



JOEFILES 121:
THE FATHER OF TIME TAKES A NAP

4

soon,
my only biological
son will
be
4
and
i am beginning
to
feel
like he
and i are
getting
very old.

with every movement,
attempt to speak,
attempt to
poop on his own in the toilet,
every meal he works hard to eat,
every moment he stretches with
his kid intuition,
every truism he leaves behind,
every obsession that sticks,
every toy he loses,
every laugh he infuses in another,
every cat he brings a bit of fear to,
every horse he points at and laughs with,
every donkey visit that brings him
an ounce of pure joy,
every kiss he plants on his mom,
every time he screams for his brother,
every movement that is of
me,
every gesture that is of his mom,
every good habit he learned from
his brother
have
finally collaborated into
the grandest ballet i could
ever imagine as
i'm sure
his 4th birthday
will be another testament
to

why we all become
parents
and
find that unconditional
is so
fucking
better
than any condition
i could
ever
need.

a true attic to bleed words

in my new,
first home,
my wife and i
ready to
get me into
the attic
to chisel
away
at a new writing,
space hovel
to throw around the
words and stanzas,
but i really don't feel like
i have anywhere anymore that
i can
plan and pick my
time
so as i pound away just loud enough
to
make written music to my
ears
and enough to keep my
3 year old asleep by my side,
i find that everywhere in this
vast world of
mine
i can write when
and how i want to
as the dreams
of kerouac's attic
and
bukowski's window sill
and
cumming's lost dream window
become the things of
lore
as reality has come
into me
and settled like
a cloud
that each and every one of us
get to name,
care for
and let loose

when
the words
make
us
float,
float,
float
on
away
from
everything
we
know.

A VIVID ELECTION DREAM

i fully
embraced
the terror
of george w. bush
a week before
obama became
our new
guiding national
hope.

a-wonder as to
how the republican
led regime could
ruin the '08 election
and keep their pals
in charge.

the following vivid
dream was my
ultimate fear
realized in
blood chilling detail ..

'SO, I GET A CALL
FROM SOME CIA CONTACT
TO COME TO A LARGE SCALE
HOME IN AN UPPER CRUST NEIGHBORHOOD
IN ST. JOSEPH, MO.

I'M A CONSULTANT TO THE CIA
THAT TAKES DIGITAL PHOTOS OF
MURDER/SUICIDE SCENES THAT HAVE
ODD UNDERTAKINGS OR ARE DELIBERATE ATTEMPTS
BY THE US GOVERNMENT TO HIDE THEIR
DEVIOUS ACTS.

ONCE I FETCH THESE PHOTOS,
I POST THEM ANONYMOUSLY TO
A YOUTUBE STYLE WEB SITE PLEADING FOR
FEEDBACK.

BASED ON THAT FEEDBACK,
THE GOVERNMENT CAN START EITHER FIGURING

OUT WHAT HAPPENED OR PIN THE TAIL
ON A SCAPEGOAT TO AVOID BLAME.

ONE PARTICULAR NIGHT,
I WAS CALLED TO A HIGH PROFILE SUICIDE.

ONCE I ENTERED THE RESIDENCE,
I WAS IMMEDIATELY BRIEFED ON THE VERITY
OF THIS SUICIDE.

I WAS TOLD IT WAS GEORGE W. BUSH.

WHEN I ENTERED THE ROOM TO TAKE SHOTS
OF THE SCENE,
I NOTICED THAT HE WAS WEARING A
CREEPY RICHARD NIXON RUBBER MASK.

IT WAS EXPLAINED TO ME THAT BUSH TOOK
HIS LIFE AT THE URGING OF HIS FATHER,
CHENEY AND THE REST OF THE REPUBLICAN
ELITE TO REDEEM HIS HORRIBLE PRESIDENCY
AND ENSURE THAT THE REPUBLICANS RETAIN
THEIR POLITICAL Foothold ON THE ENTIRE SYSTEM.

FURTHER,
DICK CHENEY WAS TO BE THE NEXT PRESIDENT-ELECT,
ONCE IN CHARGE HE WAS GOING TO
INVADE IRAN AND PUT AMERICAN UNDER A
RARE INSTANCE OF MARTIAL LAW,
WRITTEN INTO THE PATRIOT ACT BY BOTH BUSH/CHENEY
AND UNBEKNOWNST TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC AT LARGE
FOR IT WAS A SMALL DETAIL, LIKE SO MANY IN THEIR
ADMINISTRATION, THAT WOULD COME BACK TO HAUNT US.

