

joefiles 141:
a gaggle of feathery flying letters

sight prize

i found the
end of the
eye lash
and it smelled
like spearmint
tears
and when
the sounds of Santa
began
again
i knew that no one
was to
be alone ever
again
in our blur
of revolving fiction.

the explosives

the other
night
at an indoor
soccer match with my boy,
i was layered with glee
as i bit into
a big hot dog fulla mustard
when my ivory cruncher
popped a pocket of
hot grease thar went
flying like a food terrorist attack.

up my noes,
in the hair of e everyone around,
i scrambled
to
make sense
of
all
food
after that.

Royals '14 summarizedy

After 3 weeks of pondering the real reason why the KC Royals didn't win the 2014 World Series, this is what I have figured out as to why it all happened the way it did.

1. Gordon didn't round 3rd because the ghost of Walt Disney was behind home plate in a loud Marlins clown outfit and it spooked him badly.
2. Some guy in Lenexa fell asleep before Game 6 officially ended.
3. The ghost of 1985 accidentally sat in an empty stadium in St. Louis after a few too many bourbons.
4. Some kid in Liberty accidentally washed his World Series sweatshirt he bought before Game 1.
5. Alex Rodriguez was watching from a brothel in Panama after leaving his heart in San Francisco.
6. Some guy didn't order burnt ends at Jack Stack an hour before Game 7 was to begin.
7. Len Dawson refused to watch Game 7 because he needed to catch up on Golden Girls reruns.
8. There was one fan in Section 102 that forgot to wear his favorite Royals wrist band to Game 6.
9. Because someone overheard Billy Butler talking to teammates in the dugout about how scenic downtown Oakland is in November.
10. Because Lourde silently penned a follow up to Royal called 'Rise A Roni Hunter Baby'
11. Because it rained so much on October 13.
12. Because Sung Woo didn't permanently move to Kansas City and open the area's only White Castle.
13. Because coming up with 13 reasons would be way too unlucky.

semi-conductor

the
gaps in space
are the
dull
reminders
of
all
beauty
before
the Rhino
yawns.

the bleeding formation

a murder of crows
just skipped over
me
in the cold blue sky
as a drop of
blood dripped
from my
spleen.

historical banter

one hour away
from the ferguson, mo
verdict
and this country
feels as guilty
as a shit stain
in a rich home
the maid just cleaned
spotless.

pentultimate

tom waits
us so cool
that in 100 years
from now,
his old
beer bottles
will bring
leperchans
back to life.

jobspeak

every time
i really
struggle
to unbind
a pair
of apple ear buds,
i invent a new
and fresh line
of cuss
words
directed
at steve jobs
in
my most
imaginative
fucking eloquence.

fiery consumption

the
crucifiction of chance
is every breath
we americans
gobble up like
aristocrats
in a roller
rink blaring past the
rings of
hell
roasting
hot dogs
and ignoring the angels
as the speedometer
evaporates
and we become
tufts of light
blue
fusion.

the traits

the slight

hook

in

our

dog's

tail

is a tiny

reminder

that

nature

is a stark

mad artist

with coiled intentions

that may

manifest

in the most well lit

corners

of

a rainbow's darkness.

spectrum thinking

every day of
my existence
is a reminder
that
there will never
be a cure for autism
better than
the spectrum of
wonder i
tip toe in blazing
efficiency
with
my
tiny
boy
leafing
through his days
like a mad accountant
with a fascination
for sports,
injury,
bracelets
and collections
of
everything
you
never even consider
in the
mania
if your
calm
days.

edible shine

if we could
create a machine
to make the beams
if sun that
race about our
bodies
edible like
a tasty trasluscent
pop cycle,
we would
be smarter
than the aliens
and more
dazzling than
Neptune at nigjt
while
heavier than
anyrhing
ever imaginable.

american language

the real
violence
in
the air
anymore
is that
its
acceptable to
strangle love to
bits
as
everyone
carries
their guns
with the
lost echoes of
CNN
tragedy
wafting
silently
through
the subconscious
matter
if it all.

mirror slippers

sometimes

i see the retired clown

reflecting in a

mirror

walking up to pet

a massive

hippo

and right before

he touches

the wrinkle of

cold gray,

its massive mouth

opens

and thousands of

monarchs blast out

in a moment

of

sheer

barely explainable

joy.

