



Joefiles 135:
The Temptation of Fools is the Vodka of 21st 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.