



Joefiles 132

Lost in the Ire of Finding Irony

The biggest fireworks display

Just ended
And I caught
Tiny dots of
What looked like wandering
Planets and
Lonely stars
Poking over the
Dark black broccoli limbs of night ..

Rifling with an intensity on this 7th day of
July
Trying to make up for the
Holiday that
Can never quite capture how
Badly we disliked the brits
And thought Hitler invented poison
For rats.

And here in the cricket calm of night,
The dark slips around my fingers like
A blanket I can never buy
And the ladybugs of day hide
A little tighter under their dirtied
Rock thinking the end is here
While us
People just
Felt our hearts slow
Down a bit
In a dash of
9:40ish
adrenaline ..

my hand

hit the side of
the golden plastic
of the mirror and I
felt the
hard swish of seven years
soar through
my other hands
fingertips
and as I walked away slowly
pondering luck
and destruction on
both halves of my
brain,
I touched the large
Ears of our mixed basenji
With that queenly snout
And matter of fact air
That says no matter
How many mirrors
Die today,
The myth is never
Stronger than flesh
And
Maroon red blood.

for the first time

in a month
I woke to a home
That my mother was not in.

Nearing 70,
She needed
Some help and
A storied transition
Into the next painful phases of
Her life.

And on this first morning,
I didn't hesitate to
Go into the bathroom for as long
As I wanted
As I glanced at the
Dark curtains in her
Attic room
And felt
I am overwhelmed by
How life
Can teeter totter in ways
Fiction,
Literature,
Hollywood,
Columbia records,
Teachers,
Dieties,
Devils
And the like
Could
Never
Ever
Explain
No matter
How
Hard
They
Tried.

No dreaming

I believe
I have lost the ability
To dream
At
Night.

Nothing for months.

Maybe slivers here
And there of
Faint,
Quashed memory that will
Evaporate like the last cloud
In my warming water.

But,
All the conquests,
Emporers,
Collapses,
Rises,
Flying,
Diving,
Thriving
And clown parades have
Left the head
And
Instead have given way to
An atheist death march
Where the eyes close forever
And there is just unremembered dark.

And I miss all of those images,
And fictitious runs through the subconscious valleys
Of unfulfilled dreams and deed.

So,
As the cold white wine slips easy over my tongue
And I imagine the pre-prequel to the hobbit coming
To life in my head from the fresh cigar smoke
Of a Tolkein visit to my head,
I hold hopeful wisdom and
The
Chance that this is out there

That tonight ..

This very night ..

I will once again rise

Triumphant like a frog in a silver jewel encrusted frog

Naked on the best lilly pad in the world

To

Once

Again

Enter that

Glorious realm

Of

Dream.

The Dr. Kitty

our fantasy named cat,
dr. kitty,
is the thirstiest creature I have ever
been around.

Always scavenging for water and ignoring
His own bowl,
He hops on counters and
Shoves his head under drips from
The silver spigot to get
Some tiny spokes
Of water to keep him moving.

And even when the water
Tarnishes his
hard licked fur,
he's in a land of nirvana
knowing that his
mouth is tasting the miracle ..

those drops of soul
that keep the cat cooler
than a fucking
pack of ice cubes in a flame encrusted
ice tray.

Bulldog

we are in the process of
getting my mother's 8 year old bulldog
either placed in our home or
adopted.

Either way,
This big slobbering,
Lumbering,
Burping,
Snorthing,
Sneezing,
Gagging,
Farting,
Warbling
Mass of genetic wonder
Has our other dogs and cat
In a perpetual state of
Shock
And fear.

It's bad enough
That I have dubbed
The English bulldog known as lulu
As the Bullblob.

The mass of meat with
Thick pork ribbed legs
Is the most charm,
Personality fueled bulldog
I have ever been around
And fight to
Wonder if I can get rid of it.

But,
As the dry nose comes forth
And licks my hand
And dances around my shadow,
I feel the blob is becoming
More than a mass of flesh
And something
That either way
We decide
Will never leave

The memory
Or
Fade from
The ether of now.

