

Joefiles 12

Acrobatics In A Jar

9 People Under The Sun

The good
one's
always
die young.

Not just those
gifted stars
of both pop & underground
society,
but
your
friends-former teachers-family.

They could live
until
age 8

30

121/2

one day past 40

53

64

near 79

93

101.

It's too short
for
the true
&
wise to
plant their hearth.

Time enough
to
apply the pencil lead to the paper
for
an abbreviated sketch,
which
shall be
remembered
until we also die.

When the
next
generation
will use the side of their
hand
to wipe
away
crumbles of pink eraser residue
from

a
surface
we imprint briefly.

A collection
of
souls
wading under the sun
with
muffled screams

melting

slowly.

Above The Ravine

A ravine
nestled
between two groups
 of
wild horses
lie
within my plane of view.
 Rearing back,
I
run
through the generous space
lifting my arms
 into the air--
On a
 fond daydream
that
 I'll transform
into some feathered beast
&
circle
 in the sky above
above
the delight
in
animal.
Away
 away
from
the
raging
 streets.

On Another Earth

Sent to a mental home
to be
prodded with
sedative drugs
to soothe the mind
in
a
new
&
common way.
Torn clothes
working eyeglasses,
she stares
over
to the Hibiscus
sitting proud on
the
round table
in
the
corner.
She feels
several tears
drip on a
starched gown
her
life
has
become.
The open air
hugs her
as gently as
cruelty
would allow.
Young creature,
our thoughts
have
placed you on
another
earth
in
a
different
room.

The Bank Teller Across Some Hall

The bank teller
is
threatened by
the
hair
I
grow,
adding brown tints
to
my flannel coat.

Glares at my smile
in
remorse,
studying
this fashion show
I care little to
correct.

My request for
more
deposit slips
is
followed by:

"Have you
run out, sir?"

Tell me
for sure,
did I deserve the scowl
&
verbal fowl?

She walks with
the
rest.
On a
false glow,
while
I sip on coffee
feeling
my
corduroy slacks
hanging
insanely comfortable
on
my
body
this early
September afternoon.

The Land We Borrow

I smoke
more than the pope.

Curse more than
the child prodigy.

Hope more than
the doctor on crank.

Drive more than
the orphaned teen.

Write more than
the illiterate hobo.

Eat more than
the underpass bum.

Drink more than
the priest in Catholic black.

More is
another
lesson
in
less,
we're human
for
a
chase
across
the land we borrow.

The Bare Bricks

My manual
brass alarm clock
has stopped at two minutes
before Midnight.

I see the strobe light
flash of
a powerful gun shot
as
the people around me
fail to
hit the deck,
while
the
car alarms
scream
for a number on the wall.

Counseling the broken youth
in
the inner city,
realizing the
true horror
suburbanite folks
have
never
had to encounter.

Insanity screaming
into
the
mist of chaos
for
a
hug
or
kind word.

There's few to
offer
in
this
dark world
toiling
under a tower
of
crumbling
asphalt.

Bugs Indeed

Bugs of
the night
intrude on the World
by
night.
Fuck the Human Race
with
sound,
nothing could possibly
compare
to
the
carnage waged
by our
evil thoughts & actions
so
vile--
Dump your
congregation
on
the
worthless fortitude
filled
in the paper
on
the
morning step.
Right Now
the
world is much too tired
to
kill you
with
insecticides,
while
others such as myself
smile
silently.
Content
knowing
the
masses wait erect
for your
crawling
over
the
bones of ash.

Candidate Repetition

If I
could
have my way,
I would
vote
to abstain from hearing people
talk about
presidential candidates
they
could
give
a
shit
about.

Bitching for a third party
laughing at a fourth party
talking
like
children on a playground
about
those front runner's
doing
next
to
nothing
under \$350.00 soap dishes.

Door-to-door
salesmen
connected to
satellite transmission.

Yea,
their weak
like
the neighbor
you used to stare at
with
a
sneaky no-look
glance.

People should
realize
elections
are a choice,
like each
decision
we
inflict on

the
world.

vote
don't vote,
complaints
died
in
the American swamp--

We all know,
so do you--
No need to repeat the intolerable.

Composition

A tour to
construct a composition.

Flowing
with
words of barley
spaces of cloud shelf.

Material
winding on the edge of a city,
like
a
runway
accepting
a Boeing
from the Middle East.

Yes,
this
knapsack on my back
is
a
pad of yellowed paper
with
scribbles of ink
injecting
a
tomorrow
more promising than today
&
a yesterday
as honest as
next month.

