

joefiles 146:

pop culture TV finally indicted my version of reality

the
morning gallery
of falling
water
has
the
secrets of the
last
millennium
hidden
in their
shimmers
before
hammering
earth
to become
our
midnight
cup
of water.

the
zoot suit rodeo
was
where
the insane were
to
have been
spotted,
but
it
was all a myth
as
the empty
airliner
vodka bottles,
tiny trombones
and
red clown noses
were swept
away.

it was
a NYC
bar and my
mom was
waiting for
me to decide
her
future
as
my past
ripped like
curled fire
over the roof of
the bar
like a giant just
swallowed a hot
shot of whiskey
and the notion
of forever
simply
didn't mean
much
in the tears
that
my mom was
filling
a simple
water glass with.

the
torn leaf bags
on
the
side
of
the highway
remind
us the
nature
isn't
quite
winning
the
arm wrestling
match
with
the
banality
of
the
echoed
industrial
revolution.

i got
delayed by
the random
delays
of
life
as the
sirens
rang out
and the gray
descended
on the chicago
skyscraper
in
my dreams last nite
and when the
lights went out
and the floors weaved
i was recording
1 last message
to my
wife,
but only
got out the word love
as dreamy
mother natute
roared
into
black.

the suburbs 2015

Alright well
I told
my dad
everything
that happened
to you and Bren,
well all of what I know,
and he said
"tell him
I'm getting
a phone soon and
that if his parents
want to call me
they're more than
welcome to,
he'll even
come over
and have
an adult conversation
with them about
what our kids
are doing
and how lucky
your parents
are that
we aren't
shooting up heroin
and
addicted to pills.

the whirling
fan blades
keep the curious cats
dizzy
as the
advancing
speed mimics
the devils thoughts
of pure heat
going
into an
LA heroin
needle
that
the
gods
will
have
to
heal
some day.

you
are always
reminded of
how little
cash local
governments
have
when
you
see
the 90 degree angles
on the
signs
along the highways
with the
smooth painted
white arcs
begging
for
a
bit
more
mileage.

the
last
doubt
is
your
first
hope
in
dirtier
clothes
and
better
socks.

our cat
eats his
bowl of food
like
he's orchestrating
a
symphony of mice
or
eating
a mountain
of cat nip
from
the best feline buffet
this
side
of the
9th life.

trip
the
fire
and
breath
the
clouds.

one
of
these
fine
days
i
wish
my
mom
would
pause
in
conversation
as
tell
me
to
stop
spelling
and
saying
her
name
fuckin
backwards.

the
key
to
it
all
is
the
lock
on
each of
our
avalanches
of story
that
have
a
chance
to
evaporate
with
the
new
stardust.

memorial
day
may
be
the
coolest
holiday
we
never
really
think
about
because
we
celebrate
it
like
a
human
momento
instead
of
a
hallmark
moment.

i asked
him
how
it
was
going
and
he
said
he passed out
while working
on a computer.

shit,
i said,
you OK?

he said
no-no-no
i just
fell asleep.

and
i
said
shit
again.

satan's
lost
kernel
of
corn nut
is
the
gold
crown
you
foolishly
thought
the
tooth fairy
was
gonna
pay for.

yesterday
became
a
tiny
cloud
that
stole
my
mom.

my
sister
is
the
best
definition
of
dark
in
the
last
harry potter
novel
never
written.

my
father
is
lucky
to
never
have
seen
all
the
years
he
has
accidentally
missed.

good
night
chicago
in
a
nyc
shadow.

the
waiting game
caught
the
best of us
with
our pants
up
and
no valid alibi
as the
geeks and goons
grew
light gray
wings.

long sleeve summer hitchhikers

free ice
cream cone
vouchers
for
a kid
is
the
velvet
of
tomorrows
car
wreck.

did a google
search to
find out how
david blane
got an ace of spades
in the
middle of a lemon
and
the search result
was
a
huge
knife
in
the
middle
if a blood orange
with
a warning
message
in
french.

the
scientists
that
tell pals
at cocktail
parties
that
they
chart
the
locations
that
cicadas
will
emerge
after 17 years
from the earth
are wizards
you
may
need to
flee drunk from
after
you find where
all the
holy
grails
are
earthed at.

the
FBI
is
playing
tricks
on us
overhead
as the
tiny
planes
rumble
by in 5 minute
intervals for
days
registering
more
grounded
middle fingers,
guns
and dope
than any
big
US
city.

the price
of
death
is
forgiveness.

the true
blemish of
poison ivy
is
the
copper dollar
at
the bottom
of the
deep
end
that
will
make
tomorrow
make sense
&
love
the
mystery
that
will
never
get
solved.

i was in an
airport hanger
drifting around in a new
dream like
i was
adding a bit more
color to
the nighthawks
painting
when i noticed
frank sinatra
and
barbara streisand
at a table together.

