fast boats

Throttle to a stop

As the

Wake waves lop

Over

And

Over

In

The collective

Minds

Of

Now.

Lake serenity

I'd like

Dreams of

Oceanic Californos

As the snakes

Fall asleep

And

The

Chipmunks look for

Née sandwiches

Full of

Salt and

A hint of moon.

She finally

Got to

Eat at the In and Out

With

A droopy box of fries

And every dream alight

As if

The teen years will

Never end

And

The best is still

Wholly left to come.

The old backup baseball catcher

threw my son up

A

Glorious new white

Baseball before the game

As tiny bubbles of dreams

We're met

In tiny

Delicious moments for

The attentive to believe.

Return of the pandemic surge

Is the clown in the

Cornfield

That comes out when

The steaks are

Good & bloody

As the crows cease flying

About.

The darting bats

Over summer night pool

Is the thirst for

The moon as

The sun

Slows to a whisper

& the

Mosquitos

Become

The kings of

A short lived dusk.

Country god folk

Will eventually cash their

Karma checks as

The COVID becomes a

Punchline that can

Be prevented

In the race

Towards

Yesterday.

The nearest road is the magic

The long road forgot

As the ducks morph into geese

And all the salts become

Your

Inevitable

Lost

Secret

Sugars.

The shirt logos and tattoos

Begin to blend into

A book I once read about a

World full of so man

Differences that

It begins to

Melt

Into

The

Same

Same

Same

Kinda

Matrix.

The dog run congress

Found

The Trump scent and restored

Our minds to a

World

That made

Every bit

Of sense

We believed

It

Fuckin

Could.

The problem

With that

Mistake

Made as a kid

Is that

The defense is

Adulthood,

But when

That remains

Childlike,

We are

All in some kinda

Retro

Trouble.

Once you place

The pieces of your past

Into that box

To remain in place forever

And to eventually forget,

You hold tightly to

The good change

And the world

That finally

Wants you

To

Dance within.

As the long,

Thin bug crawled

Over the top of the

Roller coaster seat

Roving about like

A walking stick in curiosity,

I called over a young teen in

Braces to ask how long the bug

Would last

As she squinted on confusion

That quickly went into a huge smile

I braced as the fastest roller coaster

In the park departed and

The bug crawled away out of view

While

The big grin of curiosity

Stayed...

Burning down the plastics

Of last year

As the vax deniers

Parade like

A moron parade

Worshipping used chip bags

And the odd images of

Wasted business wigs

As the asteroid belt

Beefs up and

Ready to avoid this

Blue rock

All

Together.

Love is the rumor

That saved you

From

The darkened hole

Only a Rabi could

Find on a lost

Dunk into

A hidden

Nirvana.

Listening to late night west coast

Baseball

as I fall asleep

Is the closest I'll

Get to

Listening for

Aliens swapping

Talk of UFO trajectories

In a primitive

air traffic controller channel dream.

Timing is the passion

Of your

Lush corners

Rounded in a surprise

The future already knows about

As sunsets become secrets

And the lies

Are the only things

That

Make sleep

A

Waking marvel.

Loaned money

Becomes the wallet

You

Pack with sunshine

And hand off to the homeless man

Off the interstate

So the Hooker

Can finally get to heaven

And

The past can

Mostly and

Finally

Be forgotten.

The young brother & sister

Forage in a genderless

Romp

At the creek of the

Walking path

Looking forward life in

The mud as though

They will

Never age

And forever

Holds

The secret

To

Genius.

The dream is you

As the night closes like

A tired wallet

With a smile

As the stars wake up

And the starfish

Dance like the

Water

Is a stage.

Nets cover yesterday

Like caught lobster

As the full

Living life comes

To a sleep stop in

The middle of

A fast blanket

Making sure

The

Believers

Dream

Better.

Listening

to

west coast

baseball

at night

to lull

me into sleep

is like

a

legion of

locusts

hitting dusk home runs.

Hearing

my wife

pray silently

at night

while I

snap out of sleep

in the convergence of

late night and early morning

with the

dimly diffused light of the world

surrounding

both of us

makes me feel

as though

I finally

& completely believe

there is a God

listening

to our

combined conversations

like

a

very,

very

necessary

phone call.

The rainbow umbrella

on the

side of

the road

as the rain

builds in the

tall sky

waiting

to speak

a

new

moisture language.