Filthy Cuticles

Your television lies
the radio cries
flies collect on the National Enquirer,
while hate
boils in
your
life.
Worried sick
about the neighborhood man,
hives break-out
along
the soft of your scalp.
Too afraid
to unlatch
the
ego
digging your body
into mortal disgrace.
Arise from
this
gluttony for destruction,
kiss
the
life
you
see
as
hell
and
join the rest of
the wake.
Mourning
a
death
we
end
&
replicate
by
the whites
of
filthy cuticles.

The Decision Is Yours Alone

For those
of you
lurching
in an attic,
did you forget
silence is golden
waste is haste?

If you feel
like saying it,
Do It Loud.
If you feel
like doing it,
Don't Tell Your Casual Contact At Work.

Do all this
with
some sort of conviction,
although
if
life
becomes
much more than your thoughts
present--

write it down
on your
one room
bathroom wall
or
talk to your window
on
a
weekday in November.

News From Delicate Honesty

We met
each other
again.
Hourglass skin
sitting
under
my tongue
like a tame mint
releasing seduction
in
impulses
too surreal
for
accurate explanation.
We drank again
rubbed lotion
over
smooth shapes
shared each other
in
freedom
weaved like
scant cloth.
Eventually
she told me
her
secret,
a piece of the
clockwork
that
makes her such
an incredible being.
Her time
is
numbered by the havoc of cancer.
A deep
sadness
that makes me
cry
when
she's not around.
Her
mesmerizing aura
has
a firm hold.
I
shall
never
forget
you
as

long
as
my
soul
lives.

Divergent Hire

Blue splashes
of
paint
strip
on-coming highway.

Orange clouds
hang snug
in
the
October night.

I
race towards
an airport
for
Dallas plane
arriving.

Taking me
on
a
trip
into my being.

As
the
displays
of life
covered
with silver chandeliers,
eat
my flesh
like
appetizers
on a
Govoner platter.

I
am
the
beyond,
you
are
the
future.

We
are
bound
for

similar quests
in
divergent
meanings.

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divergent
meanings.

Enjoy The Pain

I
have
a
crush on subtle pain
that
will one day
make me
seriously think
about
my mortal death.

Fidgeting tobacco,
nearly
30 sticks a day.
Taking in caffeine like
a cool afternoon nap.
Drinking liquor abusively
on select day's
making my liver cringe like
a
lobster boiling on a stove.

Teaching my
innards
of
fatal intake,
forceful & blatant--

At least
I'll know
I
was
aware.

Stupidity
&
negligence
is
never an excuse.

Hey,
maybe
I
stab
my
body
to kill
the
stupidity & negligence
living
offers

an
overabundance
of.

The Forgotten & Becoming

Restive
on
wooden floors in
Downtown K.C.
Cigarette ashes
fall slowly
on
paper &
cloth feathers.
Life
is
in
front of
my
future.
Time floats in red,
the
cold autumn air
pounds
my
feet
for
life is joy.
I have
left
the suburbanite trance,
walking in parishes
never to
be
visited again.
Urban masquerade
I
have no mask.
My
skin
ink
&
paint
is what I bring.
Let's have
several
glasses of wine
to
the
forgotten
&
becoming.

Gone, Oh Ballyhoo

My hometown
has
finally
become
the campground
of
alien
 memories.

Beneath mounds
of
Midwest dirt
the
childhood
 love
pain
 glory
has
not only
faded,
but
fizzled into
a
hill of
unsweetened licorice.

Happiness
is
true
&
I
am away
into
the
city streets
off
the
Avenue beat.

Westport
St.

The Remaining Innocence

Little children
blond red curls brunette spikes
dash
through
the
hall
at the
eight-thirty bell.

Their eyes
sparkle &
the smiles
make
the
evil
rest for
a
time.

Shaking their
torso
thanks
to
legs
of
infancy.

Resilient
to
injury
sex
is
a
myth,
failure
is
seldom.

Flowing
about halls
cutting
construction paper dolls.

Made once,
these
children
are
bound to rest--

The last traces
of

human innocence,
dash
young beings
through
the
cafeteria,
your
my
warm drink
washing down
the
spoiled mash
of
this
world.

Maybe Next Week

Deep rings of
brown haze
follow
my
eyes.
Fools dressed clad
on Rodeo sets
implode
the
monotony.
Rupturing my
hairs
into burnt ends
of
resin,
the
side show performer
cries.
Lightly &
continually.
His true
creativity
is
replaced
by
the talentless
skipping across
stale airwaves.
I continue to
watch
my
face
sink.
Now

today

next

week--

Knowing
the
true I
met
on
rare cycles,
could outdo
most
frivolous frauds
smiling into
empty camera boxes.
Just
to
think,
many

ignorant
bums
pay for this
entertainment
on
Saturday morning
pay
stubs.

