

Joefiles 137
Waiting in Line to Play Old Maid Just One More Time

## every morning

i see a woman
with 7 kids
making her way up the
slow
incline towards
the neighborhood school

and all those kids wiggle around her like a mother bird bringing a stack of fresh, pink worms to the AM feast.

each child has their own look of ambition as the books and pencils wait for their child smell and dreams to

like a converyor belt in a busy airport.

take off

the woman
has that worn,
content countenance
of
victory
and
knowing this is her spot on
the planet.

the magnetic aura roves around her like some scattered saturn rings she wishes all

in the
world
the
good fortune of
plenty
with quantity

much as she

has

as we all

begin

this

day

together.

# the fun

the

key	
to	
life	
and	
quitting	
things	
like	
the	
bottle	
and	
smokes	
is	
to	
constantly	
do	
fun	
shit	
much	
like	
this	
fuckers.	

## contented illegals

as the **DCers** debate immigration and the old white man spits used wheat shafts about who is using up their tax dollars i see a gaggle of mexican and peruvian illegals digging holes to bury google secrets in the earth and know in their loose smiles and hardened slits of eyes that they are the real americans ready to

tackle the dream

no matter what

damn

thing needs

to

be

done.

debates over the news about the right lethal drugs to kill deathrow inmates rage and executions are behing halted for an inhuman execution that killed man due to a massive heart attack. and with this, the daily barrage of the obvious happens. why should we be choosing the avenue to kill folks in a land of drenched theology that begs us not to judge? isn't all lethal injections inhuman? isn't the end supposed to be cardiac arrest? and the debate

of

the

pure
and absolute obvious
rages on
in
some sort of child's argument

dirtied by

adult

stubborness.

### bird heros

if there are any anmials that exhibit the

true stamp of conetentment, it's those high gliding birds over

the sparse roadway by an old air force base next to a new nuclear plant

just riding those invisible waves with wings outstretched

and head high
just
taking in all the
supple aspects of nature

we blast through with our hunk of modern

medal

and the whole time those birds

make sure that we know

that

we're not good enough

for

wings...

# the toughest thing about living

in the suburbs

is

hearing about

the lack

of

will power

folks have.

the hugely overweight

neighbors

mowing

a

tiny lawn with

а

riding mower.

the other guy complaining that

he picked up somoking again because

the

drugs were too expensive

to

trick his brain.

and all the other

stories

of

folks

pounding pills

to

push back the

rolling rock of age

and broken memories.

with that,
i wonder
if there is
another place in
the city

or urban wonderland where folks

just stop taking drugs, quit smoking, end excessive eating

and

decide

that

the only

chance

at

being

alive

is

now

with this one big lap around the

yellow sun.

# pushing

my small cart with my 9 year old boy through the store heard the next safe soft rock tune roar over the loud speakers in suburban style and it was jackson browne's 1982 somebody's baby from the fast times a ridgemont high soundtrack and all of this collided with me searching each aisle for a can of peanuts for my wife and on each aisle i saw an old man that was lost in a head full of wrinkles as they saw that phoebe cates top fall to the ground in spray of water as couple of teenagers helped me find my nuts and the

sound
of
many things
breaking across the store
happened in
veritable
unison.

### a kid's bounce house

floated away into the sky yesterday somwhere in New York in a fleeting flicker of thought we have all had blip over our brains at least once in our lives and when it happened to the folks it happened to i'm sure they thought it was some sort of a hoax purpatrated by pranksters only

be the butt of reality when the children got scraped

to

from
the fiction
that somehow
always
becomes our
collective
reality.

# a true jazz moment

is something you don't talk about unless

you realize that every

moment in life

is

а

little

like

live

jazz.

# heavy smears of paint

run down the walls of your brain while the inner bird within chirps in a loud series of SOS calls because there might just be masterpiece getting etched within that no one will ever witness .. not even when it's too

late.

# the fanatical burst

of

your window

is not a

birds over

coincidence

and			
the			
skies later			
will			
turn			
to			
red			
and			
the			
rumors			
of			
forever			
will			
soon			
become			
your			
sleep			
and			
you			
won't			
dream			
you			

will think

about everything

that's real, yet

elongated

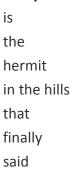
а

bit

into

fantasy.

