

## **Joefiles 220**

*The Anarchy is Your Calmly Sleeping 2021 Dreamy Head Pillow*

## **Finding the reason**

for anonymous

Necessity is the poem

You eat when thirsty

As the gods of lost judges

Create the bar

And insist that

The world will again

Be flat someday.

## **The new variant hustles**

Like the grade school bully

Akin to Michael in Halloween

That may never die as

We all wish for

The forever end to sequels

And trilogies

In the 2022

Rising like a blood moon

Over our collective

Silver linings.

**The instigators**

Rout the bile

Of the deceivers

As

The dreamers

Weave together

The cotton candy

If every child's future....

## **The orange madman**

Again failed to fill

The arena

As conspiratorial spiders

Mingle with the

Delusional rats

To recruit the new

Wave of delinquent

Republicans

Teaching the fine

Shiny kids

A

Thing or two about

Karma.

**Caring is the bane of your cross**

As it casts

Perfectly

Dark shadow lines

Over the hot

Yellow light

That will

Feed earth

When we

Have gutted

The home

Of

Humanity.

## **Parades of clowns**

Clog your

avenues of dream

attending

An inaudible music fest

As the angels

Stand way

far above

playing their hair

Like guitars

And tapping their

Feet

Like they

Invented drumming ....

## **Sidestepping the last ledge**

Of your final first

is the daily belief

that the roof is nailed snug

and the ground adheres to

gravity as

the humans

talk about what

they presume

and

more

about

what they will

never,

ever

understand.



**The confused grass**

is green

all the way

on the other side

and this side

here in these December days

of ours

as the robin's look for the bat mans

and the squirrels

smell like

fresh

tire.

**Might be kind of fun**

to get

a bunch of kids

to sit on the bench

for poetry hour

as the trains go by

so they can write down

all of the names

that the graffiti foretells

so they can

stitch together the

most magnificent

prose

ever....

**my AM highlight**

is when our old cat Pepper Potts  
comes up for a  
scratch on the side  
of her head  
and  
propmtly  
shakes so hard  
that is sounds like a  
helicopter is flying to  
to the carpeting  
looking  
for  
runaway  
mice.

**caught up with a recording artist**

and marathon runner

Who

Told me

About relief

Work he does in

Haiti

& the country

has the lowest

suicide rate

in the world

Because they

Just don't

Have

The time

For all

Of that.

**It's just a group of birds**

up 91 Highway

On the edge of

Unionville

Sprucing up

the stoplights

With their own

little bird nest

Hotel havens

Making the other

Animals jealous

And the colors

Sizzle more.

## **Some mornings**

I'm stirred  
by the sounds  
of thousands  
of cop lights  
going outside  
and I wonder  
what could be  
going on  
as i slip  
On back into  
My own dreams  
To can destroy  
Bad sleep  
In an action sequences  
turn my real last hours  
Of sleep into  
Some  
Unexpected  
dreamventures.

## **Never quite understood**

why

when

we see a dog

really asleep

&

laying on the ground

we think

it looks like they

Are dead

but never say that about

other animals

like

Lazy cats or

Or languid humans.

**My wife's best friend from childhood called**

Early this morning

to tell her

that her mom

finally left

& and I realized

that I will never

get the same

phone call

for a mother

I haven't spoken to

in two years

because

they can't stand

the woman

that just got

a phone call from

her best friend

& never really

reached out

that much

to begin with

&

I was trying to

figure out

which

Scenario

is sadder

As the sun starts



To slowly

Rise like

A

Proud star.

**I marvel at how pedestrian**

it used to be

back in the late 90s

when I would

debate

whether or not

astronauts

landed on the moon

while I laughed

&

bought a piece of the moon

from some guy

on the Internet

and now

I realize

the information dissemination

in this modern era

of googling

Haz brought

about this disastrous

QAnon anti-VAX

Jewish pedophile

theory

That is

beyond

any novel

that I can ever imagine

reading as

the world spreads

forward

and I think

there might just be

a real concern

not only for democracy

but for some level

of sanity minced

with

Fucking morality.

## **The Hawks**

sit on

the Highwire

and Low hung trees

& high tops

of trees

& I can't figure out who

they are

because the leaves

are gone looking

for the

tiny rodents

on the ground

In their discovery around

To make it

to the next destination

but they may

get swallowed up

and delivered

into the belly

of a hawk and

sent

onward

In this massive lifecycle

That's a miracle

every day

we happen

To be

alive.

**The collective simplicity**

of the miracle

of Buddha

are the

tiny whispers

of Jesus

As

Christmas approaches

a few weeks away

& everybody runs around

not quite sure

What to do with all

this damned

wrapping paper

& plenty of sugar

sugar

&

more sugar.

## **The tiny magic tree**

Off

High Drive outside

of Lee Summit Missouri

Is a miraculous

Lit up

little beacon

of love

every single night

during the

holiday season

pulling your eyes

over to wonder

how they made it happen

& how it twinkles

the way it does

& all I can think

is that's where

the money buried

from the map

and sweat at the end of

Shawshank Redemption

right there

beneath the roots

making those lights

shine brighter

than fucking ever.

**As a 49 year old man**

trying to figure out  
what all of these things  
around me mean  
whether it's the longevity  
or memory of  
each and everyone of us  
as the older folks die  
& often the younger ones  
continue to sprout up  
While I'm trying to find  
the right thing to say  
to everybody because  
I'm not sure  
that anybody knows  
what the right thing  
To say after death  
but I think  
what I figured out  
is that it's really about  
the style within which  
you deliver anything  
that means 100%  
of what you wanted  
to mean  
& from there  
you can let it fly  
the way it needs  
to glide.

**The new crop of drivers here**

in this Covid

close to post pandemic world

With another flaring variant

Are like the virus

As they are more aggressive

than ever

As they grip

Their wheels & curse the trees

yelling at breathable air

& calling birds fucking names

as we all give

the bird notes

right back to them.



**We all inevitably**

start feeling

as we get older

The idea

That

what does

this really mean.

Friendships

relationships

family members?

and we wonder

incessantly

About why

do we do anything

we did or do

because

at the end of the day

does it really matter?

And then I realize

if I'm doing

My best something

should matter

and maybe this

Tiny poem matters

More than any

of the other things

that I've ever  
done in my  
Whole  
Lifetime.

## **The real misunderstanding in life**

is people  
that aren't  
brave enough  
to accept others  
&

It seems like  
a simple notion  
for judgment  
is one of the  
easiest things  
for everyone  
to do

&  
it flies around  
the society so easily  
& perhaps

If there  
was wisdom  
put the bottom of  
liquor bottles  
after the civil war

Is done  
That things might change

As if  
A little fortune cookie wisdom

Heartily  
jammed  
Inti the bottom

of a bag of pot  
For the cocaine  
Braggers,  
But I'm sure  
all of that  
would somehow  
be thrown away  
or smoked up  
as we all  
learn to bring  
each other  
Out  
And  
and and  
In  
As the fall is  
Nigh.