

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.