

Joefiles 225

Brandon is Really the Flunky Republican with No Friends

The last of the world yarn ball

Is running out

As the dark ink spots

Of the Gorbechav

Birth mark

Cry onto the map

Like

A

COVID-20 strain

Born again

Like a

Easter hoax.

Facebook threw

Me in jail
For being a victim
As they feed the keys
To dedicated trolls
Ready to
Bring life
Back to
A socially free
Earth
Brain.

The lunatics

Found the
Poor clowns hiding
Behind the
Horror movie
At the drive in
Hatching a new
Plan to
Infiltrate the earth
With kitten overload
And
Cotton candy pot smoke
Pumped into
All the airs we
Collectively breath.

A politicians

Typical night dream

Is a nightmare

You jog quickly from

But manage

To not

Wake up

As hard as

You try.

The clowns on the call

Feign calm
And parental resilience
As I put their mouths on mute
And ignore the noise as it becomes
Opposite Day and
I simply remember
I do this all for my boy
And nothing more
As their collective
Carnival disappears
Again.

The thing known as blood family

Was never good at
Unconditional love
As they guzzled down bad TV
And taking naps after
Conjuring bad excuses
While the world
Kept making new plans
In old clothes
That would embrace me
In a way
I should have always known.

Ghosts are the broken

Relationships that
Limp on
Crutches across the
Floor of your soul looking
For spare change
As the
Dollar bill goes up
In flames
And the flock of
Birds give birth
To the eggs
Of your
Sheer
Fancy.

The aggregate sum

Of your

Average is a

High

That the pole vaulter

Pulled up short to

Tie his shoes and

Pray to the angel he

Met

As a child

That everyone told him

Was gonna

Save his

Broken heart strings.

Need is wanting

To see a family
I was severed from,
But I have no urge to
See them again
As I sift over the old memories
As if it's a
Bone yard of old wings
While the buffalo fly
Up with my dreams
That catch
The future
And
Erase
The past
Like
Felt over chalk
Like nothing happened....

Chipmunks

Play cards with my
Lost fortune hoping
To barter a plan
To
Own the raccoons of
Earth
And dominate the
Brand new era
We know
Nothing of
Yet.

Silk sounds

Floats over my

Middle brain

Like a rumor

Never said

As

The gander steal

Goose dreams like

A thief you

Would hire to

Run the final

Party

Of

Your

Existence.

When I pass the TV

Full of dread or

Read the internet full of

Gloom,

I always

Remember my dad

Telling me

that no one wants to

hear about your problems

I've never

taken the

easy way

& that's always

been hard

on everyone

around me..

whether it's

who I'm

dating

Or married

or the adventures

I get on

it's always

a more difficult path

&

The truth is that

to get

where I wanna go

at the end of the day

I simply

Have to do

what's

Fuckin right

The cold morning hawk

flops off
to the left
in the -5 degree
weather of February
entering into a
New spring
with
A long
cold snake
in its
Eager
claws.

My special needs son

is 17
and has
a hard time
at school sometimes
and lately
they've been
trying to tell him
he can't even
bring a water bottle
to school
and I don't understand
the humanity
and the depravity
that goes
into controlling
how people
live their lives
especially
here in these
post Covid times
it seems like
Things should've
Gotten a lot nicer
But instead
There is
a cruelty in the world
I simply
never saw before.

The morning DJ

always
plays the
older music
& revels
In the birthdays
& anniversaries
that have gone by
and that
for me
is my
A smile
on my face
because
I understand
that Broadcast phone
and it's sentimental
hard
palpitating
first thing in the
brightness
Morning
Rise.

Pictures from my honeymoon

in 2019

& a host

Of other pictures

of people

prior to the

2020 pandemic

look awfully young

and now

when I look

at everybody

I see the wrinkles

and the worry

and the scared looks

in the age

that had

settled in

&

It's called

Holy fuck

pandemic aging...

Yesterday

I closed my eye
& looked over
towards
my nose
and thought
wow
that
is a huge
hunk of meat
on my face.

The frozen hair gel

incidents

in the deep

deep

Missouri cold

is something

that's

not written

about all that much

&

Probably shouldn't.

Was out bowling with my wife

The other night
Floating around with
Plenty of laughs
As the first game came to a close
And the cute
Digital board
Defined all of our games
And mine
Was the story of my life
As it said I got
The 'Bowling Appreciation Award"
For the guy who tried the hardest
and still failed.

I explained to the Youngers

The other night

What kind of thrill I have

As

A

49 year old man

That can take

A very dirtied dusted up

Fan outside and

Flick the leaf blower on it

As the explosion of

Particles bounds up

Like millions of little

Fire fly dreams making

My wonder

And wonder

At what other kinda

Old fella

Magic is

Hiding out there.

The baseball players

& owners

have struck again

& they are not going

To play again

As I remember this

clear back in 1994

& how much it hurts

& as an older guy in 2022

I realize the most important thing

I can do now

Is how I explain this to
my son.

We all simply have

Old lives and personas

That simply don't fit

Us anymore

And the real

Serious question

For you

Is how

Do you kill them off?

When is the time

gonna come
when we look
at all of
these masks
that we wore
& wonder
if we should
ever throw them away
& I'm simply not sure
That the time will ever come
because I don't wanna
fuck with karma
like that.

I seriously started

to swerve

as I was looking

at a billboard

that said

no one likes a distracted driver

with a big

Red heart on it

And figured it

Had to be some

Sick

joke.

The old man

sweeps up
all the salt
that is left behind
On the road
from a resent
cold snap last week
here in this
warm March
& he's scooping them
Into neat little buckets
so he can use them
At a later cold date
& I find that to be
one of the most
ingenious things
I've seen happen
in the inventiveness
Potential
of old men.

I have finally landed in a Facebook Funeral

because of a
Malicious hacker that
Spread bad, bad digital germs
Around
And as I have 29 days
Until it's deleted for
Very good
I feel
That it might
Be the best thing
that ever happened to me
In this digital life of ours.