# the poetry of current living



be social with media

it was OK to not

becuse

the media

has never

been

social with us.

#### used dreams

taking a
long swooming
turn to get onto the highway
after buying my lady a
fish dinner
i
heaved in gulps of hot, humid
air
as the sun baked the roads
like the last supper was
in the oven ...

and as i slowly ambled to
my red, metal stop sign,
i saw a stack of
old hope laying on the ground
like we orchestrated playing cards
waiting for the mannequins to
come to
life and try their luck
with real bones.

instead,
i was an accordian of old,
used lottery tickets
that

held the fingerprints of another dreams that drove away, looking for the

next available dream

to deliver him

into

a hot puddle of luck.

#### the click of life

is a combination of timing and luck that you will never nail, even if you cheat on a daytime talk show.

there is still a spectral,
cosmic level of karmic clashing that needs
to happen and it
smashed into my world yesterday
transmuting me to a world
that
produced profound
wonder minced with
laughing abandon.

while roving around a classroom of summer school high school kids watching a nature video, on the way out of the room i caught a rather serious, yet jovial toned narrator utter:

"IT IS WIDELY KNOWN THAT THE INTERESTINGNESS OF AN ANIMAL IS PROPORTIONAL TO HOW DIFFICULT IT IS TO FIGURE OUT WHERE THEIR BUTTHOLE IS."

with that,
all the prior images of octopus and
floating fish in their serious stance
underwater went away
and the world was flooded with
teams of clown fish
with unfound buttholes ..

much the same

place where really good humor comes from.

### baseball boids

```
as the sunday baseball
folks scribbled furiously on
their scorecards
to keep up with the
action on the field
between fictional mariners and royals,
i
caught myself looking
into the skies above our
upper deck seats
to see
errant blips of
birds swooping around
like their air was
their magic carpet ...
whisked by
a simple invisible wave
```

whisked by a simple invisible wave and without buying a ticket or trudging up steps to meet a stadium full of strangers ...

it was further proof yet again that the only true

geniuses that show themselves

are the bird.

### **The Vitamin War**

every since i stopped drinking my coveted whiskey orange drinks in a new fit of getting my heart to blot better red blood around my body and to see a few more tomorrows, i'm certain somewhere in my marrow that my body is missing all that vitamin C ..

and now that
it's gone,
it's getting replaced with all the other
vitamins
i never had before ...

those letters that were dancing on the alphabet line vying for my attention for years ..

now, the letter C sits lonely, with a black eye at the end of the dodge ball line while all the D's, E's and A's walk up and down my spine like a gaggle of tough guys adding dye to my blood

protesting the color orange

and acting
like they are going to
live
forever.

## guy down the way here

is an old timer in worn overalls and the same look on his face ..

he has a garage sale full of coolers and fishing poles ..

at least 25 of each and in the 8 years of driving by, i have never stopped nor seen anyone with my eyes leave with one.

yet,
he is always out there
on his breaks from the lake
trying to pawn his old wares
onto the world to get

few bucks for more worms

or some pixie dust

to

drizzle all

over

those dreams we may never know about.

# velvety elderly

there
should be an
unspoken,
yet known rule
in the senior citizen
circles
and its
simply that they
should
always wear velvet clothes ...

in long life
entering the
road to the sunset
in a blast of
ailments,
they only attire
should be
velvet clothes ...

fuckin' velvet everything.

velvet couches,
velvet cake,
velvet car interiors,
velvet animal clothes.

everything velvet.

and
david lynch
can orchestrate
blue velvet

as

their eternal athem ..

# jive anniversary, yo

in celebration of my 19th year anniversary of speaking jive, i say this to you:

"YOU CRANIUM HAGGLED JIG SLABBED BASTAGES
CAN PULL OUT YOUR VIXENS AND SLAM DOWN LIKE
IT'S THE 26TH OF DECEMBER AS THE KING LIVES
THE DAMN HOUSE AND WE SLOBBER LIKE PIMPS."

good night, bastards.

