

## **Joefiles 219**

*American Detox Drunks Cleaning Last Year's Gutters*

**America is**

Unsure like a

Early childhood toddler

Running away from

The teacher in hot pursuit as

The pee begins

And the wet floor

Is the only thing

That may look

Clean in

These parts.

**Egg nogg season**

And row boats in ice

Capture the wrestling bears

Juggling your

Weekly fortunes

As though tomorrow

Is all we have left in

The wager

For

All of your souls.

**Explicit**

Recessional

Thoughts are dying

As inflation

Drinks the last beer

And a vodka bottle

Dances to a romantic

Polish ballad

In the well lit

Corner.

**Cats stalk me**

Like a gaggle

Of free agent millionaires

Wondering where I hide the money

As their food runs low

And the moon winks

Over

The short

Hill tops.

**The sandman**

Sank into your

Lost history

As the facts become

A sunrise over your

Best

Tries

Ever.

**The city finally slept soundly**

With dreams growing like

New skyscrapers

Built by a god bigger

Than yours

And a devil

That retired

To a small

Unknown town

Down south.

**Noise becomes your religion**

In a silent prayer sent

Over Morse code from

The brand new messiah

No one

Will

Ever accept.

**Vodka biscuits**

And loud women barter

For the lottery ticket

To

A new world

Promised by the old one

In a novel

We may

Never have the time

To

Finish writing.

**early rain crux**

litters our  
memories with  
gray,  
potential,  
sleep,  
the  
betwixt  
of mysteries  
as halloween  
lurks about like a  
found cat  
in  
sweet sugar  
and demonic  
desperation  
as  
the  
pandemic murmurr  
becomes the  
junk mail  
to be tossed  
at some  
non-exact time.

**the world is full of ballerinas**

that will

teach you how to dance,

if you learn how

to walk

and

buy the right gum,

in a

novel of cool

penned by

the girl

down

the street

waiting

for that

real

kinda

earth love.

## **cancel culture**

found him nodding off at the wheel

as marilyn manson

threw a used cigarette

out of his speeding window

into gruden's cup of coffee

in

another speeding car

while the sun was

setting and

the blood moon

was smiling for one

night,

until the

light came back

to remind us that

history

is the only

history we know.

**the one lone dove**

peering out over

the grays

on the railroad bridge

is the emperor of a

land we never discovered

as

the

food collects in

morsels for him

to tax

and confer with

his other

bird

heroes about.

**the princess of last year got covid**

and now

we hear nothing but an occasional,

ambiguous tweet

as if she doesn't exist,

but i heard last night

she emptied all the ice cream

on the north end

and

took a photo that no one

will

believe.

**the dubious found gold on the other side of the rainbow**

as

the silver workers

bartered with the bronze boys

over the

real

landing spot

of

the

coveted

platinum gals.

### **Tireless chipmunks**

look at summer in the eye  
as though it's a fall  
they never took  
while winter is their medallion  
they  
swagger and brag about  
in this land  
of  
spring worship.

**his poet bones**

creak perfectly in unison with

his loud footsteps

as he wrangles the words into

a mountain of curious letters

that will build a city sentence on a

planet

have not quite

discovered yet.

**my boy's godfather**

told me

some

months

back about advice

he got

that said

go into

situations

with no expectations...

i have taken that to a whole

new level

as life is

a perpetual jazz

gig with

set after set of

continuous

ambiguity

with acuity.

**The last hit of the billboard girls**

Are the

Ballroom boys who

Forgot their towels

And left the returning

Savior a

Mediocre tip.

**The flight over yesterday**

made the

New deity

See what needed

To be mended

In a broken riddle hatched

By

The final

Political

Mercenaries.

**that one saturday morning**

in the haze of

sports voices talking college football

there was one

lone bird hanging

hard onto a finger coming up from

a billboard advertising a local

college

as

the

sun began to shone through

and

the threat of rain

was merely

a

tiny

bird rumor.

## **The early morning owl**

is finally back

hooting at

regular intervals

in the darkness

no one can see

into,

but it's there

with it's heartbeat

& it's big ensemble

of feather looking

for the best

breakfast the side of the

cold Mississippi.

## **The real thievery**

these days  
are the Republicans  
crying about  
a mask  
and  
s vaccine  
that is finally getting  
everything back  
to life  
in a twist of  
pure irony  
as they  
are the ones  
causing more harm  
to this planet  
than anyone will ever  
inflict  
as the taste of  
karma is so thick  
in the air  
you can hardly  
see the sun  
anymore.

## **I had some strange dreams**

last night  
about how  
there was  
this house  
from my childhood  
that was haunted  
& they used to  
make films there  
& apparently  
no one could  
light a candle  
that would stay lit  
because  
it kept blowing out  
or it just  
wouldn't ignite  
and I knew  
right then  
and there something  
was wrong  
in that  
old memory trap  
of kid  
trying to reason  
with  
my  
thick ad

**while the smell of fishy salts**

waft in

success on

my

mustache

and left

lapel,

i mutter

loudly

'why does the soy sauce

always leak and turn into a mess?'

(end scene)

**Weeks and weeks later**

I'm still

not sure why

I had dreams

about the

The Justin Bieber's

out there

& whether

or not

I'm a belieber

if I'm not a fan of his

but I believe

in some of

the garbage

he says?

