

Joefiles 234

The Melting Kansas Clock Oozes Colorado Mountain Air into Vegas Dreams & California Rumors

Leaving Colorado

through all
massive visages of
Rock & glorious rubble
was
quite
bittersweet
because
we knew
we were going
to see something
just as glorious
by massive pockets of water
Teamed with bird abound
& a yellow sunshine
that we've never
Ever
seen before.

Straining our eyes

to find

a stray moose

or a bighorn sheep

or even a bear

Was the big

Fancy midwest brain Goa

As

those big mountains

Cleverly camouflaged

everything

As we dreamed

Of touching a

world that we only

Have really seen

In the wild

through the eyes

of a

Used television set.

I finally witnessed

that wedding
on the side of a mountain
with imagery behind it
That was spectacularly unreal
& like something
Would hear about
in a book you read
Or tucked colorfully
In some movie you would watch
as we sat there
Holding my wife's
Warm hand
Knowing that
All of this work
And production
And movement
Is
Well worth it when
You sit with your love
And
Witness the birth of
Love.

We ripped through
those
tall faces of mountain
to get to that
new state line &
every sign
was pure adventure
& new place
Of conquest
on this hugely glorious
Trek across the west
As that colorful Utah sign
Surely outdid
the Colorado 1
As we knew that
the next big prize
was going to be
somewhere in that
modern gold rush
of California rainbow.

The sparse charm of Utah

Was something
I'll never forget
as the breathtaking mountains
came our
Looking like candles were
Delicately melted &
spilled down over the world
into something the prophets
Would see
As they tried to save
The world
While the cosmos
Did
Them a trick larger
In the colorful swath of
Sky
Meets
Cosmology
In
paradise.

We sliced the top half of Utah

In what seemed like record time

Even though it took hours

In a warp that seemed like

A half hour

To

Jitter

Our Vegas

Dreams

Into a higher gear

As

Dreams

Bounced into each other

In a squashed car

Just trying to

Breathe

Like heroes

In a peasant world.

As we drove away from the gas station

Looking towards
the downtown part
of Las Vegas
we saw that shimmering
A little collection of buildings
in the middle of the world
& weren't quite sure
if that was the guts
Of a dream involving everything
We were once told
Or if it was
The untold
Quietly opened up
like a little book
in front of our
western gorged eyes
Waiting for the
The fiction
To become
Our
New found frolic.

Walkin down the avenues of nighttime Las Vegas

was a level of
insanity

Akin to every single carnival
you've been to in your entire life
mixed and matched up

Into
one insane
snow globe of

Flurry

As the street from performers
& the women with their open boobs
& a man pulled yanked up

In a wild green thong

With a tank top

Dancing around the

Galleria

Of booze and laughter

Minced with heavy gambling

As the thousands of

twirling lights went

on and on

and on

into an infinite

array of possibility.

The sad hopes & new adventures

that sit there on the
Cusp of what Las Vegas
is all about
Is something
you can never explain
To anybody
Because they have
To simply walk down
that Avenue
to see the zip lines
Whirl
And the lights blare
& the sounds of subpar live music
In the din of
chili dogs
& other assorted
essentials
That simply can't
be explained
or sworn off with any
Amount of
Well intentioned
sage.

The ultimate cure to heartbreak

is the belief
that there's
always gonna
be something
better out there
as we wind
through the streets
of Las Vegas fill
our starved eyes
Fixed on California
As that new dream
Gets nearly painted
& all the used ticket
Stubs
Fall to the ground like
Butterflies
About to be reborn
And turn into the
Dress your lover
Will wear
On a night
You'll never forget.

as we finally saw the Los Angeles sign

Saying it was almost 266 miles away

she nearly screamed aglow

knowing that

she was going

to finally see

that land of TV

& movies

& pop culture

that has been

Wind whipped throughout

her her entire life

& finally she would

For her very own self

be able to walk the streets

of that Wonderlust

That's been stretching in

Front of her retinas

For

Lifetime

After lifetime.

All of the strong & sturdy plants

of the desert
are monoliths
that I revere
In my own midwestern delicate way
because
they are the
strongest of the strong
as they age towards the sun
and tuck back water
like little bits of pennies
waiting for Christmas
to buy worthy gifts
for all the other
little pricks
& cacti
Cohorting with
Other dehydrated
little plant friends
Gaggled
In a
botanical
garden of wonder.

The mighty pelican is My new bird of my fancy

As it flops around
with a strange body
and big odd mouth
With expert eyes
looking for a snack
Or lunch
or dinner
or another breakfast
or more snack
as it flips
& flops
within and out of
our view
& worried wonder
of
Winged magic.

