



## Joefiles 128

Cowlick Tornado Roars On!

## Another jesus theory

What  
if  
Jesus  
was  
the  
mailman  
that  
put  
a  
hopeful  
note  
under  
my  
cold  
snowy  
windshield  
as  
he  
furrowed  
forward  
In  
frigid  
shorts  
only  
to  
have  
an  
angry  
devil  
midget  
remove  
it  
and  
use  
it  
in  
the

neighbor's  
fire  
to  
keep  
things  
all  
fucking  
toasty.

**boil**

my

soup

till

it's

old,

steal

my

favorite

toiled

shoes,

and

i

swear

i

will

find

you.

## **Buckehead list**

your  
favorite  
commercial  
is  
yet  
another  
fond  
street  
the  
executive  
gets  
to  
go  
down  
one  
last  
time  
as  
you  
try  
to  
imagine  
what  
your  
first  
time  
would  
fucking  
be  
like.

## **celebrity dribble**

is  
collecting  
in  
the  
bottom  
of  
a  
used  
whiskey  
cup  
at  
the  
devil's  
favorite  
restaurant  
on  
the  
corner  
edge  
at  
the  
end  
of  
the  
damn  
universe.

## **construction folks**

are the worst  
kind of people  
in the american machine  
as they spit their  
cigarette smoke in  
your metaphor  
and lie  
yet again  
about what they can do  
and why there couldn't  
get it done  
on time  
as  
the  
rest of  
the world  
eventually  
walks on their work  
forgetting  
that  
they ever had to deal  
with such venom  
to  
heal  
the  
worth of  
a  
nasty  
bite  
from the ego.

## Delicious fish

i  
ate  
the  
best sushi  
of  
my  
life  
tonight  
and  
proved  
yet again  
that  
there  
is nothing  
more  
profound  
as  
taste  
and  
nothing  
more  
fearful  
than  
knowing  
your  
favorite  
thing  
to  
eat  
is  
way  
the  
fuck  
out  
of town.



**dirty**

jewelry  
vendors  
conspire  
to  
make  
you  
dudes  
never  
forget  
where  
you  
lost  
that  
locket  
of  
coal  
with  
your  
lingering  
pang  
of  
blue  
balls.

## **don't fool**

yourself,  
children,  
the tofu is  
angry,  
with bloodshot eye  
and will  
find you  
hiding  
behind  
your  
fry box  
to  
shake  
out  
what  
was needed from  
the  
missing  
recipe  
list.

## Dreamy ether

i'm for damned sure  
that somewhere above me  
in  
the  
invisible hope of  
our human  
theological dreams  
in  
melting fantasy,  
my  
old man is sipping  
the  
best cognac of all time  
with frank sinatra  
while mae west waits in  
the corner  
giggling at my  
dad's jokes  
while  
the  
chairman of the board  
asks where my old man  
was the whole time on  
this  
shimmering blue rock  
that didn't  
hold  
onto him for  
long enough.

## End times

Here in the approaching  
cold of 2010 and a new  
revival of the neo-cons  
romp into Washington,  
I keep hearing about  
a  
woman named Palin.

Her daughter dances,  
the others shoot animals,  
and she twirls about  
with fans popping helium dreams  
of fiction above their heads.

The other day,  
she said that  
she would be  
our President Obama  
in 2010.

With this,  
I saw the big red  
button from the  
last Saturday Night Live  
skit  
squeeze down below the  
metal  
as the Mayan  
prophecy of 12-12-12  
finally  
returned into  
my  
brain  
as  
the  
prophecy

the golly, gosh darn  
change seeking Palins  
with finally get.

So,  
make plenty of paper pictures  
for  
when the aliens land,  
see a President Palin poster,  
they can also see  
you  
and  
how  
we devolved  
to  
Sarah's finale.

## Escaping the north

one morning i heard  
a  
man  
talking to a girl at the target  
like he knew her from years,  
or may have helped give birth to her.

he assured her that all was good  
and triumphantly swung his arms  
in energetic unison as  
he saddled up behind me  
just itching to say something,  
anything.

i kept looking forward knowing  
that soon,  
he was going to snare  
the cashier and  
i would find out  
what he was all about.

as he asked her how she was,  
he came back with a fabulous.

he continued ..

each day i'm alive is a  
miracle and testament to go.

i escaped the north koreans  
and never looked back.

now,  
i have grandkids and the world  
is a delightful place.

in his 60's,

most of his act done,  
i thought  
this is the way  
to bring a full book  
of life to the table  
as  
the  
humdrum of consumerism  
when back down to  
white noise  
when the force known  
as the  
target stranger  
left the  
building.

## **facebook**

is  
proof  
that  
we  
have  
tapped  
out  
our  
social  
potential  
to  
be  
genuine  
and  
nice  
as  
the  
world  
of  
jazz  
does  
the  
same  
trying to  
find  
real  
innovative  
talent  
once  
again.