fire tracers

the
teetering flicker
of candle shadows
on the wall
are like
long legged childhood
memories
sneaking
in a
peek
at how
this
whole adult dance
has turned out
before
going
back into
the
wax lined
skies.

quickly running daze

the tall orchids
of christmas tree
and many glowing lights
around the house
show the ending
of another fast
year
yet
it all feels full
and slow
like a buffet meal
you will
never fidget
in the back of a 1960's
corvette being piloted
by a drunk neighbor
as the dream skims
reality
and the
ending
is impossible
to
predict.

faster feline

the erratic
sounds
of my cat
licking the tiny
truckle of AM water
from
the silver spigot
looks
like
his pink
tongue
is holding back the ooze
of tiny liquid
genies
coming
to
infiltrate earth
with
their
translucent
oddities.

vicks shout

the worst
habit
i have acquired
over my decades of
bodily harm,
daredevil tricks
and willing abuse
is putting a substance
up my nose that clearly
warns me on the label
to refrain from
and when i
screw that cap back
on the Vicks
the whole
damn world
smells
like the first
week earth was
open.

the absence of words

the
real
American
problem
we
have
in
these
2014
ways
is
that
we
use
violence
as
a
language
all
too
often.

UFOooooooooed

i ended up on
the couch last night
because our autistic son
has taken to being in
our be lately
and as the drizzle
of christms light
resudue
slipped over my thin eye lids,
i dreamed that i video taped
a vivid J.J Abrams style UFO
sighting
and when i woke up
to my sons pleading voice,
i really believed it was all on
my phone from a dreamland
carry over
as i looked at my
covered lower body
convinced that
i'm
really
the alien
life
form.

hard lores

used to be
that rock legends
would get in violent fights
with fans,
or drunken hotel brawls,
or fall off stage in a
drunken fit,
but not anymore.

the othet day,
U2's Bono
got
seriously
injured in a mountain bike
wreck in NYC central park
avoiding someone.

he shoulda
been parachuting
high and torpedoed
early in the AM
to
really
hammer home
the rock
dream
square into
the coffin
of our living
fan
fantasies.

holiday thoughts

Thanksgiving
should
be renamed
Fucksgiving
to
commemorate
the biology
we have created
and
how
we have socially
reamed it.

footed

the hungover
feet of the 20 degree
morning
hang limp,
yet
hopeful as
some small, well
lotioned
hands
ready to
paint them
up in
the best
this Monday
has to offer
in pedicure
dream
land.

sober tufts

i realized
this morning
that waking up
sober
without
a jolting headache,
tuna breath
and pulled
eye sockets
that
it
feels
like the best
kinda
drunk
i can muster.

iconic sniff

if wal mart
was to ever
package and sell
the scent you sniff
in their stores
and someone git it
for me as a gifted,
i would enact a
swift
&
targeted revenge.

sporty decision

if you
live in
kansas city
and dig
sports
you either
fall in love heatache
or become
a soccer fan.

smoke forever

a slim
marlboro man
dude across
the street
always
has a tiny
photoshopped
white line
shoved betwixt his
lips like some
mad
lung shaped marionette
stringing him along into
an eventual cave
that
holds the
glory of
the worlds rich
tobacco dirt
growing
the humans
most
beautiful
destruction
of
all time.

modern socialization

twitter
is the poetry that
history
will recreate like
cat lives dipped in digital milk.

approximations

my boy
miles
has a limited autism
spectrum satchel
of words and phrases to
mold his world
so when he says Z team,
he means the Atlanta Falcon
and when he describes
all the obscure bits of
story he hears from
me,
his mom and pals,
i'm standing right by
him like a sign language intetpreter
always ready
to make the audience
winder with
some ancient gliw
if sometrhing
they
may have
forgotten
blindly along the way.

