

Joefiles 196

The Quarantine Quagmire Chronicles 2020

Graffiti
Sayings on a
Full passing train
Here in the dusk
Of simmering Middle America
Is like reading a full &
Hip version of a retold Shakespeare novel
I will never get,
But fully understand.

Saving
The people
May be the
New secondary norm
In a country led
By a
Mad man
With money on his breath
And the sound of history lost
In his
Soulless chest.

The young jazz kid
Says pandemic CD releases
Are the
Best way to live now
In this
One time shot of
Surreal David Lynch world
Where time is active static
And music
Is a good god
To listen to.

It's June 9, 2020
and
I want to find
the person
that took the world
and shook it
like a snow globe
for the last three months and
still won't let go
As the chill
Turns to hot
And the cold
Begins
To
Abnormally warm.

America is turning
into the 1960s again
& there's nothing
to look forward to
except the next fire
that's going to
Burn the white man
& get the rich to understand
that the poor
& the middle class
actually hover
In full view
Over
the real power.

The truth seekers
Can now
Revel
at a time
Where kings and queens
Are just regular folk
and at the end
of all of this
we're going to figure
out who the royalty
really is
Is at the bottom
Of
The
Red sauced
meatballs.

All alone at home as
the animals scurry around
looking
for something
to do
Or a new place
to nap
Or some
Kinda unknown
adventure
to break up
this summer heat
& all those dreams
of Florida and
Unfound places in Missouri.

Somewhere above me
there's
a lot of voices
and a lot of reincarnations
that are wondering
how things
ended up
the way
they did both
personally
and
professionally
and
globally
as this earth looks a little different
&
Beautifully crooked
each and every day.

Living
in the
home of
Pat Metheny
Means a whole lot
when you're into the
jazz but like me
As
The guitar
Chords
Tighten
And
The
Mystery
Becomes
Our
Next
song.

Somewhere in
The warmth of this
Frozen American time
Of quarantine is a Roman
Fire exploding like
A nightly constellation
We will decipher
Hundreds of years away
From now.

Assassination
Is nothing more than
An easy way to the middle
Of a creamed cup cake
Waiting for tome to pass
And the anguish to
Mutate into
Well earned
Contemplative
Glee.

Racism
Becomes the land
We buried under
Metaphor
Hoping
Irony would
Finally
Die.

The last sunset
I remember
Is the first time
I knew I was born
And let free
From
My
Wanton
Biology
Of
Family.

Love is
The final tile you
Will
Hopefully
Spell
In the explosion of
Letters
That rain down like
A holograph
Needing
A
Good home.

While driving
down the street
I saw
two tiny Cardinals
fly about 10 feet apart
And suddenly land
in the middle of the street
As if summoned by the
Voice of Stephen King
And they looked like
2 droplets of blood
falling
from this
2020 American sky
As we
Fight forward
In this surreal
David Lynch movie
We all live in.

I just saw
a modified hearse
parked in front of a
mail truck
and all
that was going through my head
in this surreal world
of 2020 now
is that the
only a few things
are guaranteed
&
That is our death and taxes
and both of
those little delivery vehicles
were sitting
in the
summer sunshine of
Thus newly
Alive
July morning.

Fix the valve
Of hearts dripping
Like a miracle
And you
End all hope
Of
Our 2020 miracles
Coming
True.

If I shoot
My cannon
To the moon
And give life
To
The man up there
I want us all to get
A lifetime supply
Of
Odd stringed
Cheese.

The burp from
A
Politician
Is a used promise
You can plant into
A grub
That
Will
Grow into
You
Favorite villain ever.

I went to my
first drive-in movie
last night
and it was
Empire Strikes Back
and I looked
at the screen
as though
I saw the
birth of every universe
that I ever dreamed of
coming to life
and like death
was defeated.

The branches
around the air conditioner
that blow about
look like a
weird green
leafy monster
from the movie
that I may not run from
but I may just wait
and watch
like a hungry bear
wondering if
it's going to come towards me
just so I can see
how the hell
the whole thing plays out
And if
It
Ever ends.

do any of us know
what a
real regular family
looks like
As I think about
all of the families
that have
stayed together and
How I've been broken in families
& wonder
how all of this
is supposed to
play out
and hoping
that somehow
I stitch together
some miracle
before I leave this
planet.

If you would've asked me
for a wish
the other night
during these
quarantine days
of uncertainty
I would've said
allow a small dog
to get stuck
below my son's bed
in the middle of the night
so that
he could see somebody
lift his bed up
like Superman
and it happened
and it was my wife
getting a little dog
that was reincarnated
as an old mafia boss out
of the bed
and he hardly remembered
It as his dreams
come true
As we all realize
We are
Pawns
In someone else's miraculous
Dream.

The Jazz Cat

Zoot Sims

Always sounds like
he's an astronaut
that went into outer space
to a planet
That probably sounds cool
but we don't know
the real name of it
and he introduced
them to Jazz and
came back here
and that's the ultimate Jazz Hero

... he took our music to outer space
and now
he's back smiling
that big grin
knowing he
Ultimately
won the cosmos.

Rabbits
are always hiding
and running around
like they've just
been discovered and
want to be discovered again
yet they have
no idea
where their homes are
& that's why they zigzag around
like a crazy little Robin Williams
cocained up
wondering where
the next moment
is going to be the best
and why the
last moment maybe
just wasn't
Enough.

The dark
Heart of 2020
Is a black ballooon
That will eventually explode in
An orange mist
List a trump at a
Used black jack table.

The retired gin drinker
Lugged his soul
Into an angel's lounge
And
Did a perfect
Tango as if god
Was
Watching.

The best
Layer of regret
Is the lingering family member
That figured it all out 20 years ago
In a
Rash of
Unfit
Love
&
Meager life.

The magic
Of a lost
Clown
Is that most will
Never find it
And the one unlucky
Soul that does
Will
Never outrun
Their painted
Karma.

The 2020
Dance has
Officially entered
Into a contest as
Th who can predict the
Best Armageddon
Election year pandemic
Masked end
As Stephen King
Burps quietly
In a room of
Intense heat
While his Typer
Is
The gasoline of
Revelations.

They lean into
The truth as if
The lie is fiction
And Earth is merely
A dream
That David Lynch will
End when
He clicks the luck switch
And the lights get brighter
While the
Clowns silently
Cry.

Letting go of
Everything
Is something few
Ever do
As the trash guys
Speed by your
Home
Waving with wise smiles
As if tomorrow is
A
Fiction
That
Will never happen to us.

There is a
very specific
stop stutter
dejected turn
and go back to your car
to get your mask
With a muttering
Of fuck
here in this 2020
as we deal with a
The
God damn
pandemic bluuuuuues.