

joefiles 143
trips around the sun in moonglasses

slowly fast

the turtle
that
stole
your
shoes
was
the serpent
that
thought
up
your parents
life
before
you
were a fruit
dangling all new
from
a barely
imaginable
garden.

the holy smears

shadows
of reindeer
are
breaking
the last
of my primary colored
Christmas
bulbs
out front
of my house
as the ghostly
fiction
of saint nick
burps
a sound of
vodka
while adjusting
his large frame
during the world's
longest nap
going
right
into
here
january
two thousand 15.

congrasses

the
jettison
toll
of
ignorance
these
days
don't
matter
as
the
local
politician
hides
the bloody
butcher
knife
under
you bed
before
3 am
on
some
random,
memorable
night.

the yin yangers

the
fresh miracle
of
child brain
is
that
they
never
remember
things
that happen
but
simultaneously
never
ever

forget.

accidental david

i was on speaker
phone
as the granparently
voices yelled,
'Hey David!'

i laughed a bit
and said I was joe ..

they laughed and said
'that is a good one!'

i replied that i had a
David-kinda voice ..

they roared even louder with laugh
and implored me to use that line
all the time.

as the crickets of seriousness
began and the laughter subsided
they said,
'seriously david, is the proposal done?'

again i told them
it was joe
and the joke abruptly came to a stop
as the woman whisoered the
number back to me
and
i knew that
anonymous david
successfully
wrote
an brilliant
alternate proposal
that
began
with
the wrong #.

matrix whisper

if
i really
am
stuck
in
an
alternate
reality
i'm
sure
the ending
will
continue
to
be
a mystery
and
santa
will
always
have
the
meaning
of life
jammed
in the bottom
of
his
big,
red
history-altering
gift
bag.

the football follies

the
only real
summary
of seeing
a live
NFL
game
in Kansas City
is that
the devil
threw
an all
you can
drink
beer garden
and
dubbed
it a hillbilly party
you
will
forget
shortly
after you
wake
the
following
morning
with
bruised
vocal cords
and
a bit
if blood
above the
left temple.

NPR dog

after
we got
a new retro
turntable
radio
for christmas,
our
big
red shepherd
dog
sits on a stool
by the speakers
that
always
plays
NPR
and she
lustens
wuth
ears
erect
just
daydreaming
of the day
she
can
speak
to us about
all
thise
stories
related
to
dog.

felines & booze

life's
real loopholes
are that
there aren't
enough
minutes
in
a
lifetime
to
spend
abundant
posh time
with cats

and that
we have
indelibly
paper thin
livers.

pure heart

love's arrow
is
a late night
reminder
that
hope
is for sale
for
all of us
equally
and
the
one
path
is an illusion
with
many
worn cobblestones
made
of
frozen
origami.

loner

alone
in
the
dark
while
the
empty
whispers
small
secrets
about
what
will
never
happen
next.

egged on

every time
i indulge
my new
addiction
to hard boiled
eggs
and
smash that
hard outer edge
of white
on
the worn counter
our tiny
basenji dog
comes jolting from
sleep
or taunting
the cat
to
get
the yolk
like a delicate
little birdling
acting
like an
expert
un
wormy
arts.

football dreamer

the
widening
tale
of
my
boy
as
NFL
kid
is
getting
so
thick
that
i
think
his
head
is
becoming
a
darker
oval
with
a
slight
leather
smell
like
a
sunday
endzone
full
of
cotton candied
hope.

the frigid wandered

it
was so
below
zero frigid last
week that
small
pockets of
silence time
flipped
onto
the radio
in the middle
if song
and
the big
satellite mouth
threw
darkness
on the TV

and
both
reminded us
of
the
pre-media
1800's

if
we
could
dig it.

new century PR

i really
think
promoting
films
in hollywood
has
gotten
sobad
that
we made up
computer hacking
scenarios
to have the government
pick a fight
with
tiny
north korea
to
sell
more
pop corn
assassination
scenarios
as
the
war planes
dump
big
bags
of green money
over
sony
studios

only
seen
from
futuristic
spy
goggles.

bird leisure

i wonder
how
many
times
birds
bump
into each other
in an
average
feathered
life
and
i would
guess
its
so
low
that
it
would
reder
this
like
of
thought
small

and
speculatively
fictitious.

accidental jazz talk

sometimes
i accidentally
call people
on my phone
when my
big
cheek
accidentally
wanders
the
phone
and
with
sonny rollins
in
my phone
i wonder
how
the hell
i would
succinctly
apologize
to a jazz legend
for
a
haphazard
cheek
dial
in
the mid
to
late
morning.

