

Joefiles 231

Crucifix Made of Guns Accidentally Went Off

In the early morning

Chew of
Grandview, MO
he's always
on a bike
chewing on his gums
& smoking a
Short & tired
cigarette
looking for something
to do
& he doesn't
say that much
but he's
always around
like a saint
Just awaiting
to save somebody
If
not you.

The vaccination causes adults sticker

Is screaming
down the highway
on a white car
to
This here
bright sunny day
all grown up
&
ready to fight off
all the disease
That keep on
Getting
Invented in
This here
Modern 2022
world.

If you

happen

to be friends

with the

major league baseball

announcer,

do you think

they over explain

everything

to the point where

It pisses

everybody off

And they want

To watch

Bowling

On mute?

Things found in books

I know of in my life

Include

Cocaine,

Cash,

Condom,

Missiles,

Bullets,

Fairies,

Angels,

1 demon

And a mirror

Telling you

The only

Truth left in your

Own book.

The melding

of a
college student brain
with a 107 year old mind
May be the
Benjamin Buttons
Moment of all time
To
keep
Hope glowing
For
All
Human
Times.

The whites

Whisked away the
Rights of mist
As the laugh in shadows
As the sun readies to
Shine again someday
In a way that will
Melt the moron's sunglasses.

Steeped in regression

The American ship is now
A massive Frankenstein that
Will
Somehow become a fiction
We will
Doubt and debate as
The 2022 times
Continue to write
A book
We will
Never,
Ever
Want to re-read.

My UFO dream

Is just a hope that
The big brained visitors will
Rid us of
The hateful
Antiquated notions
Of upper suburbanites
Taking our air and
Wasting
Our needed
Wine.

The cats rule

Your solar system

As the

Outer mysteries of

Space

Become

A theory

You

Will

One day

In your 9 lives

Believe.

That pre-pandemic man
painting the AM landscape
Was a masterpiece
Without ever seeing it finished
As he was
Hunched in the
Emerging light
Like an explorer
In a long ago
Time
We will never
Taste again.

Why is it every time

there's an
old toilet
out on the curb
for the
trash people
to pick up
there's nothing around it
and it's perpetually
ignored
Like no one
Knows how to really
Flush away
The damned old.

I bet

the insurance

on

insurance companies

is

Fucking

insane.

The two ugliest words

that I can
conjure up
at this point
In my earthly
Visit is
abortion
&
divorce
Which may be
The ultimate
Cause & effect
Ever.

I'm at that point

where

I see people

with masks

and I do a

double take

and it feels

pretty good

That there's

a stark reality

Chalk full

Of a karma meter

they told me

Would

Forever

Go

back-and-forth.

The used lottery tickets

Left behind

in my car

Are like lost &

fragrant rose petals

Of a love

That

Had a

Fuck ton

Of potential.

Who's really Is that 1 dude

who wipes
The wet off
of the court
during the NBA finals
At such a swift
And necessary
Pace to save
Everyone
Around?

And why isn't he
Dressed up as
A sort of super hero
And
His cape
Could surely
Be
The towel...

Small Sunday birds

bop about

Like

A newly

Unearthed 1947 jazz LP

looking for food

to the heavy

NYC

Air

Blaring here

In old

KC

As 18 & Vine

Sleeps in.

Late night dreams

of my prior life
incarnations &
the realizations
Always slam me
Like ocean waves
On the way to
Work
And I feel
Just
Mighty fine
About
This existential
Kinda now.

Just pulled up

to the local
quick trip to
A solid 81° outside
and there's
a little old man
that had a tall
ice cream cone
that he was
walking carefully with
and eating
as I went
into the store
and came back
& saw him
at his car
twisting that wheel
with that big
Melting
ice cream cone
in his hand
& that profound look
like
he was looking forward
to that thing
all good damn
day long
as the little
Blinker in his car
Darts Dodge
on and off
and over
and over
As he sits.

My son got to meet his hero

at the
baseball park
the other night
& he goes
by the name of
Zack Hample
& I thought where
is there to go
from here
at about 1:40 in the
Late night/early morning
As I was woken
by my wife because
a tornado warning
was going off
as the siren screamed
over the city
that was calm and still
Like my boys sleep
As
He
Laud in
His bed like the
Ultimate silent dream
Before the storm.

**

The
Canadian baseball player
threw a ball up
to my son
& it was overthrown
quite a ways
Yet I caught it
with my
bare hands &
afterwords
a couple Canadians started sparring with me
over gun control in
America
As the other
Americans

Kept saying
Nice damn grab
Up there.

For a few weeks

now

I pulled

up to the

Intersection

In the middle

Of White Avenue

and

On the dirties cement

there is this

A big weird

squid looking

mechanical thing

that is in the road

with a gray top

smash down well

by car tires

With a bunch

of colorful wires

hanging out

like some prehistoric

technological beast

That it was never alive

On earth ever

&

it sure looks like

it had a grand

Fictional

Life.

It was awfully early morning

On the highway

& I saw

a full basketball goal

laying on its side

like it fell out

of a truck

&

Laud there as if

It was a miracle

from an old basketball

movie

I simply

Had to watch again.

A crucifix made of guns

is

2022 worship

As the charlatans fall

Asleep with finger on trigger

As the Boom

Wakes up the future

While the karma giant

Stretches at

The foot of your

Proverbial bed.

Instigator congress

has a cup
full of power
and a
septic tank
full of karma.

The power
of your
leave behind
is the lavender
of lost dreams.