Monday Rain Route

Moving sheepishly
down
the 2AM road,
solitude
is
in
love with
my soul.

A steady rain
like the
morning sprinkler,
brings
the
color of night
to
life
on
the pavement.

Stop lights
paint an acrylic picture
hanging
in a
Chicago gallery,
streetlights weep both
moisture & moonbeams
off the
hood
of
my truck.

Reflections melt
into
each other
in a frothy autumn rain
that
outduels
the
best of sun
on any
Summer
afternoon.

Her Name Was Around Her Neck

Went to
have a drug screening
&
physical on Monday,
the receptionist
was enough
to give
me
some sort of
debilitating ailment
of some
kind.

I could
see through her
clearer than
Lake Tahoe,
hollow cheekbones
knees of water
mouth of silence while talking.

A wobbly ramshackle
draped in
gold around the
second chin,
one
chain had "Teresa" on
it.
I'm sure
it
was put there
to
remind her
what
education failed
to
implode into her synapse network.

She spelled
my
last name
Jimino,
to make
things
more comical.

Makes me
wonder
if
employer's feel
more

secure with
cogs
blowing on an empty cherry branch,
or
those
that know their name
good enough to
forgo
that
stupid-ass
rope chain of
sure despair.

It's
all
one big
cry
for
help.

The Night Cure

Phlegm rises
in
my
throat.
Rain trickles
from
my
nose.
The night
watches
my
tired
body
hunch over
the
death
I impose
so
freely.
Over
dried corsages
frazzled socks
dank whiskers,
the night
is
upon my
soul.

moving
moving--

A healing
mesus
leading me across
the
dayroom crib
to
another
journey
into
a process
called

"Beneath
Beyond."

One Big Migration

Money on tight string waving on a fishing pole.
Garage doors crushing beetles for cool laughter.
Humans choking a house cat after the Heroin high has escaped.
Chain link fences dripping lemonade into the mouth's of neighbor kids.
Worn leather shoes chewing the local newspaper in misplaced role.
Locks on storage bins eroding into puddles of fresh rain.
College educated bartender pouring Brandy over fingernails for a new
shine.
Big Dipper migrates into the Little Dipper for a cute orgy.
Lipstick around my nipples for better personal hygiene.

The Earth creatures
migrating to Mars for
new scenery
&
better luck.

One More Staggering Step

Combustible rage
which the teenager
ignores
on a racist torrent,
kills the flesh
wounds the jolly roll.

Crooning into a closet
filled with lime green shoes
&
no where else to pin-up a magazine pull-out.,
the pre-teen
grows tired
of
her own voice &
thought.

Media clips
the young child
ingests
like
lighter fluid
over red flames,
their going
to
shrivel.

Thinking
who were they?
have I tried?
on
a
tight rope
ready
to
snap
after one more
staggering step.

One Sane Soul?

The
tree branch
drools copper
into a
silver hubcap--
It will
ferment
in the silence
of
being alone,
until the
chance
becomes
luck
that this
minimal landmark
will be detected.
Deep inside
a
wooded field
gnashing gently
for
One Sane Soul.

One Tadpole

Swim
infant tadpole
into
the
wake.

Rise over
the
reef
to corral of
gray--

Be the nuance
to
sidetrack
greed.

Small
toad
grown on salt
&
metamorphosis,
you
have
risen
into
a
chameleon
showing
a
tabletop of
condiments.

People
dare not
to
indulge
for
the demons
of
night
bow to the
new frog
taking
over
the
truancy of need.

"Genius is the highest type of reason--talent the highest type of the understanding."

Hickok

"I earn what I eat, get what I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm."

Shakespeare

"What is becoming is honest, and whatever is honest must always be becoming."

Cicero

"The sufficiency of my merit is to know that my merit is not sufficient."

Augustine

"Neither great poverty, nor great riches, will hear reason."

Fielding

"Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse,--but to weigh and consider."

Bacon

"To-day is ours: why do we fear?
Tod-day is ours: we have it here:
Let's banish bus'ness, banish sorrow:
To the gods belongs to-morrow."

Cowley

"Truth is God's daughter."

Spanish proverb

"And virtue is her own reward."

Shakespeare

"Non-violence is not a garment to be put on and off at will. Its seat is in the heart, and it must be an inseparable part of our very being."

Gandhi

Rain In The Field

A rooster
crows over the
plantation
while
night lurches forward.

An alligator
collects
pieces of dust
from the
on-coming run of
beasts in nature.

Your mother cries to
a picture
of your graduation pose
remembering the youth
both of you have long lost.

