



## **Joefiles 136**

*Mothers of Invention Unite for The Next Great Poem!*

## **the spectrum**

can start growing into  
a box  
without warning.

our autism spectrum  
boy  
went with the family  
on a movie jaunt  
and  
it's usually  
a chance  
encounter  
that we watch the movie  
without  
incident.

either he falls asleep,  
goes to the bathroom  
or journey's into the hallway  
a  
few times  
so that you can keep up  
with the plot.

on this day,  
there was a bay window  
right outside the theater  
and there was  
no movie watching.

20 minutes in,  
our boy was by the window  
while we watched the movie  
and a  
bevy of movie staff

came looking for the parent.

i went out in the hall  
and told them  
that i would stay with him  
at the window  
and with this,  
he smiled  
about the rules  
and  
i

sat on a plastic  
red bench  
wondering

how the hell  
captain american  
would  
save  
a  
typical  
guy like me  
from

the  
spectral box  
of the autism spectrum  
i sit

in.

## **before we go**

any further here  
down this white  
slide  
of  
possible  
verbs,  
curvy adjectives  
and  
over known nouns,  
i want each and every one of you  
to know that i'm not just  
some paid actor here  
trying to dispense  
some fictional  
account of  
love,  
hope,  
courage,  
need,  
desire

to get you to  
buy my product.

i'm an actual person.

not an actor.

thank you.

read on ..

## **gobs**

i think  
children  
would have a deeper love  
and reverence  
for theology if  
they had terms  
that mean more to them  
than the  
name 'dog' backwards.

for instance,  
if the supreme being was  
named 'gob',  
they could  
love  
gob  
gobs,  
gobs and gobs.

it would  
be huge,  
enormous,  
familiar  
and

out of this world.

almost heavenly,  
if you will.

## mutants

the other night in  
the steam of a  
quick shower,  
i felt a thing coming out of my arm..

an odd spot,  
on the region barely within reach  
and below the armpit,  
there i found this  
odd,  
flatened floppy  
kinda paperclip paper  
and i yanked.

then,  
i realized it was a tick.

full of my blood,  
still alive  
and headless.

and with this,  
i realized that i should  
have done something different.

played with fire.

instead,  
i tempted fate  
and  
now  
the brains of  
a  
tick

rest in my orfice  
and instaed of boosting my IQ,  
i

feel

like

a

bug bitten

dimwit.

## pop scorn

when you  
finally  
get that bag of  
popcorn  
you have been  
daydreaming about  
and the

crunch takes you into  
overdrive  
and butter is all over  
your fingers like a slaughter  
is in full swing  
and  
the  
bits of  
molecular corn  
cling to cloth  
like  
the  
last  
of the tiny people  
climbing a human wall,  
you get that  
one stuck in your throat.

water,  
milk,  
soda,  
gurgling,  
AHEMs  
and more,  
it is still there.



it is then  
that pop corn  
acquires a new name.

pop scorn.

**everything begins as a flower.**

baby,  
tree,  
tulip,  
dog,  
possum,  
aloe,  
tad pole,  
the like

until  
winter  
bears in

and we

become  
that proverbial

refined version

of ourselves.

the living,  
smile filled,  
unhappy  
or  
hopeful

entity

that tells  
death  
it

can  
go back into the dark  
of  
hibernation  
for

one  
more  
day.

## news karma

i'm starting to  
see the kalidescope wheel of  
news for what it is as  
americans turn their  
guns and misery on each other  
in a futile

spree  
of  
dumb  
self reflection.

it's the collective  
karma  
of our news organizations  
that have  
made a business out  
of  
exploiting human suffering.

and within all of  
the tears,  
shouts,  
blood,  
bile  
and  
tension,

the manifestation  
is  
more  
than  
any media outlet  
would like

to  
confess.

it's the suicide  
they cannot  
report on,  
but  
created  
in a meek  
attempt  
to  
cover up that  
other tragedy  
tucked  
in

the deep interwebs  
that a few will read.

and as the  
calm,  
shaven,  
neck tied guy  
with a six figure salary  
and  
very practiced  
smile

assures you that all will  
be OK at the end of  
the 30 minute newscast  
with news  
of  
the hopeful,  
you know

what the 29 minutes of  
the  
nightly road that  
led to that really means.

the WASPs and hornets

hide their stingers well

as  
the

best stories

in the world  
are the ones  
you

live  
waiting in lines  
with others like you

and the spare  
change  
you  
donate

to causes  
that

the media

will never  
report on.

