

JoeFiles 14

Instructions On How To Pour Warm Lemonade Into A Cold Red Bowl

One Mighty Swoop Of Karma

Thoughts in
a
criminal line-up
make
little
haste
for
the jewel
of
satisfaction.
They
are
swept
by the street cleaner
in
Portland fish markets,
yet
their
quest
begins
with
a
desired V.
Dainty angels
dressed
in
demonic furor,
their
in
your workplace
bakery
laundry mat
book store.
Throwing
fingernail
juice
at
defeat
they
will
meet
in
one
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A Limit To Be Found

The words
heal me.
The sentences
glide over my brain.
The commas
let me laugh.
The periods
make me drink gin and light a smoke.
The stanza
gets me out of the chair for a better look at my house plant.
The semi-colon
helps me think of the dog I would like to own.
The letters
are the bridge to my 30th birthday in 2002.
The italics
clear my thoughts before laying the brush into the paint.
My world
our world
her earth
his universe
sends
my
illustration
to
a
limit

yet
to
be
found.

ppiness.

Although
the
temptress opts
for
the plan
that
offers
a mindless
evening of

Lunch Is Over

Corporate cubicles
mints
around each corner.
Bosses
 temps
 receptionist
thinking
missionary.
Drinking
Tanqaray
off the clock,
digital rage
on the second hand.
I type
rework
draw boxes
around
the dialogue
company stories.
This business life
is
what
I
had thought.
There's calamity
yet
uneasiness.
So many projects
I
need
to
do,
want to do.
My tie
has
a
tight grip
on my neck line.
Lunch is over,
what
to
do?

Last Night

Blond
bellybutton--tan waist
tight jeans,
she told
me
her friend thought I was
gorgeous
&
would it be
all right
if
she
came over to
get to know me a little better.
Sure
I said.
Although,
another guy had
jostled her alcohol
into some kicks on the
dance floor.
Later,
we persuaded
women #2
to go back
to our place
down
the
street.
She complied,
told us
she was really
a
bitch
 loved sports
 didn't drink nor smoke
That
was
all
I needed.
Good luck Lynn,
it's
a
bitch
out
there.

Meaning One Way Or Another

Young white males
send
a look side-to-side
picking up
a
fifth of
Russia's finest
Vodka.

High school senior,
female
with a curly pony tail
that
shoots out the back of a
ball cap
flips
dough
for a cheese pizza,
extra mushroom
across the
street in
commercial pizzeria.

Waves
of
traffic
stop
go
stop
go
through
intersection
into
another
state
called
Kansas.

Women
walk
to burn some
excess fat,
men
jog with dogs
thinking of
recent divorce,
10 years of
potential.

Young American

females
flip
their hair back,
check
lipstick
smudges
waiting
nervously
for
a
green good-bye.

Out
here
in the
open,
we
all
catch
meaning
in
one
way
or
another
in
the 1800 block
of
Middle America.

Melted Walter

Old stories
transmitted
from American home
to
American home.
In New York
 Vietnam
 Cincinnati
Mr. Cronkite,
you aged
before I hit
the
chance for puberty.
Retired that old plaid winter hat
&
raspy voice.
You have given
me
the artifact to
remember Armstrong's footstep.
That journalistic style
&
small smile
has
melted.
Walter,
join
us for a glass of life
&
Abbey Road.
Here on
your
Moon,
in
the center
of
another
breaking story.

Message To Our Soul

She takes
my
mind
beyond the paint.
Over the travels
guaranteed
to
soothe
some shame.
She burns
the
shirt
from
the seams
of
her
waist line,
puts me out with the lame
like
a
caged rat
on the edge
of
a
pellet
delivered as reward.
Rain on
the
cloudless coast,
we
molest the
innocence
we laugh
at
once.
Dancing
to
music
of
divinity.
We
wade on the sand,
pure beige
while
the
feathers
of
the sky
cringe--
For
the sun

will
lower
on
our
host
recording the message
we send
our

soul.

Needle On The Hay

Follow
me
to
the border
of
your existence.

Hold
faithfully
to
a
leap
into
my existence.

Be
patient
to
watch
premonitions
float
from
the lava
of
gullies
in
black alleys.

Stay close
to
communicate
those
thoughts
Mr. & Mrs.
deny
in
church bound black.