the good dirt

the only
absence
of
vice
is
not
smoking
that
whiskey
bottle down
like the
last
bit
of
dirty
love
you
never got.

final weaponry

the
last bomb
that
will
fall
on earth
will
be
a
wet
peach
pit
thrown violently
by
an
alien sling shot
the size of
a space shuttle challenger
from
Neptune
and
after it
hits
we will
all
become
tiny
gods
of
carl sagan's
outer rim
dreams.

animal traps

all night
two dogs
and one cat
had
me
pinned
to
the
sweaty
winter
bed
like
the giant
in gulliver travels
waiting
for the
AM
alarm
to cut
me
free.

moon arse

sometimes
i'm
convinced
in that
sheer
alone of
the dark
night
and the
abundant
comedy
on
earth
that
perhaps
the moon
is a big
bright
butthole
and
the stars
are
tiny
miracle
pimples
on
the
biggest
ass
ever.

the silent music

i've
owned
an acoustic
guitar
given
as a gift
over
10 years
ago
and
it sits
silent
as my
ignorant
music fingers
try
to
find a way
to play
it
well enough
to
smash
it
to
small bits on
day
like
townsend
as
i
finally
discover
who
i
am.

the kicked

the other

AM

my boy

was

catching

a football in the

bright deep cold

as his bus

pulled up

and a loud clanking

sound ripped through

the air.

as

the doors

swung open

on the short bus,

a kid

in the front

was

kicking

the seat

with

force

as

my

boy

said that

was

Zach

with a slight

grin

as

the

caravan

pulled away

and

i realized

i have

more

healing

than

learning

to

do.

yest!

When
people
say
"it's
been
real
hard,
but
I
wouldn't
Change
it
for
the
world."
They
are
masking
every
real
reason
they
are
alive
and
when
the
it
becomes
real
we'll
never
hear
from
them
again.

smash the marsh

the only
way
to
keep
that
lake
of poetry
raving
like
an award winning
surf
ocean
within
is to
never,
ever
lose
the
tiny
conviction
to
obliterate
any
rain
puddle
you
ever,

ever
come
across.

the evolution of dream

The
dreams
of
my
20's
have
turned
into
the
ghosts
of
a
harry potter
novel
that
joined
a band
to
make
the
best
behind
the
music
story
written
by
the
man
named chuck
that
sucker punched
you
in a slightly real
fight club.

the best of lovers

The
Existentialist
romances
are
always
forgotten
by the
annals
of history
and
that's
exactly
the
way
the
gods
wanted
it
to
fucking
be

once wonder

the
god
dogs
are
about
to
hit
the
shiny
red
button.

i
tip
toed
with
suspicion
into
the
local
wal-mart
and
the
air
froze
with
a vapor audible
voodoo lightning
that
was
oddly
off
target
and
strangely
kilter.

GOP-eeeeevil

john bohner
just
shaved
his
orange
hitler
stash
in
another
nightmare
waking
the
lost
goats
of
the
devil's
comedy
orgy.

the encased in case

closed
winter
windows
keep
all
the
supposed rumors
shoved
into
dirty
hiding
until
spring
lights
the
remainder
of
the bottle rockets
left
over
from
the 4th of july
and
fall's
constant
lies.

miracle AM

early
morning
wife
love
is
like
finally
finding
out
how
many
crunches
it takes
to
eat
the
whole
tasty
tootsie pop.

american armies

the AM
morning convoy of
army
trucks
blasted down the highway
in a silent
trove
of
voices
speaking
something about
peace
and the DNA of
bad blood
as
all the other civilian cars
flanked their
camelflauged
cars
of
tax payer money
like
the roles
had been
reversed and
the civilians

became
the new
warriors
of
a
part-time
war
world
where

the
soldier
riegns
silently
supreme.

god squawk

a
loud squeal of
bird speak
kept
flying
in consistent
peals
towards
my ears.

when i finally
looked up to see
what the
birds words
were
all about

i saw
a big
bird holding back
the noon
buckets
of sun
on the arm
of a
huge white
cross on
the caddycornered
church

speaking
like the fallen
angel
from
a novel

someone just
finished

in the
home
up
the way
that the devil
used to rent.

swished

this neighborhood
has become
the
ultimate
squirrel
circus

full of leaps
into trees
from daring rooftops

as the tails swish around
spelling
tiny words of
sinister
hope

and the grounds
and fences
are
full of these tracing
figures of animal
going

and
flying like
bullwinkle in the
cartoon no
one pays much attention
to
except for me in the rooftop
attic

dreaming of
ways to
market
this
new
22nd century
TV
i'm
watching.