—

Each and every time

I get
the chance
to see the ocean
& feel the waves
& listen to it undulate
I realize that living
in the Midwest
gives me
that pure wonder of magic
that always gets
rekindled immediately
As folks like me
Think about all of those
Other people
get to see that
every day and
sometimes
I feel like they don't pay attention
to it but for some reason
in California
I think it's woven into their DNA
& their collective appreciation
never ever goes away
&
I would love
To the core of my
Blood iron
Feel
The fuck of out that
Some
Fine
Unreasonable
day.

Those dreamers of San Diego

live on a bridge overpass
in a tent while the
Rich folks drive down
their avenues of sunshine
With their smart new Teslas
& everything matching
As the orchestration
& cocaphany of humanity
Continues to be a cosmological
wonder hexed and
Delightfully aimed to
Perplex us at the same time
As all the
moments
Of vacation
get closer
to that idea of spirituality
like no other way
that I could ever do
Imagine
As God rings your doorbell
On accident.

My wife's birthday

is today here in
this 2022
as she wakes up in San Diego
and I drop off my son
In Kansas City
at his first real job ever
not knowing that that would
ever happen in his
Special needs lifetime
& that clashing and melting
of those two moments
on this 9:35 AM morning
Are overwhelming in a way
that I don't know that
I will ever be able to
put words onto
but this ink on paper
is the best I can do
at this particular
magical intersection of love
On this unbelievable moment
of celebrating
every single
day as though
it's the best
birthday ever.

(7.31.22)

Watching the tiny palm trees

disappear into

the clouds

as I fly out of San Diego

is a level of bittersweet

Purely untold

but the thoughts of

getting back home

to see my hero son

after seven days

Retuning to the home

that we've created for years

& years is something that borders

on magical

& confounding

In that

same ball of

Roadway attraction wonder.

All I heardFor months and months was

the term

'the trip'

and now

'the trip'

is over

For me

and there's

a level of relief

& pure wonder

& bespecklement

At the sheer mass

amount of memories

that were made

In such a short time

that started with

A wedding on a mountainside

in Pine, Colorado

& ended with making a Sandcastle

with my stepdaughter

on Imperial Beach in San Diego

& all those delightful

Blurred memories

in between working

As bookends or something

that life never spells out

explicitly

& that's why we have

to ride this journey

for every single

savory moment we can

Luckily get.

The early morning dolphins

rise up with their dark fins
in the early morning of an
Imperial Beach glory
on my last day in San Diego
& it may be a gift as
The world buys
A lottery ticket to 1 billion
As I absorb fully
The gift
Of seeing how nature
interacts with us folk
As everybody on the long docks
Watch above in wonder
as I also marvel
at the idea that humans
create all of these entertainment venues
and events
from concerts to sports events
& the true best thing
you could ever watch
is nature
doing what it does
for absolutely free
& it will always outshine anything
that humans can create
In the name of wonderment
And creative complex.

He came to this town to be cancer free

and now

he's in a healthier place

and he played chaperone

coming home

to his own California

giving all of us a ride

as we watched

the sunsets of the ocean swirl

& everything in between

from the sushi

to roller coasters

on some magical ride

as I somehow feel though

he graduated

to a new plateau

of living

to be able to bring

new people

from a new land

To his native land

to celebrate something that

is simply

just called

life.

The one thing vacation always teaches me

is that throughout life
giving yourself fully
to loves
Is the biggest risk
you can take,
but at the end of the day
as you walk through
all of those bits of sunshine
& cloud
you realize
it's the best possible risk
to take because
even though
there's going to be
excruciating and unbelievable levels
of beauty and wonder
there's going to be a mix of both
That will always make you
feel like you're not alone
& I don't think any of us
wants to feel
that way
as the togetherness
of now is the journey
has finally
been completed.

—

Each and everyone of us has those moments

that we will never forget or shake
as we sit with our lovers and wives and spouses
& contemplate love
& I knew as I drove to the airport
& she grabbed my hand
& kissed it without saying a word
that there was a true love
I finally found
& admiration that I never thought
was possible
as the full circle of the wedding vows
that I started this vacation on
to see friends say
was the truth
that I felt with my wife
as we wrote
Another chapter
of this vacation adventure
As it sends me to Kansas City her
her into
A natural sea lion show
To christen
her pending birthday
Alone
Together
And
now.

I know there's this myth with Midwesterners

& others around the country

That when

we talk about that famous

Southern California institution

called In-N-Out

& I had it years ago in the 90s

& remember it was good

but I just had it again

& it was the most delicious thing

I think I've ever tasted

& before I left San Diego

I had to do it one last time

and it was better than ever

and this isn't some fiction

that I'm weaving together

it's the

As I really wonder

Why this isn't the first

And las meal of humans more often.