## Great & grand collective past

There  
are  
so  
many  
echoes  
clanging  
around  
down  
here  
after  
each  
and  
every  
person  
that  
has  
been  
alive  
once  
is  
gone  
that  
it's  
lucky  
we  
can  
either  
say  
anything  
or  
hear  
anything  
clearly.

## Grunting darkness....

while the dark  
cloud of ding dongs  
and  
sheep  
flew  
to the voting  
polls with  
brown covered glasses,  
the rest of  
us  
briefly held our breaths  
as  
the  
ship slowly sank  
into  
the  
quick sand we just got  
out  
of  
and  
if you  
ask  
me  
how things are going  
here in 2010 when  
george w. bush is  
back in the  
spotlight  
getting a  
library built  
and people  
anxious for his  
return,  
i would say  
the car  
has flown off the  
cliff into

a  
lake  
of  
gasoline  
while  
the  
tiny kid  
with a cigarette in  
his mouth  
flicks  
it  
on  
in  
as  
the  
sound  
of  
heat  
rises.

## Hat car

i  
usually  
feel  
the  
worst  
for  
the  
napa  
auto  
parts dude  
that  
has  
to  
drive  
around  
in  
a  
car  
that  
has  
a hat  
on  
the fucking  
top  
of it  
like  
some  
kid  
stuck  
perpetually  
in  
summer  
camp  
hoping  
that  
funny  
feeling

will  
never,  
ever wear off.

## **love means**

you feel

what

separation

feels

like

as

much

as

attachment.

## **mesmerized**

by the  
twirl of all the  
nighttime dryers  
in the laundry mat  
as the people crawl around  
like rusty robots  
and the  
fluorescent lights  
liquefy the dreams  
dripping from  
all the want ads lying  
on the used,  
dirtied countertops,  
and as i whiz on by,  
i sniff the air  
to find the cleanest spot  
living to rid the  
dirt here on  
the  
west end of town.

## **my fading**

high school years

memories are

on

life

support

as

the

spread of

amnesia

has

gone into

my

20's,

old college

friends,

past co-workers

and

likely

you

if

you

didn't

grab

onto

my

psyche

all

mad

and

ready

to

live

with

some

good

god damned

metaphor



liquor.

## My memory of the morning woman

the  
mary  
j.  
blige  
woman  
in  
morning's  
yellow  
light  
looks  
like  
she  
just  
might  
become  
the  
next  
queen  
of  
a  
forgotten  
empire  
if  
she  
won't  
let  
the  
an  
get  
her  
down  
and  
decides  
that  
a new  
lipstick  
is

the  
key  
to  
next  
year.

## My personal karmic trail

if you ever  
wonder  
what the guy  
that gets stuck  
by  
the  
new train moving over  
the tracks  
or  
the  
crazy person  
counting change for  
minutes on end to  
get the right  
deal,  
that would be me  
with  
my  
own version  
of  
saving  
time and cutting  
corners  
as  
the  
jack  
of  
all  
karma  
deals  
lurks  
in  
a  
white misty cloud  
to  
remind  
me

that  
i  
may win  
sometimes,  
but it will  
simply  
not last  
until  
the  
last  
winning  
lottery  
ticket  
gets  
mailed  
in  
anonymously  
to  
a  
worthy  
charity.

## **New coffee home**

after a decade of  
sipping good warm liquid  
in the finest city,  
independently ran  
coffeehouses,  
i have finally  
found my dusty dance  
shoes in the throws  
of suburban living  
and have accepted  
the alka seltzer  
that a strip mall  
starbucks is going  
to have to work  
for my late night  
stops to find  
the rest of the human  
race alive and living  
besides being at work,  
watching TV,  
going to the store,  
attending kid events  
or any of the other  
musings of being  
a responsible adult  
thinking the  
calendar is one  
of the more interesting  
things hanging on  
the wall in my home.

**no offense,**

hero,

but

i

heard

in

an

echo

that

planet

earth

secretly

thinks

you're

a

real

damned

jerk.

## **oh the romanticism**

of the skunk  
and that  
overbearing  
scent of  
its  
natural defenses.

i'm sure  
in my evening  
nostrils of  
stench  
it would have  
to  
go  
down as one  
of  
the  
most admired  
and powerful animals in the  
kingdom.

then,  
i think very briefly about  
what i would do if  
i hit one with my car  
or  
got it on my hands  
and decided  
there must  
be another animal out  
there that  
can  
protect me  
from  
all  
that  
smelly



fucking  
karma  
of  
the  
world.

## Palin punch bowl

an  
old  
and  
lingering  
John  
McCain  
fart  
is  
called  
a  
Sarah  
Palin  
and  
when  
the  
stench  
leaves  
before  
you  
know  
it  
happened,  
your  
neo-con  
pals  
are  
going  
to  
punch  
their  
asses  
loose  
having  
fallen  
for it.