Our miles

one of the more
wondrous levels of
my son miles who is
clinically dubbed 'autism spectrum'
is that he trots at a pace through life
that is void of
so many barriers that will allow him
to let go on a joke
or puke when his body cannot handle enough laughter ..

his level of being aware of what a typical 8 year old
would be worried about is low
and he
rips about in an abandon that
gives me hope for the way his future
will flicker
like a gaggle of lighting bugs in a
clear glass jar..

and when his laugh goes
and he wants more ..

I know he has it figured out better
Than the most of us in
Our presumptuous romp through
The half grown daisies and full
Lurching tulips.

There should be a tech superhero Called iPhoner ..

It will never die.

It only requires a few hours of charging.

It knows everything.

Has a warranty.

Can go to any spot on earth in an instant.

It's the one thing the tech industry hasn't cracked yet.

Being a superhero.

And once this becomes a reality,
We may just
Question the real power of a phone
And the microprocessor
That inches us along like
Lost ants in
The rhine of a watermelon.

It's one more step to drunk
On a waltz to nirvana
Trying to find the best technological fix
In a world with few
Heroes
And
Too many writers.

Minimalism

the best,
minimalist artist
ever
is
simply called the
Invisible water artist

They only come out in the
Middle of the hot blazing day.

Using nothing but
Skin and bone, a bit of nail,
They etch along hot wood
With drips and blobs of water
To get the head,
Hair,
Torso,
Arms,
Sky,
Grass,
Birds
And the like just so.

And as they get the outline,
The details emerge and
The outline disappears.

Soon,
The painting is complete,
Yet it's gone in the evaporated
Sun flakes that
Lift the work into vapor.

Soon,
It is in the lungs,
Forgotten,
Yet breathable by all that encountered it.

And once this thought is ingested,
The artist himself is gone ..

Evaporated like everything else.

Warning!

the guys and gals
that write the warning labels on the back
of pool chemicals
are the real
hidden craft warriors out there.

Memorizing and warning all of
The glorious advantages of clean,
Clear
Water,
Yet what can happen
When the experiment goes
Awry
And the poison control center is
Closed.

So,
With all their chemistry
And physics figured out,
They let the world know
Their smarts,
Yet skim on the medicine they always
Ingested and loved.

After you heave over a good
Long label of
Instructives on either pool chemicals
Or the poison of your choice,
Know that the real
Antidote writers out there
Are the label warners
Ready to
Give you
The fix of
Your
Life.

everytime

I see

a subway bag my kid treasures

or a squishy ball he needs to sleep with

or a stack of wrestling cards he needs to have before a car ride,

I smile knowing I really will never know it all ..

I have no powers to predict the next

Kid fad

And that is so good on my brains.

Like a soft joke I smile at,

And don't have to laugh out loud,

Lest I wake my boy from his slumber

And somehow disrupt

His flow of Lynchian dreams

And unhinge the next

Big thing

That will become

The toy of choice

In the coming

Days,

Weeks,

Years ..

Lifetime.

the other night

I entered the room

And it was so fulla butterflies

That I couldn't sleep,

But when I finally did fall asleep,

I awoke

And was trying to fall asleep on the couch

Downstairs that

Was really my bed upstairs

In a story I was

Telling my

Pretty wife about.

I'm not sure

That I can
Keep going along
With all the
Stories,
Theories and
Suppositions from
The astrological folks
That say the moon is
Either made of ash
Or space rock ..

I'm certain in the pang of summer
And the realized dream of fall
That the moon above following us all
Is really just a group of
well choreographed fireflies.

Glorious

the
one
thing in
each and
every home
that deserves
the most
respect,
yet gets
defiled
and
vilified
every moment
it has contact
with a human
is
that
god damned
glorious
fucking
toilet in
the
corner.

about a month ago

I got a dire call from my brother
That my mom was getting rushed to
The emergency room
Because she told her boss
That she didn't want to live anymore.

In a frenzy,
I left work and went to see her.

In tears,
The docs said she ingested enough medication
To knock out a horse.