nailed around

while
my boy whittles
his already short,
knawed,
crooked nails down
to even
more odd origami
slabs of shrinky dinks,
i
wonder about how odd
nails are to have on these
meat fingers
and toes
of
ours
and
how much they protect
us
from
with
their
shorts,
stubby

odd glances

that
have an occasion to get
coated

with color
to

hide their mission
to become the
devil's finest
playground
anywhere.

super bowl eve

the cheating
football
guys
only really
need to get next
weeks check
as
the
smell of weed
comes from the tinted

car

and
the kids
pop another

tub of popcorn
with extra butter

as
the
sound of a trophy falls
off the mantle
hard onto
the earth
prompting
the coach
to scream
'fuck it all!'

as
the
dreamers

fall back asleep

and
forget the world

even discovered
sports.

key logic

my son
had an
addiction to
a
stack of keys
around
his neck
and
we can hear
him
move
from room
to room
like
one
of our dogs
trying
to find the best
spot
to lay their head
or
chew their bones,
but
for
miles
it's
a mission
to go
anywhere
in
the
infinite
clouds
of
his ceiling skied
roof
what
no one is allowed
except for him
and his
keys to unlock.

the soft

the slight,
almost silent
skin
kiss

from my wife
on the forehead

as
i
get the last
moments of
closed AM eyes

is much

like
the
best of my dreams

that
i
finally
remember
and
know

i'll
never forget

no
matter

how much

they talk
about sleep.

obama radio

rockets
into
the
cold
missouri
porch
with
the
long saint
vigor
of
a king's
speech
telling
a
nation
it's
ok
to cry
and
just
fine
to burn
the soiled tissue.

go ahead,
have
the best mint
of the
century.

the starts

the
end
of
the
world
was
actually
the
big bang,
kids.

jazz
is
your
american
angel
that
never
asks
questions,
but
will
always
be
your
next
random
love
note.

railroaders

saw a truck
on a drive
about
with some serious
railroad wheels
and chasis
on the front
and back just
in case
it needed to
make a get away
or
a
massive life change
in a moment's notice
and
it
dawned on me
that
i finally
know
what to
say i want
for christmas and my birthday
this
coming
year.

ballonversations

walking around
the house
it looks like
a
clown convention
descended on
our house
and threw
the biggest
liquor party in
7 years
with
busted
scraps of balloon
all over
the
cold,
wintered grass
like there
was
something we
all
missed
and

that moment
in reality
was my
miles boy
throwing
a
plethora
of
water balloons
into the sky
to beat back
the wintery
rumors
and
remind all that
look down
that

the children of
spring

will
defeat the
groundhog's shadowy
black
and
be
back

in full
technicolor
force

very,
very
soon.

the glued world of careful

every day
we wake up and
a repair
person doesn't have
to be called
or
i see a plumbers
truck at a stop light
and wonder
what they are on
their way
to
fix,
i see
a
huge
metal tightrope
stretched over a massive
city
with
globbs
of tape
holding the
line together
as
the
worn working
class
all climb on the line
in the biggest
formation of
movement ever

going
centimeter
by
inch
in
pure,
haphazard
precision

hoping they won't
have
to
walk in on a
leaking faucet

or
broken oven ..

just inching
with a few extra dollars
in their wallets and
purses
as

the
city below looks on
in sheer
fascination

as
they
make their way
just before
the
halfway point
as

the
tape in the
metal lopes $3/4$ of the way
day
begin

to sheer a big
while

the
screen
slowly
fades

to
gray.

3rd

the first
morning i heard
my boy's short
bus pull up hard
in the stark
cold AM
i thought the engine
was knocking
as
the
doors flung open
and the truth
paraded into my
hallow ear drums
in the form of
a
boy
in
the front seat
kicking in large,
loud protesting booms
on the back of
his seat
and

i felt
the
heart race
and
looked down
at miles
to
get
his

feel and he
just smiled,
said the boys name

and waltzed onto the
special needs
bus

like nothing was

wrong in the world

and
how
could
i
think
any different

unless he holds
the
best poker face
in the history

of all
humanity.

i think
it's
the
latter
of
this
ladder in life.

the dreads

a taiwan
plane
crashed
into a bridge
and
landed
into
the
water

and
the world
is
now watching this
video
in
dread

as
the
coming kansas city snow storm

is still brewing

while the calm
of
it all just stares
us in our cold
faces
waiting

for
the
next big thing to
fall out
of
the
sky

to disrupt the tiny
woven
spokes
of
now

that
will

be soon
forgotten

in all
the ink of
a
black,
uneventful
period.