



**Joefiles 135:**  
**The Temptation of Fools is the Vodka of 21<sup>st</sup> Century Might**

## Lost dad minutes song ballads

for all the minutes,  
words,  
and conversations  
my father had  
about  
his  
future death  
i think  
there  
could have  
been  
a encyclopedia  
of  
topics  
that  
i would have rather  
dove within  
and swam through  
like  
his  
time on a barstool  
talking to  
war pals,  
and any  
dreams that  
never  
quite happened

and  
now,  
6 years after  
his  
actual  
death

i'm sure  
he  
would  
rather  
be alive

than  
gone.

gone.

gone.

## contemporary god ballad

every time  
i hear a  
contemporary christian  
rock  
crooner  
awkwardly  
leaving the speakers  
at my son's dental  
office  
i see  
a  
huge conveyer belt at a cookie  
factory  
with  
old republican senators  
glaring at  
musical notes as they  
wobble along that worn, dark rubber  
to the next  
inspection station,  
untouched,  
the same  
and made to stay  
that way  
as the song  
on the intercom ends  
and the next one begins  
as i wonder  
if the next song  
is the same one  
as the dental assistant  
leads us to the  
back room  
to put more

metal in my  
boy's  
braced mouth.

## war hungry trump wig

the 2014  
war on women's  
rights is really being  
provoked and  
waged by  
all  
the  
worn,  
exhausted hairs  
of donald trumps  
wiggish  
hair  
that  
has  
recently  
gone pirate and  
left  
any logical plane of thought  
while  
dipped in a bucket of  
gin mumbling  
over  
and  
over again,  
'woman, please...'

'woman.'

'please.'

## The clean & dirtied neighbors

the  
best  
neighbors  
are those  
that dirty their clothes all  
the time.

with  
big, cotton piles of  
used shirts,  
pants,  
socks,  
the cords,  
you have  
busy minds  
moving from one  
point to the  
next  
in  
an erratic  
symphony  
that keeps  
the  
hermit  
neglect  
to a minimum.

and after all that motion,  
the karmic  
sage gets shot  
into the  
surrounding airs  
with the dry goes into  
a dizzy fervor and

the stacks of  
hot breath leave the vent mouth  
behind the house  
sending the

most  
magical  
smell around  
to  
make  
us wonder  
how the next  
day of  
action will  
bring about  
that potential  
for  
more  
dirty

laundry.

## **a funeral call in the AM**

it was my second day  
of ditching the booze,  
bad food  
and getting  
the  
wait out of my bones  
when the phone rings  
and a funeral home man  
asks me if  
i'm interested  
in meeting  
about  
my  
eventual death.

i hear him out,  
he says he has a free gift  
and  
wants to rush a meeting  
to see  
how  
my  
afterlife might begin.

the guy was almost  
nice to a fault,  
like a loyal dog,  
when i told him  
that

it might just be a bit  
too soon  
to  
start

throwing around dirt  
on a metaphor  
and

as the dark,  
worn phone that was against  
my ear  
went down in the ceremonial beginning  
of  
the post-mortem following  
the funeral phone call,  
i looked up and around  
me knocking on  
wood  
wondering if  
i  
was  
being  
much too  
presumptuous  
in  
my  
feeble  
40ish  
youth.

## taming the mother nature tempest movie franchise

one of the best  
movie  
series  
that could really  
catch hold of the  
human  
conscious  
flow  
of  
needing entertainment  
is  
a  
plot  
of human versus  
mother nature.

the big battle  
that will  
be the real  
war on  
drugs

with plenty of  
gore  
and irony to follow.

cowboys versus tornadoes,  
armies versus hurricanes,  
astronauts versus the skies,  
scientists versus the sun,  
cats versus the moon,  
and tough guys with glue versus earthquakes.

we will swoop down and

stop the disasters from  
going down with that  
good old  
human ingenuity,  
brawn,  
sloppy toughitude  
and

that will to not  
let the mother of all natures  
fuck with our tomorrows  
and

predict our pasts.

armed with  
real world science fiction,  
we become the toughest bastards of all time  
trying  
to  
defeat  
the  
only  
real  
bitch we have all  
ever encountered.