## Psycho recycler

after serving my son  
zen and his pals  
a feast of food  
for the second night  
in a row,  
i was washing  
the few dirty dishes  
in the sink  
when his more  
inquisitive,  
question asking  
pal sidled up beside  
me  
and asked,  
'ARE YOU PSYCHO?'

i calmly  
said,  
'WHY?'

and kept going  
about my way  
wondering why  
he would ask  
that as  
he  
took down the last of  
his soda  
with bent  
head  
and  
said  
again,  
'ARE YOU PSHYCO?'

at this,  
i stopped  
and asked him,  
'WHAT DO YOU MEAN?'

he looked into my face  
and said,  
'DO YOU RECYCLE?'

oh.

I went turned the water back  
on and said,  
'NO, WE DON'T RECYCLE.  
THEY MAKE IT TOO DIFFICULT  
OUT HERE IN THE BURBS.'

as he left the room  
with the echo of the metal  
trash tin in the air,  
i said,  
'MAN, I THOUGHT  
YOU WERE ASKING IF I WAS PSYCHO.'

with this,  
he giggled on his quick  
12-year old boy pace  
and  
i thought  
he  
may have  
been  
onto  
something for  
a  
moment.

## **Ricky boy**

yesterday  
was  
a  
damn fined  
day  
when  
i  
found  
that  
rick sanchez  
finally  
dug  
his  
grave  
and  
threw  
the  
dirt  
over  
his  
own  
idiot  
shadow  
for  
the  
world  
to  
find  
another  
grain  
of  
justice  
in  
the  
radiohead  
lyric,

'you do it to yourself, you do.'

## Rural crazy

in our new home  
of belton, missouri,  
i have been keeping a  
sharp eye on  
the craziest prowling the streets.

after some years,  
i found a thin,  
old,  
gray haired woman  
with a plain face  
and curious eyes  
that always has a bad in her  
hand.

she is either picking  
up cans off the side of  
the road,  
or she has a black bag  
covering a host of secrets she will  
make sure she  
won't let the world know about.

and as her wild eyes survey  
the world around her  
with the blend of  
massive trucks  
and tiny beaters leaking  
pollutants,  
i can see in the tiny folds around her  
eyes that she  
is the one  
to reckon in this town.

the rabid sage  
in her head full of

smarts figuring  
out all the answers  
before  
we  
mouth  
the  
questions.



## **Rural, baby**

you could  
wake up  
in 1985  
in some twist  
on  
back to the future  
in belton, missouri  
and the only things  
that would be  
different would  
be  
the  
weather,  
jet stream  
and  
some  
tree sizes ..

where 1985 lives  
like  
a  
snail  
in  
a  
deal  
with  
a  
genie.

**Shit**

Sue,

do

you

really

want

a

Shih Tzu?

## South pawns

when travelling  
down south  
in missouri,  
i always find the  
crux of small america  
as signs of  
abolishing the  
US relationship with the UN  
blares,  
along with a simple sign  
to watch glenn beck  
and then the massive  
theological proclamations  
that god is real  
while the glare of dick's liquors  
glows off everything needing  
an melting of the edge  
at the end of the day  
as  
the sun sets on a  
cross ready to crumble under years  
of weak wood  
and as the  
't' shadow becomes  
the moon's reflection,  
it's dreamtime for the  
small towners  
ready to scrawl new messages  
of  
tomorrow for  
all  
to  
drive  
my  
and  
eventually  
forget,

if lucky.

## Sports boil

football's  
proclivity  
to  
always  
highlighting  
the  
amount  
of  
sacks  
in  
one  
game  
makes  
me  
thing  
that  
it  
might  
just  
be  
so  
full  
of  
tension  
and  
testosterone  
that  
no  
act  
of  
sex  
could  
release  
what  
it  
means.



## Suburban starbucks talk

i'm listening to a tall white guy,  
a possible parent or brother  
grill a young girl  
about going to japan for  
a year  
and as i hear tiny slips of  
public talk over  
my music,  
i think  
in her trepidation  
heightened by confidence,  
she  
is  
probably  
the bravest person i have  
met in this town  
and i will never meet her  
as  
she goes out into the fucking  
world to meet the lions  
and forget the name  
of  
this  
small  
town  
that  
birthed her.

## Talk to me, Milo

the insistent  
orchestration of  
sounds,  
requests,  
needs,  
grunts,  
signs,  
bits of speech,  
expressions,  
wrinkles on head,  
points,  
waggles of tongue  
and  
other assorted  
slips of language make  
me love  
him  
more in  
his  
5 years of  
struggling to  
get  
his point  
across  
as  
we  
wait,  
and wait,  
hoping that  
one  
day  
there  
will be a box  
of  
tissue  
around  
when he



begins  
to  
sing  
so loudly  
we won't  
remember  
anything  
but  
the  
sound.