## tissue issue

i think  
tissue  
companies should

get clever  
and  
playful  
in their

profiteering.

kleenex should come out  
with a tissue line called

'drity ex' as  
a  
homage  
to  
all of those  
things

we simply have to dirty  
and leave behind.

## **kid solutions**

kids would make  
the best city street  
crew workers.

using inventive  
ways and products to fix  
the  
cracks  
in  
the  
sidewalks and streets.

they could  
spit all their used  
wods  
of  
gum into those cracks  
and

move onto bigger issues

like  
free hot air balloon rides  
for all  
tax paying patrons  
on  
misty nights

so that  
people  
could  
float over  
the rainbow  
and



finally find that pot of  
gold  
that

will solve  
all  
the  
city budget woes.

## dear world. (a sordid family tale)

i never really knew  
how long it  
was going to take for  
me to find out  
pure,  
true evil,  
but after  
4 decades and  
some months combined,  
i have.

and when they say  
it's always right in front  
of you,  
they are  
bullseyed to  
a  
karmic  
epiphany.

and thanks  
to  
my only sister,  
i have  
been lead down  
the maroon red road  
to the  
fires the  
flame  
high  
towards the sky.

and as i look off the bluff  
into this

cocophany of  
flame,  
there is nothing but  
pitch black night  
as

the  
memories  
of  
her

thoughts

begin

leaving  
like  
tufts  
of  
smoke

into

nothingness.

## cat birthday

i noticed  
i jotted a reminder  
that my  
cat,  
the veritbale  
dr. kitty,  
was celebrating a  
birthday today.

he's 3  
in feline time.

and in honor of that,  
the universe gave  
him a gift.

as i ambled out onto  
the cold march porch  
to let the dogs out,  
i saw a black sparrow  
stuck inside  
our screened in porch.

the dr. kitty had  
tail darting,  
ears erect,  
low to the ground,  
eyeballs pinsharp on  
that carcass  
as i looked around to  
help him  
escape birditraz.

and with that,

i opened the side door,  
dogs following,  
chaos of 3 animals in  
pure heat  
as this bird with  
beak agape  
went to  
and fro  
for  
that  
coveted exit strategy.

all the while,  
dr. kitty's tail  
was swishing in  
birthday elation.

on the 4 trip across the porch,  
the sparrow broke free  
of the human and strange animal  
zoo  
into the cold sunshine  
of saturday.

and as the door closed,  
i patted dr. kitty's back  
in birthday  
adoration while  
the universe  
laughs a bit.

## now and way back then

when  
life becomes  
that  
cartoonish teeter totter  
scene you  
rode around on  
as a child  
for hours on the parental guidance  
television set,  
you have  
to get off of it  
and find the bridge.

once you do,  
and the sway settles in,  
you have to leave the  
voices of family behind  
that have done nothing but  
speak of  
blood  
and how red it is  
and  
how much of it will come.

instead,  
you need to follow the  
voices that  
speak of  
air,  
sun,  
the leaves,  
a brook in clear water  
and how  
they will

seep into you  
and  
get better with  
age.

and as you follow that  
voice that makes sense,  
the others  
will become a din  
of something that will  
always be  
you,  
but don't  
ever  
have  
to  
label you

like  
a  
package of cold  
blood in  
a  
locker  
in some anonymous  
hospital ..

instead,  
the teeter totter  
visions of  
what we wished  
cartoons  
would  
be  
as  
adults

as  
the  
birds  
scream  
over  
the  
trees  
while  
the  
water  
flows

and you find  
those  
you  
crossed  
the  
bridge to join.