## the old man air of youth

the look of  
this thin, cold  
air high  
atop my attic  
thrown  
looks like  
a  
child's bed with the  
blobbed blankets  
crinkled accidentally  
in the sky  
while the yellow sun  
carries the errant  
packs of birds along  
like an airport conveyor belt  
while the tips of  
frozen brown tree sticks  
reack up their hands like  
they know the answer teacher  
mother nature is asking  
as the kids  
of the area groan  
about having to  
do recess inside  
where  
the air is  
recycled  
and all the cloud blankets  
are  
just  
out  
of  
read  
of

their  
tiny  
imaginations.

## **the inevitability of chance**

is waking up  
each morning  
and forgetting  
everything  
that could  
go  
wrong  
and  
remembering  
that  
the  
best  
thing  
that could  
happen  
is you can lay  
your soul down on  
your bed at the end of  
the day remembering  
what the wren looked like  
on the  
telephone pole on the way  
to something.

## the young god

In the infinite font of  
wisdom and creation of all  
things forever as long  
as the brain can ponder  
would humans  
deduce in paintings that  
God would be an old man.

Perhaps an aged brain,  
wisdom beyond our small  
brainy thoughts,  
but I would say a graying beard  
on a new, athletic, tank sort  
of body full of youth  
and vitriol ..

Old men don't want to  
have that old,  
beaten,  
weathered body,  
so why would  
God want the same?

Next time the authors of  
human etchings decide  
to land on the conclusion  
for the God of all,  
perhaps the first thing  
in the art brush should be  
logic  
and enough  
youth  
to keep all the babies  
in the world

gleaming with fresh eyes  
and heckled shouts  
in a blinding  
burst ..

much like all the myths  
we have made  
of  
that  
sound that  
would  
mimic  
God's  
old voice.

## the zoo fall

I told my  
son to look at a group of  
giraffe  
or maybe a far off  
rhino  
when the sound of his  
overbearing,  
hugely stuffed lime green  
bag went hurtling in real time,  
yet slower than anything i could have  
ever  
known  
straight down towards  
the  
earth ground.

Sitting high up in our sky lift  
in the air,  
all we could do is rewind the sound of that  
bag landing far down below  
in a non-fiction land of  
fiction.

With that,  
my boy went through his first  
stage of grief  
as his shocked eyes peered through,  
over my head into the clouds  
spinning shapes we couldn't describe.

and with the words 'son of a bitch'  
out of my lips and joining the clouds  
perched far off in the same sky,  
I looked ahead to think about my

next move  
and in that bleached moment tidy with dirt,  
i saw that the cart ahead of us was labeled '12'.

this mean we were in  
lucky 13.

from there,  
everything came in perspective  
as my boy finally started to weep a bit  
and i waited for the third stage of grief  
that would be  
full of laughter  
and  
a

lucky story about  
a  
small unlucky event  
that  
went down  
in  
an odd numbered  
zoo lift.

## **too tired to get up**

and use the bathroom,  
too late to get back into the dream I was just in  
sipping a coffee in Taiwan,  
I flip my pillow full of bird feathers over  
and feel the stark cold on my hands  
in an outer space  
sort of way,  
yet there is no feeling.

i'm numb.

stuck in the the awake stage of  
nothing,  
yet everything ready to begin  
whether we  
want it to or not.

with this,  
i find the might to flop my  
meat arm across my body in  
a pretzel motion like  
an  
an australian shepard  
stretching out on the worn floor.

with that,  
the blood flows,  
slow,  
then a huge rush like an action sequence  
in  
an 80's film full of water  
and  
the tips of the fingers waggle like  
a huge group of dogs with  
nimble tails

and  
the magic trick is done.

the numb night hand is full of  
fresh blood,  
and with 2 hours left to sleep,  
it has turned into  
the dream come true  
i don't think

I could ever  
explain to anyone better  
than

I have

just tried.