## Teenage love

is  
always  
full of  
some amount of  
blood letting  
no  
matter  
how  
good  
or  
horrifying  
it  
is  
at  
the  
end  
of  
your  
proverbial  
rope  
swing.

## The chosen one

the man  
with the  
massive  
bat man  
logo  
in the back  
of the ford truck  
is trying  
to get a  
mattress  
back  
into his  
truck bed  
as the daylight  
drowns  
out the  
bat signal  
being obscured by  
blaring  
light  
overhead.

**the color**

of

autumn

is

the

beginning

of

the

end

and

a

reminder

that

the

beginning

is

slowly

becoming

the

finish.

## The fuck you morning

one morning  
not long back,  
my wife said,  
'fuck you.  
i cannot believe you  
didn't call me for three days.'

what? i asked.

'when we met,'  
she began.  
'you didn't call me  
for 3 days.'

oh shit,  
i thought.

i figured i would never  
hear anything about it  
ever again.

there was no hello,  
oh by the way,  
it started with fuck  
and ended with 3 days later.

i said i didn't know  
what to say.

sorry, maybe.

and i went off to work.

later in the day,  
she said sorry,  
i was having a bit of the PMS.

and then i began to wonder  
what it would be like to get  
stoned and still be in pain  
while emotionally charged,  
just trying to imagine  
what it would feel like.

it may take me three days.

it may take me longer.

but i'm a gonna try to  
figure it  
out if it takes  
me  
3,000 days.

## **the jerk wads**

anxiously  
fly into  
the middle median  
lane to  
vie for a  
real spot in  
traffic  
are the  
true  
parasites  
of  
the road  
that  
need to have a cop hiding  
in  
their backseat when  
they do  
this trick  
so that  
they can  
slap that book  
of tickets across their  
mouth that  
it induces such a  
fit of pseudo-electroshock  
that they  
never  
decide to do  
something so ungraceful  
like that behind the  
wheel ever again.

## **The ruffians**

can go on  
ahead and  
do the honor  
of shaving  
their  
face,  
head,  
balls  
and  
arm pits  
to  
show  
off  
all  
their  
soupy  
fucking  
parts  
in  
protest.



## **thelonius**

i  
really  
dig  
knowing  
and  
love  
hearing  
monk  
muttering  
over  
his  
crescendos  
and  
solos  
in  
a  
ragged  
waggle  
as  
the  
audience  
eternally  
delights  
in  
what  
he is  
not  
verbalizing  
in  
the  
intensity  
of  
what  
he  
is  
communicating.



## Time talk

the ballad  
of having no time  
is  
all at once  
the  
rant that  
is full of  
too much time.

for,  
to tell the world  
you simply don't have a  
moment to do something  
as  
small as  
say you  
don't have  
a  
moment to  
do  
what few care  
about,  
means  
you  
have  
lost

and  
there  
is  
no  
turning  
the  
hand  
of  
time

back on that one,  
kiddo.

## Today/tomorrow/yesterday

today  
mind as well  
sucker punch  
yesterday,  
because  
tomorrow is waiting  
behind a brick wall  
with his pals  
last month and  
1976  
to kick  
the holy  
fucking  
shit out  
of  
that  
thing  
called  
today ..

**twitter**

is

a

time bomb

that

will

blow up

in

the

stomach

of

someone's

face

&

book.

## **UFO family**

my only  
sure pop culture  
bet these  
days  
is  
that  
the  
old  
bubble  
boy  
dad  
is working  
on  
an  
actual  
UFO in his  
personal  
area 51  
to shuttle  
his  
shamed ass  
off our blue  
rock  
towards the  
wide  
open blackness  
of  
space  
where  
he  
certainly  
fucking belongs.

## **Wet-n-dry**

they  
say  
you  
get  
wetter  
when  
you  
run  
in  
a  
rain  
storm.

i  
think  
you  
should  
crawl  
real  
fast  
with  
a  
cup  
in  
your  
hand  
and  
gulp  
that  
water  
down  
once  
you  
stop  
to  
immortalize  
all



the  
slow  
fastness  
you  
have  
become.

## **white men**

in  
their  
late 30's  
rely on  
a huge satchel  
of memories  
from youth  
to  
keep  
them  
gliding  
from day to week,  
i find  
that  
the  
only thing  
reliable is change.

season to season,  
kid year to kid year,  
time to time,  
book to book,  
painting to painting,  
end to end  
and  
everything  
that  
will  
never  
be the  
same  
again.

## **wrinkle**

your  
slacks,  
call  
sick  
into  
work  
and  
finally  
forget  
why  
you  
were  
originally  
conceived  
in  
the  
first  
place.