Waking up alone in my bed

for the second night
is very strange
because my wife
is still on vacation
with her daughter
and boyfriend in California
and I will hold on for
a few more days
but I know
deep deep down
That our world of love is
Built around us by being
able to sleep together
holding each other
and that the love
we've cultivated
each and every day
of our lives
is some thing
that is a magic
beyond any wonder
that I could've ever
Earthly imagined.

Some my favorite moments

are the silent ones
like the other night
as we drove down
a steep slopes
In Southern California
after watching
an unbelievable sunset
off a cliff
& my wife grabbed my arm
& looked up into my eyes
As she nestled in very close
holding me
While the teenagers blasted the music
& everyone in the car
But me sang
& I surely knew
that there was blood
in my veins
& bones in my skin
and a heart was
beating comfortably
knowing every single thing
that was around me it
Was close
In an
Good
Good
way..

There's always words that pop in your mind

& there's indelible memories

that will always be there

after a good long vacation

& I think about the word

adventure

& adventure is what's popping

in my mind now

as I think about

what we did

and how we did it

all together

and that

will be on the front

of the photo book

I give my wife late

on her birthday

when she gets back

from the second half

of this magical trip

Adventure called summer

Fill in

A blank made by God.

Strange bird sounds

Songs &

Languages roil

Around this warm

Afternoon

Colorado sunshine

like a language

I never heard

But makes sense

In a previous life

I flew through.

Looking at the local

Colorado locals like
They are space aliens
From another time
That
We're bussed here
From Area 51
Like some strange
De-segregation
Coup
Gone
Totally correct.

Crushed beer cans

Arise when you
Are asleep to do a
Dance we humans
Could never pull off
As the epic clanking is
The milk of the gods
And the
Nectar of
Utopian
Dreamers.

The found art

Of my wife's image

Is on the

Colorado to

Utah move

As the mystery of our paths

Is the true art of

Travel as what happens

Next we may never know

Until years later

When the

TV tries

To

Balance the

Karmic justice.

His brain was a frisbee

Bounding

About in abandon for the

Glee filled humans standing

Still

As the cold beer

Fizzled and

The

Truth of life is the animal

Leaping for a blue disc &

Whether or not it's

Caught

Won't mean but a thing

In a miracle

Of one

Random moment.

Popping ears

in the mountain sides
we haven't seen before
As the animals run away
from our shadows
and the sun
bears down
like an
old friend
that will never
go away and
that seems
to be just fine
and dandy
with me.

That Colorado rain storm

lasted longer
than we all thought
As the hunks of
Tall mounds
still hung there
in the fog
like the dream
we all wish
we wake from
but we woke up to
as the old familiar
Stars lead us
Into
Yesterday.

The din of Yesterday's rain

Became today's sun

In an accordion

Playing the

Bleached tune of

A dream hatched in

2036.

Dazed red bugs

Roll lazily in

Group precision

To slurp up

Darwin dreams

And our used morsels

Making

The Mountain morning

A paradise

Most walk over.

The next of kin

Is your mountain air
That fools no one
Especially the birds
As they eat our crumbs
And witness our secrets that
Bubble up like
Rock into the sky.

The glide of the magpie

Over our collective shadows
Is the mystery of
Rumored crows that
Make the planes in he sky
Look extra small.

Magpie rumors

Rise like

A silent Godzilla

To rearrange your

Thoughts

And allow flight to

Become

The only last thing

That is

Possible

For you

And your

Children.

Postcards

From the land of thin air
And better mountains
Is the longing cured
As we are all together
In picture and fantasy
Ensuring that
The post Covid March
Is the relative utopia
We have
All secretly wished for
Since our
Very births.

The Colorado brush

Is aglow

Like a lost

104 degree Summer Kansas

Dream

That evaporated like used

Water

And turned into

A freshly cooking

Egg

Stuck between worlds

And gurgling

For

Truism after truism.

The zombies

are loose
in Kansas
and they
love
the heat
As the late days
of July
start dipping into
Subtle
Colorado dreams.

The only real

Excuse for

Bad

podcasting

is that there

is no excuse

so if you need

to say something

it's probably

best

that you don't say anything

at all

Because silence

Lately

Is the silver

In our collective linings.

Longing

Is something good
we all have
the urge
to alleviate
but we
embrace it
like the dream
that we had
in our 20s
as we approach our
50th year
and realize
they we are
about halfway
through the
Proverbial ride
and we should
charge harder
than ever
fucking before.

The over the road truckers

all gather
in a gaggle
Of parking lot
on the way
to pick up
their secret little
casinos in
prostitution rings
and liquor clubs
& all of the other
little illegal things
as they look so innocent
sitting here
in the sunshine
Of silence
In a
dirty parking lot.