A NOTE WAS LEFT BEHIND BY BUSH DETAILING HOW HE
FELT SO BAD ABOUT HIS HORRIBLE PRESIDENCY,
THE SUFFERING OF THE WORLD AND THE AMERICAN PUBLIC
IN PARTICULAR.

IN RESPONSE TO THIS PLEA,
HE WAS TO BE HERALDED AS A MARTYR
AND HAVE THE PRAISE OF AMERICAN CITIZENS
ACROSS THE BOARD, MUCH LIKE AFTER 9/11/01
AND THERE HE WOULD BE FORGIVEN ALL HIS SINS
IN A SINISTER CHRIST LIKE MARTYR ACT,
BUT GRAVER AND FORGIVABLE BECAUSE OF

THE GENERAL WIDE SPREAD IDIOCY OF THE
AMERICAN PSYCHE.

.. and now that this dream has ended,
be can away to
the
cheer
of
an actual president-elect obama
and
the beginning of a much
sweeter,
and redeeming
dream.

BLOODY HANDS

for several
weeks
after the bittersweet,
abrupt passing
of my father
i had this
very warm,
thick,
gooey feeling
that
blood was leaking
from my hands
and would persist
in a sticky,
we vibe that
wouldn't go
away no matter how
hard i shook
them around
or wiggled them
like puppets in a
theater for kids.

and the night my
father passed,
i had this very distinct
feeling of numb in my
feet.

this persisted for
some days until
the feeling
of blood
oozing from
the webs of
my fingers.

and now,
there are no more
of those odd
invisible sensations
coursing through
my bones.

now,
it's the ataxia
that his lurched into
my brain
that makes me
peer closer and
closer into his phone number
programmed into mine
that makes me
want to dial
every once in a while
just to hear his
theory on
my once tingly
feet
and
bleeding hands.

amen.

dear god,

why?

(just why.)

father roll

what
if
i
was
supposed
to really
be
my
father's
father
my
kids
are
to
later
transform
into
my
father
comfort.

is
that
the
way
life
works,
or
am
i
just
still
in
a
big
dream
of
denial?

fatherly dreams

i have
had a handful
of
vivid dreams
with my
deceased father.

at the end of
each,
he is in crisp clothes
from his beloved dry cleaners.

a pleaded black pair of pants,
while button up shirt,
shiny glass black shoes.

sort of like what i wore
to his actual funeral.

and each time,
he embraces me wide
with the eyes of
love,
wonder
and
sorrow for not being
around any more.

i have awoke with tears,
but mainly i recall
all the specific circumstances
of each dream conclusion.

at one point,
his best friend,
bobby joe
was in my garage asking me
questions about him.

the other,
he was in a lord of the rings
style set rummaging around
a
forest of trees.

in one other,
i heard his voice from the other
room
and when i tore in
to see him,
it was a mere child
much the way he looked
when he was young
and i was the only one that
knew it was him.

and as these dreams
dwindle and
i know
further
and
further
that
shock
is becoming
a harder reality
of sustainability,
i dream
of
a
time
when
i
may
be
able
to
tell
him
all
of
this as he
replies,
'SHIT, I FELT SO GOOD THAT
NIGHT I DIED. THAT WOULD HAVE
BEEN THE LAST THING I WOULD HAVE
EVER THOUGHT WOULD HAPPEN.
AIN'T THAT SOME SHIT.
WE ARE ALL IN A PICKLE, EH.'

fatherly scribbles

s

when i see
all the notes
of
sloppy handwriting
and misspelled words
and a general
lack of
overall writing power
from my
father who
left this planet
several months back,
i realize that
it doesn't matter
and wouldn't
have made a shred of
difference in his life
of
brilliant
discourse,
amazing storytelling
and
a dazzling ability
to have made
everyone around him
remember at least
one thing,
and usually more,
that he
would
give
unselfishly
to
a
crowd.

father's final peace

I only
really remembered
the peaceful look on
my father's face
as i was the first
to arrive to his
bedside after he had passed.

his arm was lurched
back gracefully
and his face was full of
that bubbly,
next level
as the brazen fact
hung tightly
in that room
that
he had finally
give in to the
fact that
life finally
caught up
to his
brain.