5sss

I bought my
wife a
fancy
flame heralded
one cup coffee machine
at the local
starbucks
and when i laid
the box
on the counter,
the hip man
at the counter accosted me
with a
"You're getting this coffee machine?
High Five man!"

and it happened so fast
that i couldn't
really react
but on the way out
i knew i would never hi5
anyone over
a
hot cuppa joe.

the tears

on the
final day
of my thanksgiving break,
i ripped the
ass
outta my pants
leaning over
to pick up a bag
of food
and
felt
pretty
damned good
about
the years
i got
to
bond
with
those
pants.

the chuck wagon revenge

after my wife
began a new job,
our two dogs
were left alone to
think their canine thoughts
in an empty
house
with one fat cat.

as a revenge,
the big
docile & sweetest
liver colored
Australian sheppard
dog of ours
shit so violently
in the middle of my office
that it looked like an army
murdered the Chuck Wagon
from those old commercials
where
disaster
was
likely
never going
happen,
but would be deplorable
if it did.

ideal intermission

the
best dream
i could
have
had last night
was
impeded
by
a stray
translucent goose
that
flew through
the walls
of my house
&
over
my room
dropping
a
fortune cookie
i have
not opened
yet.

red glee

a recent law
made those
silly red light
caneras
illegal
&
the one up
the street from
where i work
and that i paid
\$200
into was brought down
recently and if i would have
been privvy,
i would have thrown
a 200 dollar
party in the streets
to see that
tall monolith of
big brother
fall.

kid burps

every time
i hear that
some burglar
get stuck
siphoning down
a chimney stack
i
wonder
how much
this
keeps
the
Santa
myth brimming in
the
fantasy
fiction
friction.

the 21st century savior

if i could
just invent
the app
that would
create a forcefield
around a smartphone
after it drops and
right before it
smashes to
the
ground,
then i would
start dropping
everything
all the time
for
quality control
practice.

the wise old bastards

old men
give the
best
gifts
of all
time.

years back
my father in law
got me an
electric knife
and
every turkey
i cut
into
i believe
that there is
so much
about this
life
i simply have
no
idea
about...

the get away way

the fox
sleekly
skipped through
my imagination
an inadvertently
got
snatched
in the inner
grays
of
my
sleepy
subconscious.

godog

if i was in
charge
of putting
clever
sayings
in those roadside
church signs,
my first one
would be:

"god
is the dog
that
ran
backwards
through
your
blessing."

the oracled

the tears
of the elderly
are spigots
of wisdom water
because they finally
understand the
rhythm of life
and
they wont be able
to
stick around to
dance
to
it
for
much
longer.

22nd century war

the
church
killed the
devil
as
one
quiet
angel
lit
the mysterious
fire under
the
fired
cable show
host.

blacks / whitewashed

the only
real
problem
in america
in
2014
is that we
finally
elected
a
black man
as the president
but
sent rosa
right
square to
the
back of the
bus.

fathers leaving earth

When the
fathers
of the families
in the world
die
and leave family
legacies
to carry on,
the kid antics
of
fights,
alienation
& real
repressed
war
ensues
and the
inevitable
house
crumbles
like
a delicate
over cooked
piece
of toast
on
dad's
perfectly
cooked
poached
eggs.

bird miracles

there is
one massive
crane bird
that glides over
these
sparse
missouri
skies
like a
stealth
bomber
getting
ready
to pick a war
with a lake
of fish
or to simply
bring
just
a moment
of peace
to some
anonymous
writer.

the real journey story

Steve
Perry
always
looks
like he's
on
a
life-long
journey
to cry
during
the
belting
of
a
big
rock
anthem
that's
supposed
to
make
the
girls
cry.

trained mission

i
tend to
forever be
the victim
of
passing
trains
and
spending long
minutes
at
these
stops.

I'm wondering if
its good
or rotten luck.

i think i may
just
find my speedy
answer
all slow
during one
of those inevitable
lucky stops I'm in
for
in the
near
future.

the evil empire

it
is in those
spates of sobriety
that you
find out
who is really
evil
in the
world
and that's
the
real
reason
i
dont
talk
to
my
biological
sister
anymore.

the double up & down

fast
food companies
could finally
hit
the largest
jackpot of all time
by making thier
bags
and
various containers
edible.

saving
the envirinment
while boosting
that
obese
american
fuckin
appetite
in the
'more'
campaign.

planet hopping

watching

jupiter

twinkle

at night

eons away

in

the

unimaginable

dark

is

like

imagining

a

Picasso butterfly

landing

on

van gogh's

sunflower

patch.

living odd

the oddest
thing
about
being
alive
is
not
understanding
very
much
about
the
mystery
in
the shadow
of a good
stephen king
novel
as all my
working
organs
and guts
miraculously
stay smashed
inside
my
body
working
in
utter
bloody
harmony.