It's gone
baby,
and the commitments
mortgage payments
car loans
see nothing
which
is
truly intangible.

Reality is dawning
on
the western sleigh
&
you have failed to wake-up.

Life does afford
chances
in
different topics,
so drown
or
swim
 swim
 swim
to
 the
 Rain in the Field.

Stockyard, Reality & Smoke

On down
the
stockyard
I
walk
in
a trepid stupor.
Hung over
from
the beast in the bottle
savoring
the
evaporation of
sweet
perfume from Madame X.
Cursed
from the eye sockets of
elderly walkers,
I
spat on the ground
and
roll my hair into a pony tail.
Have
people suddenly
forgot
that were humans.
Don't apologize
to me,
quit with dry excuses.
I don't
dabble in
perfectionism,
reality
is
my
profession.
Let me
continue my
path
into the settling smoke
without
hearing
how
this or that could be,
I deal
in how
it
is.
So,
have
a grand day chaps.

Red Felt Tip Razor

Most people
are
like tests given
to school children.
Their either
true
or
false.

Blue skies
&
distant red twinkling lights
are
my glass
of water
on
the
verge of dehydration.

Rapper's & Country musicians
prove
why
love becomes
so
dysfunctional.

Damned
damned.
We all walk damned,
until
further evidence
is presented.

Parasite
come out tonight.
Make a toast
to
a
cure,
cure
for something.

Grasshoppers make love
in
bars
below the
4AM neon flicker.

Alcoholics should
realize
reality is the
strongest
buzz possible.

Dodge a bullet
kiss my cheek
peel me some cheese
speak to me meek.

Natural Spring Water.
A market
worse than robbery of
the
corner bank on
43rd St.

Some of the most
hardened souls
in this world
have
made parental torture
a
warped art form.

Peace
dissolved
greed.

You pass
the truly ingenious
each day
to

worthless work,
tired of the rumors
passed on by
shithead souls.

Is
reality
real?

People who
argue
against
condoms & birth control
picket the
nuance
of
their
own creation.

Christ had
coffee
with
Buddha & Gandhi
across
the
coffeehouse I sat in
this
evening.

The magician
disappeared
into
the
box
destined for
the
court of jesters
&
chameleons.

Rocks Beneath Our Toes

We roll
beige
cobblestones
beneath our
bare
toes.

Concentrating
on the
tracks
left in
the
dirt.

Leaning
each other's
heads
to
let
our
long
hair
tickle
our
shoulders & chest.

We
watch
deep into
the mineral
of
our
surrounding.

Questioning
Me

You

Us

&

Them.

Russian Roulette & Leap Year

I am
by no means
a
gambling man.
Tables
are too tiresome
slots
keep me
plucking for short
periods of
time.

I have won
healthy sums
on
my attempt
to
hit the computer chip
at
the right time.

Last night,
I broke even.
Couldn't imagine having
any
more luck
than that.

Not a real
believer
in
luck.
Luck is
as instrumental
as
shouting at the river
to
flow upstream.

It's a
sad attempt
to
play Russian Roulette
on
the day of Leap Year.

Either way,
if you live or die,
you
lose four years.

Stick
with breaking even.
If
I can
break even
by
the
time my life
has
come to a close,
i
will
rest
gently.

Salute The Gifted

Tip your cap
to
a
natural.
They slip
perfectly
between the
grooves of
the
railroad slats.
Symbolizing the fruits of
God's
existence.
Their the
prize
to the world,
worthy enough
to
expose their gait
with
the
most
beautiful plants &
creatures
of
the landscape.
Defying the odds
of
statistical selection.
Born free
with the
distinction
of
sage's
virtuoso's
visionaries.
They should
be
saluted
upon encounter,
fine statuettes
molded by
the gifts of
natural labor &
wisdom
beyond
comprehension.

His Personal Shooting Star

On a rooftop
close to
Ed's Bar
in Metropolitan America,
a middle-aged family man
watches his facade of contentment
wealth &
security
crash into the trash dumpsters
collecting
traces of human worship.

Hoping upon a
star
to fall into a streak of
fine white light
to grant him a wish.
That falling
will never come
on
this unusually dark night.

He's both alone &
crowded by the souls of
his
own
design.

Tipping his highball glass
beneath spotless fingernails
to
the
heavens
for a toast,
to
find truth in life.

Quickly,
he swigs the last of
his malt liquor
&
reaches into his Kaki pocket.
Removes a wad of cash
clasped together
by
a
shiny gold money clip
given to him by his wife on their ten-year wedding anniversary.

He drops the clip
into

his newly emptied glass,
the initialed side tattooed
M-I-S
faces towards his gaze.