## the autism insert

when i drive  
by the big billboard with a  
smiling child and  
a  
large grip of numbers  
scream the latest autism  
numbers:  
'1 in 80' will be born in the spectrum.

i think about three things.

how much i have learned about love  
because my son has had a prism refracting  
the spectrum into colors of awe i never knew,  
and what year will it be that 60 minutes  
will air the groundbreaking segment  
with an expert that finally tells us that  
the way we send cell waves, food additives  
and the other like will be the root to  
altering our genetic code and creating the  
autism that continues to rour through  
our puzzle of evolution  
and  
that  
now  
and forevermore,  
the child with autism  
rules  
this world  
as  
we  
  
may  
or

may not know it.

**in a fast slip of car**

going by on the road

i saw

a pile of dead

raccoon on the side of

the road next

to what looked like a carton

of smashed eggs on the

ground next to him

in what one

could safely call

the 'hood' of this

town

and i

concluded

that there are a great many

things

out there in the

wide,

penetrating

truth of things

that i should

just keep

wondering

and

wondering about.

## **making the colors change**

at the red light,  
my boy went into a loud  
spit of words for the green  
to behold.

i tried to convince him that  
the light would slide into perfection  
before he could even wish it so,  
but that wasn't enough on  
this night  
of a pending soccer game  
and his heros waiting  
to make his  
dreams  
colored dots of sun hope.

so,  
i leaned up and hit the garage door opener  
and by chance,  
the light turned green.

with this,  
i told him that i held  
the keys to our destiny.

the fictitious placebo world  
was sitting in the visor over  
my head.

and at one time  
the visor held the bright  
sun of the future from our eyes,  
and now  
it is the future

with the

small

remote

that

will

change color to other color  
and perception

to

happiness

click by click.

## the silence of daytime .. TV

when i watch  
brief stints  
of daytime TV on  
mute,  
i understand the  
way  
a mind can  
become a  
prescribed drug  
growing  
like a tiny fetus  
in the head  
kicking all  
the  
numbing  
court cases around  
that have  
no proof  
or  
valid  
genetic reliability,  
but some kind of  
accidental  
reason for  
coming into existence  
as  
the change counter in  
the accounting commercial  
goes kaput,  
the lights go out  
and everyone wo0nders  
how  
the  
hell

this  
could have happened.

## the opposite of attraction?

when all the misogynists and  
misandrists  
finally  
meet in that gym with no end,  
or walls  
to battle at the  
chess table  
for  
supremacy,  
we will  
end  
our  
bitter  
fued between  
men and  
woman  
and

just  
blame  
the  
rightful

bastions  
of  
woe --

all  
the  
kings  
and  
queens

with the ideologies

while  
the  
minions

make  
sweet,  
soulful  
love.

## **mascot sin**

the bumble bee  
ran out onto the field  
like a hero in  
the novel we have all read where  
every sunset is cotton candy perfection  
and mid-days are full of naps and  
soulful grapes.

then,  
a ripple on the indoor soccer carpet  
and the green, yellow insect human  
took a wild,  
almost fictional tumble to the ground  
and the fuzzy head we flying ..

a wild, human head of a girl  
was tucked  
hard against her chest  
watching a huge field of  
mascots in some acid dream  
running around after a huge soccer ball  
in a game that meant nothing more  
than a child's cotton candy bag.

but, no one was there  
to reverse her fall and sweep her  
quickly away from her cardinal sin  
as she hurried head down towards  
her dismembered head.

then,  
a  
jayhawk accidentally spots  
the massacre,

helps the mask back on  
and the bee is  
back to looking for  
more nectar in the bonnet.

like nothing happened.

as the parade of  
insanity  
marched forward  
in

assymetrical  
synchronicity.