McKid

The odd adventures
of the
McKid
is
a bastardized
little
brother
of
Grimace
helping
the hamburglar
steel
the hell
out
of
people's
temporary
dreams.

who you are now

Balance
is
how
many
people
think
good
and
bad
things
about
you
simultaneously
in
the
world
at
any
given
time.

sets

every
once
in
a great
while
there
is
a
real
life
Space Invaders
sunset
that
could quite
possibly
last
all night long
and
baffle
the
moon
silly
if we only
had
enough
shiny
quarters.

AD-Adult-D

you
adults
may
finally
get
your
wish
of totally
calming
those
jittery
over energized
kids down
if
you
finally
come
clean
as to what
you
think,
see
and feel as
grown adults.

that would
put a massive karmic
skid
on things
like the mauve
ending
of
a
meryl streep
film.

inner city

the
Ghetto
lunatics
are
the real
hero
baits
in our
insane
driven
consumer
society
that
is
in
a
constant
thirst
for a savior
that
will
rescue
our
brains
at
any
blind
cost.

the tellers

If you
ever
really
want
a job
as a fortune teller,
then
tell the
wise
interviewer
that
you know the
exact day
the world
will end
as you
give
an elongated
wink
and pull out
a bucket
of
hot
chicken
wings
and
ask
if
anyone
would like
to have one.

our nightmare constructors

the most
frightening
part
of
human
dreams
is that
all
the
haunts
and tremors
are
concocted
by
the
author's
all
on
their
very
own.

the sneezed

our
big
pinked skinned
white haired
fat cat
with one
odd
black ear
has
such
herpe-induced
sneezing fits
that
i feel like
its one of
those final scenes from
the original poltergeist
film
when
the rope comes back from the abyss
overly slimed
and your are clearly
unsure about
what exactly
just
went down.

alien pods

after
all of these
years on earth,
i have finally
figured
out
who the aliens
are
amongst us.

it is
the people
that have
their
christmas lights
on around
january 15
blazing
as if santa
is in
some real dream
getting
ready for
a Christlike easter return
and no
one
will
notice
all
that
odd
blaring color.

devil shadows

two
or
more
dead squirrels
along
a path
of
happy
road
is
flat
proof
that
some
boiling
red
skinned
devil
exists.

lynched

if david lynch
decided
to retire
from
making tv
and films
because he
was done
for good
after
developing
a way
to broadcast
each
night
on
the internet
what he dreams ..

then
i think
we would
all be
dangerously
safe with
that.

artificial poems

if someone
programmed
an artificial
intelligence
robot
to pen
some
books
of poetry,
i'm
afraid
it
would
be a big
orgasm
of confused
words
exploding
like a bunch of
those
Fox
news anchors
truly heating
the
charcols
of
hell.

virgin smile

The
one
that
took
your
bleach
white
virginity
now
sits
on the
last
rim
of
curled
brain meat
in your
head
sipping
the greatest
martini
ever
as they
watch the
sunset
blast
down
behind
your
closed
eye lids.

the finds

one
real
cold
winter day
last
winter
i bought a
couple of
warm
green
worn
sweaters and
a stack
of tasty
jazz vinyl
albums
at the local
thrift shop.

it
still
stands
as
my
greatest
shopping
conquest
ever.

the belief birth

winter rumors
and
coffee shadows
fight
used
wods
of
truth
that
will
eventually
become
your
best
sort
of
philosophy.

the existence

the
whole
problem
after
all
these
years
about
what
the
world
refers
to as
my sister
is that there
was
not
one picture
of her
hugging
or loving me
as
a
kid
growing
up
while
she has spent her
entire
adult life
blaming
me
for
being
born
&
for
all
those
silly
world wars.

shoed

the
real
magic of
shoeboxes
is that
they
make
girls
and
kids
so
happy
while
the grown
men wonder
how
long
that cardboard
will
carry &
preserve
their
most
fragile dreams.

fresh

sometimes
i dream of some
fat bass
on a
worn
dock
fishing for
cold sushi
as the world
freezes
in pleasure
for
a
small
moment
before
the
wasabi
cures
everything.

genius

The
american
experts
are
the
real
cable
tv
clowns
of yore
with a
bit of
whipped cream
on the cheek
and
blood
on their
feeble
souls.