## **My son loves shoes**

& goes

up to ask folk

if they

can type their brand

in for him

on his phone

so that he can keep a record

of all the cool shoes

that he sees

as it calms him down

& it makes him feel

right in place

like being on a roller coaster

just jagged all over the place i

bringing him that calm

right into the middle of his soul center

like nothing else would do

for anybody on this planet

except for him.

**We went to a park**

that was funded  
by the All-Star quarterback  
here in Kansas City  
and at the time  
they were doing a  
Covid vaccine clinic  
and my son  
simply asked an old man who was a free mason  
about what shoes he had  
on and  
seconds later this old timer  
asked me for my phone number  
saying that later that day  
he would that pair of shoes  
to him  
and when it  
happened and  
his shiny truck drove away,  
in a random act of kindness  
i felt the magic of his  
good  
knowing the world is  
a  
solid place of warmth  
as i thanked him  
with a text replete with  
picture  
and he said

it made his whole month to do that

for him

as his

tears

met the

world.

**The high school kid sits on the corner**

at 7:33 AM

in the morning w

ith the largest Afro

I've ever seen

akin to the size of a baseball player card

from the 1970s

and he looks peaceful

and calm

as the blue light

from his phone

splashes over his face

as that smile looks

around the world h

oping no one will mess

with him

today.

**There was a heap of debris**

skewed

all over

the side of the highway

& in the middle of it

perfectly centered

on the media was

a fishbowl that looked

like there was rock and

other little artifacts

for a small creature

to crawl

as

amazement took over

at the chaos

& one perfection

sitting there idle by

the rushing cars

in serenity

like it was

in a little kid's room.

**got all fancied up with the mrs.**

for a wake

some saturdays ago

and went to the park

for a kid's birthday party

all gussied up

and as we walked over a

fall bridge to the festivities,

a woman stopped us to say

that i missed a belt loop

in the very back of my pant

and i

continue to smile

at

the

possible extent of

it all.

**It's surely a bad sign**

when you pull up  
to the McDonald's  
and there's  
a septic truck  
yanking waste  
out of the ground  
and it smells like  
years old  
food gone while  
as you wait  
for your  
mcfast,  
mcfuckingfresh  
moment.

## **On the morning of my 49th birthday**

my boy gave  
me a huge hug  
so hard that  
he didn't wanna let go  
to get on the bus  
after he gave me simple peanut butter cup  
for a surprise  
as then my stepdaughter  
played music  
from musician patrick watson  
that is one of my favorites  
& she didn't know it  
amidst all the French words she was enraptured by  
& then I got all of these  
pieces and parts  
of surprise from  
my finely tailored wife  
around the coffee maker  
as here I am sitting  
square at 49 years  
on  
the blue  
bubble.

**I always get the strings of my fucking face mass stuck**

in the door handle

and

again wonder

loudly

when the fuck

is all of this

bad dreamy

dread

going to

fucking

end.

## **The little tax guy**

off the edge

of town town

sits

in his

very small business world

with bright lights

marinating the early morning

& just heartily

dreaming of numbers

& every possible number

twist as such

in the world

that you

and all your delinquent friends

can't even

imagine.

**So,**

I

want

to

create

so

much

I

forget

to

almost

us

a

pen

for

this

very

thought.

**Who**

the

hell

in

real

life

is

the

guy

named

Chuck Roast?

**The ultimate slap**

in our

post pandemic

trauma faces

would be

if someone really

found out

the true identity

of

Banksy.

**It's late 2021**

and

I keep looking around

at everybody

as the world opens up

thinking

we are the survivors

we are the true zombie killers

we are the reborn

we are the ones that are rechristened into the new era

we now know exactly what all of the greatest generations felt like when they went through war

and strive

and we survived

and now we can be stronger

and wiser

and better

and

nap for a year straight.

## **Early morning drives**

listening

to the music

of the people

I will interview later

in the day

as the black bird

flows over my car

while by the lake

on the left of me

is an accident i avoid

as we began another day

here in bed October

when you're away

from that crazy election time

of the unknown

now

in the known.

**Went by the early morning golf course**

for some reason

as one year ago election

thoughts came

in my head

that all the people around

Trump

are ball washers

and just how

bad it would

be

to be trapped by Trump

in an elevator as he talks

loudly

and you are

trapped there

after he silently lets out

a serious fart.

**You know it's pretty bad**

when you think

back to your family

& realize that

pretty much everything

you ever shared with

that was an embarrassment

&

realized you

should've been

a mute

growing up.

**Sal**

is the mall's Greek hero  
and pizza champ  
whizzling and whirling  
around the pre-Halloween  
Sunday kitchen with  
a hero tune in his step  
and the sound  
of candy leading him  
to the next horror film  
he will never  
watch.

**The loud clamp of acorns**

against the windshield

and windows this fall

as i drive up the street

still has me

looking around for

some mulleted cowlick

punk

smiling

in a karma

as

the

squirrels

avoid

the fear and dart

in front of my

new dreams.

## **The bus load of kids**

that were

dropped off

at the dollar tree

for a spending spree

are the luckiest

of all as

the fictional willie wonka ticket

means little

and i wait in line

listening to their

silent heads pop up dreams

of the rest of their lives

as the bus driver

chews on some corn nuts

and i wonder how

i missed that

proverbial bus in my youth

to have

the exact same

kinda

dream

come

true.

**I live in albino squirrel world**

as little ghost traces of animal

always dart around me in a mile radius around

my home

while all the

red and brown

ones

smile

and conspire

to

ultimately

take over

the

world

of nuts & acorns

for fucking good.