FORWARD AND BACKWARD SHADOWS

i have
had a handful
of
vivid dreams
with my
deceased father.

at the end of
each,
he is in crisp clothes
from his beloved dry cleaners.

a pleaded black pair of pants,
while button up shirt,
shiny glass black shoes.

sort of like what i wore
to his actual funeral.

and each time,
he embraces me wide
with the eyes of
love,
wonder
and
sorrow for not being
around any more.

i have awoke with tears,
but mainly i recall
all the specific circumstances
of each dream conclusion.

at one point,
his best friend,
bobby joe
was in my garage asking me
questions about him.

the other,
he was in a lord of the rings
style set rummaging around
a
forest of trees.

in one other,
i heard his voice from the other
room
and when i tore in
to see him,
it was a mere child
much the way he looked
when he was young
and i was the only one that
knew it was him.

and as these dreams
dwindle and
i know
further
and
further
that
shock
is becoming
a harder reality
of sustainability,
i dream
of
a
time
when
i
may
be
able
to
tell
him
all
of
this as he
replies,
'SHIT, I FELT SO GOOD THAT
NIGHT I DIED. THAT WOULD HAVE
BEEN THE LAST THING I WOULD HAVE
EVER THOUGHT WOULD HAPPEN.
AIN'T THAT SOME SHIT.
WE ARE ALL IN A PICKLE, EH.'

ga-gwa leader

my non-verbal,
but
trying,
3-year old
told
me
in the bath
last night
that i
was the
leader of a
new
race
of babies
called 'ga-gwa'
and i take
that
newly
anointed
responsibility
very,
very
seriously.

george w. hitler

i
just
cannot
shake
a
recent
quote
from
vonnegut;

"THE
ONLY
DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN
BUSH
AND
HITLER
IS
THAT
HITLER
WAS
ACTUALLY
VOTED
IN
BY
THE
PEOPLE."

and
at
this
i'm
saddened
a
bit
at
the
passing
of
folks
in
his

generation
that
so
easily
see
the
truths
that
make
most
americans
continue
to
make
bad
decisions.

I

take a host
of pictures
of
spiders,
sunsets,
obama speaking in kc,
a homeless guy,
a honey bee on a flower,
my zen boy at karate,
my miles asleep,
a glob of something on
the ground
is just
one more way
that i'm memorializing
my father
an the last
camera he bought
on this planet

and i'm sure
he's
off in a heavenly nirvana
with a smoke
and
a stout bourbon
on the rocks
in
a
land that
needs no camera.s

if the world is really going to hell in a hand basket,

i would like to

be in back of this tram

ride

like a the zoo

or a roller coaster ride

with a carton of

camel wifes,

bottle of crown royal

laughing

at how

we all

thought we had this life

figured out

as

the

rabbi

grabs my shoulder

saying,

'THIS IS ONE

HELLUVA DREAM, EH?'

as i rear forward

to see my wife silently

breathing

and

wicker

trash basket lying loudly

in

the

room's

corner.

in all the memories

of my
gone father,
i recall all those
times that
i would go to work
with him and
watch him
weave together his sales
magic.

namely,
i remember his work ethic
and how that
would soak into my bones.

other times,
i remember sneaking off
into the back
of a seafood shop
he was working at
to down a
stack of marinated squid
in the back of a cold refrigerator.

and how he used to tell
all his pals he would introduce me to
that i would do something different with
my life
because i wasn't going to be a dummy like
him.

it now makes me sad that he felt that strongly
enough to tell his work pals,
and me.

and now that i'm doing something entirely
different from him in
all my art,
writing,
technology, ways,
i feel like we are all dummies just
trying to make a buck in a capitalistic
society
that allows us.

namely,
i try to strive for how he
so willingly raised a family,
said a joke,
cooked a quality meal
and loved in a way
that would be impossible to put
onto paper,
but would impel me to put onto
a simple
plop of paper
as he
rests
his much
sought after
and
noble
rest.

joe bird

i once
again
saw
my
father's
spirit
in
a
gaggle
of
geese
that
flew
over
my
head as i
stopped,
pause,
waited,
watched,
smiled,
then
took my son
out
of his seat
to
go
into
another
moment
with
and
without.

just shy

i almost
ran out of gas
driving to be a
pallbearer to put my father
into the ground
properly and
i know that he
around somewhere
on that warm,
sunny day
looking down with
and odd look
as i pulled in
last in the
procession line
with a huge sigh
of relief
as i lived when he
knew of me
in true,
nose over the finish
line fashion as we all
stayed true
to everything we ever
wanted to know
about
anything.

key help

i just
now noticed
that on
my new
lapper
i have
tiny
raised lines
under
my
'f' and 'j' keys
to
help me
add
some extra
impact to words
like
fuck,
jerk,
fart,
jack,
flip,
jaunt,
fling,
japan,
fraught,
juke
and
farewell.