i approached
and asked what
they needed.

barbara wanted
a small tumbler of vodka
and a pack of virginia slims lights,
while frank wanted
a cup of bourboun
and the bottle.

i drifted away,
came back with only a bottle
of whiskey and two shot glasses,
both smiled and
said that was fine.

then,
barbara wanted to know
why the pack of cigarettes were 3/4 empty and
damaged,
i told her i would be right back.

and in some classic,
legendary
swagger about
dreamy hangar,
i went away to
mend

the souls
of two
fine singers
who were waiting
for the smoke

and
swilling the drink
under
a
conversation
that
i
only
would
later

get
the
transcript
for

when
i
finally
went to bed
again.

i whisked my
car through
the yellow
canvass of AM sunshine
past
charlie manson
with a
female version
of his countenance
sitting in
and old
volks rabbit
with no plates.

he was drilling
a look towards
popeye's
while she was reaching
in a fervor to
the back seat
holding
down the skulls
and clown wigs
of a
new stephen king
novel
as
the
rest of us
out here
moved
in
our pre-novel,
pos-script
ways.

i wish
there
was an app
that would
transform
my phone into an
actual
yellow nosed albatross
that
would
hop on my
head in the AM
and send
it's rhythmic
sounds of
nature
over my ear drums
to wake
me
like
i fell asleep on
some far away beach
under a sun
that
i have
never
seen
before.

if
the
collective
human wish of
waving the
magic wand
over
each others
collective
problems
we have with life,
then
we wouldn't
have
any sort
of
way to
be
able
to
change
the diaper,
jump out
of
the airplane,
pay the taxes
and
watch the
politician
on the podium
telling
us
that they
have
the

magic
solution
to
all

of
our
collective
problems

out
here in real land,

tinged
with
a
smidge
of

delightful
delusion.

when i'm walking
my pups
at
night
and
the orchestra
of
dogs
wake
and
begin their window seat barking,
you can hear their
owners in the backdrop
like vegas gamblers
screaming at them
to shut up
as
the dogs and
i grin
like
a
gaggle of
theives

ready to look
at
the
bag of jewels
and
dog bones
we

heisted
from
the
dusk
night
ready to twinkle
with
stars.

those
globbs of washed paper
in my pocket
pockets
are
the
best,
accidental molds
of sculpture
i can
think of.

towers of
store receipt
turned into the
old man face
or young woman silhouette
to marvel at
for just a moment

before it gets tossed
into the trash
and ignored
like all the
other numbers
we

spend our money on
in the
paper dance.

each time
i pass the
big
government
nuclear plant
up the road
here,
my phone calls
drop
precisely at
the
same point.

no breaking up,
just a clear,
huge drop of nothing.

gone.

and in the silence,
i look over at
the
big bubble balls on
the
top of the nuclear plant
like
home simpson is
within those
quiet,
mysterious walls
laughing
with a group of NSA kids
throwing darts
at edward snoden's poster
with that pained grin
like he just
lost
an
important call,
as well.

my wife
screaming the other
AM
and it
propped me out
of bed fast
as i tripped over the cat
and jolted the dogs
to see
a
tiny jumping bug on the ground.

again,
she screamed as the bug jumped
up towards my face
like it had to
go outside with the dogs
to relieve
the
night's
bulid up.

instead,
i swaddled
up
the scary bug
and got rid of it
as

my wife
smiled

and
the
world was
getting ready to jump
in
a
whole
different
sort
of
way

very soon.

i noticed my
first fire fly
of summer
the other night
and
in my
slumber
of
reverie,
i temporarily thought
the
entire
universe
shrank in
one miraculous
moment
and
it
was
a
tiny
venus
that fell from the sky
hovering
over
the grass of our back yard,
right above
the wooden
constellation
of
the back
fence
perched for
the
earth
to
oooh and
ahhhh
at.

when did
accidents
become fashion
in my older
age
as
the women
now wear short
jean shorts
with the pockets
protruding
below the pant line
like a big
pair of gloves
waiting for a hand to
hold
or
rabbit
ears
waiting
for the children
to
ask their
questions

as to when
the 70's were
or if the
50's
are ever going
to
return with
a
vengeance.

finally
saw my first
high speed chase the other
day blaring on
the
other side of
the
rush hour highway

and
i rolled
the
window down
harder,
lower
to

see if i could find
the
villian's
cigarette
in my lane

tossed
like
a
coin
to
a
child
for

the
fast
world

to
crush.

waiting to
pick up
dogs
at the
vet
is
like
the end
of
a stephen king
novel
where
the conclusion
is another
mere beginning
swearing
you just
saw
cujo
going into
a back room
walked by a clown
as the staff
carries on
like nothing
happened.