Raises the glass over his head
&
unleashes the energy into
the
pending
abandoned street.

As the glass
crashes against the
curb
below,
he laughs
maniacally
muttering
a
silent wish.

Realizing
he
created
his
own
shooting star.

Slow Death

Into a
room
dubbed with
no
name.
Our thoughts
of
recollection
crumble
lightly,
for the
sage
&
clown
cry
silently.
The
cold
is
unbearable
&
the
fire
emits
no
heat.

It's A Small World

On
a
small
bubble of hope,
I
float.
Either
to
the
death
or
ingnition.

Their Existence Is Pending

The light brown
blinds
above the living room love seat
has
come to life
for the purpose
of
eating rolls of toilet paper.

A dried replica of a spiked starfish
comes to life
after peeling from the glue
of
a wicker wreath,
hopping down on the porcelain bathroom countertop
to
drink rubbing alcohol
for a cheap buzz.

The coffee mug you just downed a
pot of coffee from
at the local all-night cafe
grows limbs &
now persuades the tea maker
for
a night on the town in the city.

My mob of hair disconnects from
the roots
in my scalp at 4AM in the morning
to do the polka with non-existent music
alongside
the crickets on my basement floor.

Peacock feathers perk to life
leap from a bedside table to
stroke
my calves into
a numbing state
of restiveness.

The cat's of the night in a nearby
neighborhood
claw at Father Herman's lawn
for viles of cat nip they smell
just below the red clay
of the earth's crust.

A pendulum swings
without
ceasing in my head

keeping me in a nocturnal gaze
contemplating
a swift rain
to blind the sedation
of life's mysteries &
unresolved death.

Too Much

People take
too much
time
to think--

too little thought
in action

too much violence in
retaliation

too little effort in maintaining
peace

too much discipline teaching
the young

too many wasted attempts
to create
&
harbor love.

Too much difficulty,
yes.
Love is
an
instinct
based to
re-evaluate
reality.

What I'm Doing

Old classmates
&
furrowed friends
approach
 me
certain day's,
sometimes
at
a
cringing frequency.

They ask--
"What are you
 doing
these day's?"

"Answering for
my past."
I respond.

Then,
they comment
on
the long hair glaring over
my
ears.

I tell them,
"I grew it
out as a diversion
to avoid
hearing or
seeing
the past
you create."

Change
on the top of
a
brisk warning
to possible
wanderer's
ready
to
poke me with
a
question.
I prosper
when their
not
around,

they
would be
wise
to keep
to
their
side.

A silence
I
can
hear
rich music

in.

When The Light Switch Appears To Be On...

When your on
 you don't need a definition.
When your off
 the mirror whisper's low behind your back.
When your alive
 the mountain ranges are women stroking your thigh.
When your languid
 today is hell.
When the wind hits your back
 you need no shoes.
When those winds kick into your face
 you had better take off your prescription glasses.
When the here & now
 is all too good for planning,
take off your pants
&
let your thoughts
be that weekend affair
you
 never experienced.

Where We All Went

She argues a point
understood
in
simple terms.

He goes to college
to achieve
a
nameplate on an Oak desk.

They laugh at the Genius
sitting alone
in
tattered clothes
drinking a beer at the bar.

Their swimming in a pool
the
color of
hurricane black.

She decides to lose
ten pounds
after
reading Cosmopolitan.

He asks his girlfriend
to
have sex
because communication is a riddle.

They stub their toe
on a table
they knew was there
many times before.

Their walking down a street
the
wind
is ready to knock them off.

I live-n-die
while
I

write

more--

Where We All Went

She argues a point
understood simply by a child.
He goes to college to achieve
a nameplate on Oak desk.
They laugh at the Genius
in the bar wearing worn clothes
drinking alone.
Their swimming in a pool
the color of hurricane black.

She decides to lose 10 pounds
after reading Cosmopolitan.
He asks his girlfriend to have sex
because communication continues to be a riddle.
They stub their toe on a table
passed a thousand times before.
Their walking down a street
the wind is ready to knock them off.

I live-n-die
while
I
write

more.

I Will Live Through Tomorrow

She isn't
more beautiful
than
a sunset
off the
San Francisco coastline.

I could continue
living very content
if
we didn't see
each other
as
the
moon lowers
next week.

No,
her way isn't
true
perfection
waiting on a dank
street corner
for
Romeo in armor.

A woman
built of
individual beauty
trueness &
a
unique
genetic code.

Yes,
one I
think about
taking the shampoo bottle in
my right hand
under the
morning
shower spicket.

Special
not lethal,
sublime of
sorts
living
in
realism.