my father's real prowess

when i see
all the notes
of
sloppy handwriting
and misspelled words
and a general
lack of
overall writing power
from my
father who
left this planet
several months back,
i realize that
it doesn't matter
and wouldn't
have made a shred of
difference in his life
of
brilliant
discourse,
amazing storytelling
and
a dazzling ability
to have made
everyone around him
remember at least
one thing,
and usually more,
that he
would
give
unselfishly
to
a
crowd.

real karma

a young
high
school girl
named
kara
went missing from
this town my family and i
recently moved
to.

she's been gone
for over
a
year
and
there are signs
all over that say,
'FIND KARA'

and many times i
see this sign
i see it reading the following:
'FIND KARMA'

and it makes complete sense to me.

we all need to find karma.

and if this girl every finds her
way back home or gets
discovered,
the credo of FIND KARMA
will make complete
and
absolute sense.

REFORMED SMOKE

when active
and reformed hippies
spend and out
drug beyond
their needs
then
explain to me
how
they
can't either help it,
without saying it,
or try to fork
over their agro
tip toe through
this reality
i
begin to
fade,
fade,
fade away
into some distant
patch of cloud to
take a rest as
their finally
say
'good-bye'
and
i say
hello
to closed
eye
lids
and
no
more
trite
lies.

seeping

sometimes
when i drive by
big,
lush
groves
of wooded
areas
and see
a 'keep out'
sign
it really looks
like 'seep out'
to me with
the aggravated orchestra
of browns,
greens,
yellows,
reds,
oranges,
and other shades of brown and green
as i imagine a
field of animals,
musical notes
and other imaginary
pals just SEEPING OUT
from
the confines of nature
that hide
what's within.

sometimes

i
stop in amazement
that my father never
said
'i love you'
in his entire life to me.

then,
i stop further wondering
what kind of childhood
he had to not want to give
that to his kids.

then,
i stop again wondering how
in the amblings of love he gave
to the world
and how thick his tough guy facade
wouldn't let anything like that get spoken.

the,
i stop and wonder at how many nights
he would muse with me in drunk amblings
and it never slipped out from his mouth.

then,
i feel that it's fine.

i won't do it to my kids
and i love my father all fine
just the way he was
and will never change
as
i continue to plow through
all my earthly questions
in his
silent,
long
absence.

soon,
my only biological
son will
be
4
and
i am beginning
to
feel
like he
and i am
getting
very old.

with every movement,
attempt to speak,
attempt to
poop on his own in the toilet,
every meal he works hard to eat,
every moment he stretches with
his kid intuition,
every truism he leaves behind,
every obsession that sticks,
every toy he loses,
every laugh he infuses in another,
every cat he brings a bit of fear to,
every horse he points at and laughs with,
every donkey visit that brings him
an ounce of pure joy,
every kiss he plants on his mom,
every time he screams for his brother,
every movement that is of
me,
every gesture that is of his mom,
every good habit he learned from
his brother
have
finally collaborated into
the grandest ballet i could
ever imagine as
i'm sure
his 4th birthday
will be another testament
to
why we all become
parents

and
find that unconditional
is so
fucking
better
than any condition
i could
ever
need.

tale of 2 fathers

my father in law
and father's
recent passing
was enveloped
in their own
version of
grasping theology.

my father in particular,
never really went to church,
discussed religion with us kids
and had a general air that
he wasn't so much into
the whole
walk of theology.

but,
towards the end things changed.

and i'm sure
they were both reclaiming
the strength and serenity
through their own loss of parents
as they
gently polished the litany of
possibilities beyond their aging
brains
as
their
tackled the
reality of
their looming
deaths and
the
newly
enormous,
unknown chapters
they were going to
have to
etch with
a regular package
of
blue
bic pens.

the biggest joke and triumph

i
feel
at
the
end
of
each
day
is
that
we are
all
simultaneously
the
biggest
joke
as
we
survive
day
to
fucking
day
down
here
on
this
hurtling
rock
of
infinite possibilities
and
manage
to
stay
alive
as
long
as
we
damned
well
do
like
tiny

slips
of
miracle
making
jesus
survive
so strongly
and buddha
smile so heartily
in an
atheists'
forgotten dream.

the grit of losing the best generations

i
just
cannot
shake
a
recent
quote
from
vonnegut;

"THE
ONLY
DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN
BUSH
AND
HITLER
IS
THAT
HITLER
WAS
ACTUALLY
VOTED
IN
BY
THE
PEOPLE."