# coming right on back

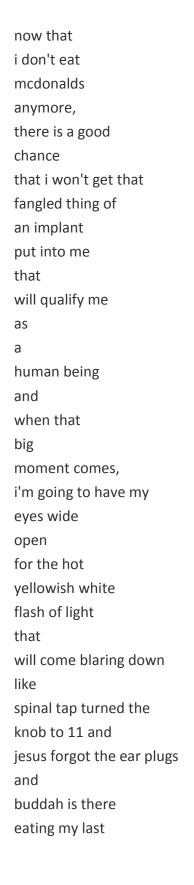
no matter how much speed we get or how fast the car is or how far we travel away from our birthplace home or how many miles we brag about, there is that intrisnic valve within each of us that sprints forever back to that metaphor of childhood in all it's realism

and supposed fantasy

real or

barely perceived.

# vying for the bright lights



chicken nugget

while

the

pulp fiction valise

opens before my

eyes & makes

me

scream

as loud as

i can,

'ROYALE WITH CHEESE, BABY!'

#### found 40 bucks

on the ground several weeks ago ..

all twizeled up on a piece of paper, the two 20's unfolded like a little origami bird my wife makes so well with her finger ..

and as i rolled all the glory open into my hands, a kids name was written on the note.

so,
i took it into the school i was in
front of and gave it to an after school
worker

and she looked at me like

there might be something wrong with me

as
i
also looked back at her
on my
way
out

hoping there
wasn't something
wrong with
her

the 40 goes

back

to

it's rightful

spender

soon ..

# the guns and the roses

```
in
the middle
of
an average
day,
summer or winter,
think
silently
to myself
in my loudest inner
voice
i
can
muster:
'WHO THE FUCK
WOULD PAY TO SEE
THE MODERN DAY
VERSION OF
GUNS & ROSES
PERFORM LIVE'
and from there,
the rest of the day,
when i see
someone a bit
sideways,
i figure it has
to
be
them and
their pals
with
```

their malt booze and drakar noir

living it up

like

it's

fucking 1989.

### rigged poetry

I used to rub my hands together when someone would tell me, 'lemme rig somethin' up for you.'

but,
perhaps i've seen too many moons
or let the sun scorch my
skin cells for way too long,
but mid-way into that sentence,
the mute button gets glued on
the remote
and

i decide i can't go to an ice cream shop to have someone fix a leak in my roof.

so,
i have grown up a bit
and decided

to rig my own sort of

logic

and it's to walk away from the world of bozos that miraculously

land in my life like a haphazard dart always

pointing on my 9's.

#### **Red Neck Tale**

living
in a town
fulla
confederate flags,
stickers that say 'country thuggin'
and
so many gun & deer stickers
i can't even count,
i realized that there hasn't been one
person on this planet that has
been born a red neck.

and as my boy told me last week, those that grow mullets are the least likely to get a red neck

as they

warble straight for the stereotype.

## the curse of age

is this question,
"Will I be able to do it again?"

and if you don't, it's just fine.

staying inside that crystal box of timelessness can only offer the same trick that has been seen over and over again.

and you know what they say about insanity?

so,
go on and strip off the socks,
forget to brush your teeth,
throw the ball at the carnival,
fish without a pole,
jump without thinking
and

run into the future as though it was the past and

there was something you needed to get

because

forgetting

fine.

# reverse ringers

about ready to
make my phone ring
in the sound of a car or bus
going in
reverse

becuase

talking over

а

phone

is

becoming

that backwards

kind of thing

here

in these times

of ours.

#### a north korean vacation!

everytime
i hear another american is
being held captive
in north korea
i wonder if they
are addicted to
pain.

under no circumstances
would i
expect anyone to ever
say to me,
"you know, i really want to go to
north korea to find out for myself
how bad they treat people, how little regard
for folks the government have
or any other meager meanderings of living'

no one.

not one would i expect would spring into that notion

prior to a vacation

to

north fucking korea.

good night.

### political clown smiles

i question
the thrust of evolution
when i see
picture after face on the TV
of politicians
flashing that smile
akin to a clown robbing a bank while on the toilet
letting out the worst of it's previous day.

the devious grin
as the hands wave and the
folks cheer
while the

muse of stephen king pens the next evil lurking on all our papers and media.

the politician with that

rue filled smile
waiting to pull in the forgotten money
of your pay stubs
and

act as though they may have something kind

to say

to your

child of tomorrow.