## pockets of wonderful wonder

my boy  
miles has found  
his latest thrill  
in sending  
pockets of  
stretchy,  
colorful  
wrist bands onto the roof  
to  
commune with the birds,  
have higher altitude air  
and feel what it's really  
like to have a good view.

instead of being smashed against skin all

day,  
barely over waist level high  
and having to be active all day long.

now,  
they can just unfurl their tiny  
rubbery souls in the  
new sunlight  
as

a big  
dude with  
a fading scalp,  
bit of a belly,  
dirtied glasses,  
slippers and  
bad breath  
tries

fetch the  
bracelets down  
with  
a long  
branch trimmer on a

ladder  
that will  
ultimately  
bring  
peace to the

9-year old's  
crumbled

bracelet  
universe  
of  
calm.

## **all alive**

living with a  
child that  
is in the autism  
spectrum,  
i see  
the  
new  
stats on  
ratio and frequency coming  
out.

since 2004,  
it has  
shrunk.

used to be 1 in 129 kids  
would be in the  
spectrum of light,  
now in  
2014

is has  
become 1 in 68.

while  
most of the parents  
think about  
all the years  
and  
moments that go  
into loving  
this lucky  
kid

that is so  
different from  
anything  
we

could  
have  
thought

would be imaginable  
in the impossibility  
of fortelling  
the  
future,

i'm thinking  
that  
most  
kids

would  
see  
this  
as  
a

statistical  
line of numerals

much like

0.01470588.

## **the needle**

that spins over  
the length of  
record after  
album  
has  
to be the  
best music  
critic  
on  
the  
planet

and they  
speak  
no words

as  
those feathery  
pieces of mystery  
come down  
like  
a  
gavel in a court case  
to deliver  
the

verdict time  
after  
time  
to

our deciphering  
ear drums

to make

the right

choice  
about

sound

sound

sound.

## the friends you never meet

for  
those that dig  
being  
alive,  
i'm sure  
that  
the fear of nothing  
after  
death  
is enough  
to

keep them  
searching  
like  
mad

in whatever belief  
structure  
they have

to  
make sure  
that  
the  
room at night

doesn't stay  
completely  
and  
absolutely  
dark

like

there

is

nothing

ever

left.



## **all the signs**

around town

tout

'Kent Powers - Water Board'

and i finally feel like

someone

running

for

public office has

the right name.

part superman,

part rhetorical

and all

in

the

named of

the

almighty

god damned

refreshing

water.

## the titmouse

how could  
such a cool  
little songbird  
rising our  
ears to new  
daydreams  
be called something  
some humanly funny like a titmouse?

first thing  
you do is  
start in a kid/teen brain  
and imagine a  
little mouse with a pair of tits  
flying across the floor  
shortly out of the  
breath of an angry cat.

then,  
you wonder exactly what man or woman  
would have named a species a 'titmouse'  
and

then you  
peer into the sight and sound  
of

this bird  
and  
just  
resign to the  
notion  
that  
it really doesn't matter

if

it's called an boobrat ..

it's still

a

cool

creature

in

nameless soup we

all exist in.

**as we turned onto the outlet road,**

an angry man was in a McDonalds parking lot  
shouting loudly

as he was reacing into the  
trunk of an 80's car in dull red

while his perfumed lady screamed into his  
ear and

both

mouths

were moving in unison,

with nothing being heard.

and as I turned a bit to make sure

all wasn't going badly south,

i heard his words

a

bit more muffled

and

the

top of that trunk slam down like

the

mouth of a dam

holding the water

at

bay

and

we took another

turn,

this time a

left,

following

the

exact trajectory

of

the

fighting

parking lot couple.