and
at
this
i'm
saddened
a
bit
at
the
passing
of
folks
in
his
generation
that

so
easily
see
the
truths
that
make
most
americans
continue
to
make
bad
decisions.

the hero kid

there's one tall,
lanky,
uncoordinated,
serious,
diligent
kid in my 10-year old's
karate class
that always
mimics
the instructors
moves in a
slow,
latent motion
and
at the
end
of
each of these
he is that last one
to
make his
customary
scream
and
when
he does
i
always
let out
a
small,
little laugh
as
all the rest of the parents
and
instructors
carry on in their
set
of
serious
goals
from
the
next

unfunny
moment
they
all share
with
each other.

the new karate kid

there's one
talk,
lanky,
uncoordinated,
serious,
diligent
kid in my 10-year old's
karate class
that always
mimics
the instructors
moves in a
slow,
latent motion
and
at the
end
of
each of these
he is that last one
to
make his
customary
scream
and
when
he does
i
always
let out
a
small,
little laugh
as
all the rest of the parents
and
instructors
carry on in their
set
of
serious
goals
from
the

next
unfunny
moment
they
all share
with
each other.

the very last time i called my father

on the phone
was while driving by
the air force base he
relocated to in
rural missouri
which is now a
huge NAFTA facility.

and as i thought about
his trek from New York
to see the world via the air force,
he got stationed at
richard's gebaur to fall in love
and make all us kids.

while his phone rang over
and
over and over
again,
i knew i was going
to tell him,
'HOW YOU HANGING IN THERE PAL.'

and i was going to go
on about how i was driving by
the old air force base i now live next to
hoping that it would infuse a bit
more life into his dying bones
as
the
phone rang
at least 30 times.

it was as i past the last
of the air force base that i
clicked the phone closed
and
got
a
bit
nervous about
the
future
as
he

passed
just
three days
later
with a silent phone in his
room
and
a
silent
pre-labor day
night
planning
it's
next
moment
without
my
father.

true fathering

what
if
i
was
supposed
to really
be
my
father's
father
my
kids
are
to
later
transform
into
my
father
comfort.

is
that
the
way
life
works,
or
am
i
just
still
in
a
big
dream
of
denial?

true karate colors

what if
the karate belt
system is
an accurate
reflection of
our
society and
we never
got
it.

so,
with the white as
the beginning,
weakest,
we progress through
a peacock of colors
to the mighty black
and all it's renowned,
asian virtues.

wouldn't all of us
be shamed at this
metaphorical
truism ..

utter peace

I only
really remembered
the peaceful look on
my father's face
as i was the first
to arrive to his
bedside after he had passed.

his arm was lurched
back gracefully
and his face was full of
that bubbly,
next level
as the brazen fact
hung tightly
in that room
that
he had finally
give in to the
fact that
life finally
caught up
to his
brain.

what if

the karate belt
system is
an accurate
reflection of
our
society and
we never
got
it.

so,
with the white as
the beginning,
weakest,
we progress through
a peacock of colors
to the mighty black
and all it's renowned,
asian virtues.

wouldn't all of us
be shamed at this
metaphorical
truism ..

when active and reformed hippies

spend and out
drug beyond
their needs
then
explain to me
how
they
can't either help it,
without saying it,
or try to fork
over their agro
tip toe through
this reality
i
begin to
fade,
fade,
fade away
into some distant
patch of cloud to
take a rest as
their finally
say
'good-bye'
and
i say
hello
to closed
eye
lids
and
no
more
trite
lies.

woke one morning to a stolen car

lying like
a lost child
in the front of our house.

when the cop
asked through the loud
peals of rain
and thunder in our garage
if we saw someone park
this or when we noticed it
or anything that would help,
i answered a resounding no
in early morning fog
wishing he would just give me a
cup of water and do away
with idiotic questioning
and imbuing a tinge of possible
guilt
just in case i had awoke in
the middle of the night
and stole this car myself
on a forgettable foray into
dream land,
then parked it on accident in
front of my own house.

and has this scenario began
taking more and
more form
like a newly modeled pile of
art in a child's working imagination,
i saw the cop ready,
turn on his heels and leave
letting me
get a cup of
coffee into my gullet
before
he
comes back to
arrest me
in an imaginary
hoax
that
is
as

concrete
as to why
some
joy rider
would
pull us into
their illegal web
as the tow
truck
carts
the
carcass away from
our yard of
questions into
a whole
other
set of questions.