From there,
She went into a psych ward for a week,
Then,
She pleaded to not go back to her home.

I picked her up from the hospital and
She lived with my wife and two boys for
A month.

Over that time,
I lived the fragility of how life
Is.

Giving the love that was always given to me,
I peered each night into a set of wandering eyes
That were always a source of strength,
Resilience,
That in turn needed her son to be that.

And as we went through one of the longest months
Of my life
And the most painful decisions I could ever watch a human make,
Let alone my mother,
It came to the final night.

In hours of tears over a bulldog she has to
Watch get adopted,
I helped her with her will.

Then,
I spent the last hour of the night

Watching a reality TV show
That was so horrific,
I couldn't speak.

It was a show about husbands and wives
That were lying in caskets confessing their love and sins
For a hungry gaggle of audience and producers.

At this point,
I knew the fear in these reality show sheeps and told her
A story from a time when my wife and I were about
To have my son
And a birth class we went to over a weekend.

In this class there was a woman that was terrified that
She was going to poop during birth.

She mentioned it several times and in the rapt attention of
Her eyes and husband's wrinkled forehead,
The instructor said not to worry.

If it happened, it happened.

At this,
My mom nodded and had a strange look in her eye.

After a minute or so of watching the bad
Reality show,
She stopped and said,
'Well you know .. '

and went on to tell me that prior to my birth,
she pooped and it was so profound that
he remembers it hitting the big metal cylinder on
the ground.

And at this,
I thought
About the road over the last month I had traveled came
Down to this story.

For all the revelations about her life,
Mom,
My father,
Her family
And the

Lunatics she was around in the mental ward,
That she had come to this healing land and
It all ended in

A

Story about

A

Good

Solid

Poop that

Was the moment

Before I entered

This

Earth

And

My

Existence as

We know it.

I was thinking

The best thing

For a bird

Lover

That really

Needs a

Solid

Acupuncture punch

To the back

Would be to have

About 74

Tame robin birds

Waltz along

Their backs while

They coo

Like spring is

Coming

And back

Is the

Brand new

Forward.

It's Christmas eve 2012 and

after
surviving
the end
of
the
world
and
another school
shooting massacre,
I'm beginning
To
Believe
That
Time
Has
Slowed
To
The
Sound of molasses
In
The middle of a
A tunnel
Just tinged with a bit
Of
Wind
And
The
Smell
Of
1952.
In the peace of
An aging night,
While mixing a cup of
Ice,
Whiskey,
Orange juice
And cranberry together,
I
Stop to watch the
Dark shapes of two trees
Morph small to large
On the side of a big white house
Next door
Mesmorized by the

Calming effects of
Nature
And machine
Coming together in
The most
Memorable
Of
Forgettable
Moments
As
The
First swig of
Oranged whiskey
Hits my tonsils,
While
The
Hint of cranberry
Lingers like
A
Good
Dance
Lovers
Will need tonight.

Kids

Are

The epitome

Of cat cool

In the games,

And interludes between

Adult times

To

Make

Time slip on by

As if the

Clocks and watches of the world

Vanished.

This afternoon

While my boy Miles
Grew tired of a Hobbit tale,
He wanted to wet down
Some superhero towels
And wipe all
The posters of coming
Movies
In
The
Halls
Of
Hollywood in
Smalltown America.

Then,
While waiting for the bus
The other morning,
He got some squishy angry birds
And began
Tossing them
Wildly down the
Newly frozen iced sidewalks
In
A
Game only he has ever made up.

And on
And on
With these kinds of scenarios
Like counting the twinkling lights on all
My electronic devices
And writing down little
Notes that look like split totem poles,
I know that it makes clear
Sense in his head
And that he has become
The innovator
In
All
The ways I
Wished he may be
As
The most
Original think

I could ever imagine
Is
Next to me each and
Every
Day.

Reminders

I have
Grown to realize
That if
Anyone
In my life
Can explain to me
How
They
Reminded themselves
To do something
Several times
Before not doing it
And
Calling 3 weeks later
To explain how
Important
Missing
This event was
And how they just felt
So badly about it
That they didn't know what to do,
I
Know they knew what to do
And to give a shit
About it
Would be such a waste
Of
Time...