## money cannon

i think  
the US Treasury  
should take all the  
old, mis-shapen bills  
that they print  
and send them through  
a  
huge shredder.

from there,  
they can load it into a huge  
ball

fire it off into space  
so hard that when  
it

hits the edge of our atmosphere

and disintegrates,

it can rain money  
down onto  
the people

and make everyone's dreams finally  
come  
true  
once  
and  
for all  
in

some non-fiction fantasy

of  
our governments

making us all  
totally content.

## sleepy energy thought

i always see  
that mattress stores  
are  
in  
the middle  
of  
a  
massive  
one-time only  
closing  
sale

and  
take  
a  
short  
sigh of  
relief  
knowing  
that  
they

are always  
doing  
the  
right thing ..

forever on  
the  
verge of  
a  
sound  
night's  
sleep.





## burgers

lately my  
wife really  
likes the cheeseburgers i make  
and  
there's something  
refreshing  
about  
loved  
one's liking  
what you make  
and  
there is nothing  
more gritty,  
tasty and  
raw  
than  
a  
great  
little  
meat patty  
covered with  
a  
cheese square  
and shoved  
between a bun

to show  
real,  
true love.

## everything ever in 1 spot

i'm waiting for  
a  
new app you  
can put on your phone that  
will allow  
you to  
view  
every event that took place  
ever

on the very spot of land  
that you are standing on.

so,  
a civil war battle,  
a bad breakup,  
pouring of wine,  
dog pissing,  
kite falling,  
hail falling in softballs from the sky,  
any and everything of note  
that happened on a said  
parcel of land.

one click,  
the world opens up and gives you  
a  
whole  
new  
view  
on

how  
history can unfold

on  
the  
world  
right in front of your little  
irises.

## **the real, real hollywood**

is going  
to be  
when actors  
start becoming the killers  
they want to portray on  
film and  
begin terrorizing  
the bad lands of LA with their  
character development.

and when they get caught,  
they can plead an insance  
plot to nail their character  
and

when the judge lets them free

it will be

the audiences playing the dupe again,  
much like  
paying  
\$50-100 bucks

to see  
a  
bad movie.

## the old folks font of wisdom

if you  
want to  
gain  
a  
keen  
insight on  
wisdom  
and  
how  
to live  
your  
life  
a  
bit  
better,  
bend your ear  
in  
when old folks  
are talking to  
themselves.

just random moments  
when they  
mutter  
and  
sputter the words  
at  
will  
as  
if  
no one  
was around ..

and it's there,

that you will find  
the  
freedom

that  
you  
always thought

as  
expensive.

## the real mr. stick to it-ness

i  
bet  
the  
inventor  
of  
the  
stapler  
really  
knew  
how  
to  
stick  
to  
things.



## rational?

the  
rightful  
Price of  
rationality  
is knowing  
that each day  
you survive  
is  
another day

you  
won't survive  
and

with that,  
you know  
that we are

but  
a  
small

second on a big wheel

we  
can  
hardly conceive

and  
perceive  
is  
all

we can

do  
with these  
little

metaphors  
of  
bird

brains

flitting  
around

like a flock  
of

swallows  
streaking

by  
heading

to that mysterious rock

by  
the  
ocean.

## **small epiphanies**

are gifts  
that never  
arrive on birthdays  
or christmas times.

instead,  
they happen at random  
while spreading the mayonaisse over  
the  
bread.

such as ..

we read so much  
while on the toilet  
to  
add brain mass

to

waste that  
is leaving our body.

simple  
addition and  
subtraction.

human geinus.

## toy solace

i looked into  
the backseat  
while  
riding  
the morning car  
to work

and  
saw a small  
toy from  
my  
boy  
miles  
sitting  
back there  
serene,  
unmovable,  
full of  
working atoms

just staring at me  
lost  
in the backseat  
because  
his master

wasn't there.

instead,  
he was in a  
bus heading  
on to learn  
letters  
and

numbers

and new ways to

play with errant toys.

and as i

headed up a steep

incline towards

the job,

the toy

budged just a

bit

so that it

could

see out of the back

window

into the stream

of

consciousness

we both

pondered

in our

shared,

rare

ride.