Much like
This
Shelf of words
I'm
Constructing,
But if I didn't
Do
This,
It may fester in some hidden
Way that would implode and
Upset the ghost of my father
Enough
To
Make déjà vu

Something I would
Rather not
Revisit.

The end, my friends

It's approximately
Three hours towards
The end of the doomed day of
12-21-12 and
the worst thing
I saw
All
Day
Long
Was our new basenji puppy
Limp on the floor after
Spending too long on
The newly snowed,
Cold
Ground waiting
To
Piss out all
The rumors
Fed
By us humans
In
Silver bowls
And
Bags of jingles.

Here's to 12-22-12,
All you lucky
Fuckers.

AM Horror

The morning
Is littered
With horror show
Faces from
AM
Chins
And eyes
And mouths
That are
Squeezing all they can
To clench the sun
Away from their
Sweet tides of dark
Night
As
The
Mailman
Crunches
His
Gum for the 701st time
At the red light
While
The
Hipster
Presses the gas extra hard
As
The orange ash
Hits
His check for
As
If
The
Sun
Is at
The
End of
His man made
Tobacco sword ..

Shadowy Tale

I believe
That most of your own
Shadows
Are
Angered
Or
Annoyed versions of yourself
That
Follow your body around
Mocking in mirrored precision
In dark cloaks
Just waiting for your
Next move
To be the best of
Copy cats
Just following you around
Like
Mad parents that
Can't shake an ex lover.

A gaggle of Geese overhead

As

The dog

Stops with me

To

Sieze

Silence

As we

Peer into

The night sky

With blind eye

As

Blind eye blinks back

And

The sound of cold

Is felt on the face

As

The

Arrow

Slips past us high

In the airplane's trajectory

Right out

Of

Our

Ear's

Earnest sniffing.

Grand exit

I was
Just exiting
The work bathroom
When a nameless
Fellow I knew
A bit
With his big grin
And donut sugar
Hellos
As I say,
'how you doin'?'

with the largest grin
I have ever seen him
Bestow,
He said
That he would be a
Lot
Better
Real soon
As
The
Door close with
A
Large bang,
While
I
Laughed,
And left through
The big plank of dirty wood
As
My
Door
Lightly made a thud
On
Another chapter
Of
Shitty
Bathroom
Lore.

Eggy

If you can
Ever tame
That pile
Of
Scrambled eggs in
Your brain,
Go ahead and
Tell
The
Devil that the angel
Ran off
With the
Sinner
And
The pastor
Cured
The
Fake drought ..

A COMPLETELY SERIOUS CLOWN POEM

for about
four decades
of living
i
have had
to
watch my
sister
give
me
the
sideways
glance
as
if i was
the clown
in
the room
and
as she approaches 50,
i find
out
that
she is going
to
attend an actual
clown school one
time
a
week
and it
the
waters of this realization
i
realize
there
is
a
wide gulf between
perception
and
reality.

(HONK - SQUIRT!)

Dreamy ..

I enter the dream on a soccer field with my 14-year old Zen and 7-year old Miles to kicking around the soccer ball on a fairly mild day. Then, suddenly, we hear the sound of a huge, long, terrifying screech several streets away and then BOOM! Then, we hear another screech, another and a long line of screeching as I finally cover my 7-year old's ears. This is the kind of dream I can usually take myself out of and when I finally do wake, I hear that the window is opened about 12 inches in our room. It's relatively cool out and I can hear the sound of traffic from Highway 71. In my slumber and ambling feet sleepwalking to the bathroom, I pass my wife that just finished and tell her to listen for a shitpot of sirens to start flaring up the soundpipes. I was convinced that at least one of those pops may have been from the window and fueled my dreams. As I crawled my cold body back under the bed to hold my wife, I waited .. and waited for the sirens. Must have been a minute or two as my heart beat loud and then .. I was back to sleep in the midst of yet another forgettable, misty dream about something that is totally unclear now.

the one cold robin in the bird ..