Act
fair,
for
respect is
acknowledging
the
boundaries
each
human
soul
should
confront

on

this

hay ride

to

find

a

needle.

One Hell Of A Hangover

Man in
a
blue stocking cap
looking
at
the flickering
signs
and
lottery posts
in
the
Berbiglia window.
Hey,
premium cigars
and
wine on sale.
It's much
too
cold
to
read
the
possible
impossible.
Take
a
walk
inside
young man
warm
those
whiskers.
Make your
purchase--
listen
to
the
planet
and
let
your
surroundings
be
your
pleasurable
hangover.

Quote Book

"The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs."
Cicero

"A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?"
Wadsworth

"All of us who are worth anything, spend our manhood in unlearning the follies, or expiating the mistakes of our youth."
Shelley

"Gallantry consists in saying the most empty things in an agreeable manner."

La Rochefoucauld

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."
Wordsworth

"He that never changed any of his opinions never corrected any of his mistakes; and he who was never wise enough to find out any mistakes in himself will not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others."

Unknown

"The little mind who loves itself, will write and think with the vulgar; but the great mind will be bravely eccentric, and scorn the beaten road, from universal benevolence."

Goldsmith

"Oh! how many torments lie in the small circle of a wedding ring."
Colley Cibber

"Speak but little and well, if you would be esteemed as a man of merit."
Trench

"It is far more easy to acquire a fortune like a knave than to expend it like a gentleman."

Colton

"Of all the agonies of life, that which is most poignant and harrowing-- that which for the time annihilates reason and leaves our whole organization one lacerated, mangled heart--is the conviction that we have been deceived where we placed all the trust of love."

Bulwer

"Ah, there are moments for us here, when seeing
Life's inequalities, and woe, and care,
The burdens laid upon our mortal being
Seem heavier than the human heart can
bear."

Phoebe Cary

"Who then is free? The wise man who
can command himself."

Horace

"Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn."

Addison

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime.
And departing leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time;
Footsteps that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

Longfellow

"Literature is the grindstone, to sharpen the coulters, and to whet their natural faculties."

Hammond

Rainbow Reconstructed

Vivid
is the memory
riding the bus home
from
school late
on
some grade school
afternoon.

I had
a
picture
to give
to my
brother
for his approval.

My role model
judging the
worth of my
art.

He laughed,
pointed
taunted me
in
an elderly stroke.

Swiftly--
with tears
hitting the floor,-.
I
ripped
the creation
into
pieces of
my young soul.

Construction paper
Crayon ashes
destroyed.

I should have never
eliminated
that
piece.

A long lost jewel
sifting in
a
sea of the infant subconscious.

My older brother
approved,
I think of
him
fondly now
when I paint the canvas
colors of peacock.

A rainbow
reconstructed
over
the
years.

Running On Fumes

Fantasy
blown wide
from
the
cervix.
Spliced
from
a
myth
sifting in a gas tank
ready
for another refill.
You sit on a
tree stump
left for dead,
begot
by
the bat
drowning in blood.
Be roving,

believer

you fool--
See the
car,
let go
of the gas tank.
Running
 running
down
the
road
of
fumes.
Choking
the
rest
 of
 us.

On To Letter 'S'

Fired
for the
love of 90 days.
65 reasons
to send
me
to the
hospital
without
Medicaid.
One sharp smile,
reason
for
a
flashy aisle.
They lie
on
both sides,
for convenience
is
easier
than sleep.
Dr. State Side
here
are
your keys
for
my travels
have
ceased by
cinnamon coffee
which
led to my disease.
No hard ghosts
for
the
past has
favored me well,
we shall
never
meet
again.
Fairly be
rightly do--
We will
walk
into
the
dew of
our
chipper hives

meant
for

o ne.

Save The Ticket Stub

The awnings
flap tight
around the
white liquid
candle wax.
Holding on
for
one first chance
to
savor
what
we
never
truly
knew.
To glance off
an
unreal mountain range
for
the
first time.
Swimming
in
the
sub-zero water
of
the
ocean
while sore nipples
smile with pride.
Your first kiss
with
the crush
that
never
looked your way
in
the locker bay.
The wax
is hardening,
winds
die
down.
The awning is fading
into
some
late myth.
Better take the train
hard
&
save

the ticket stub.

She Never Had My Number

She shot
my soul
&
stubbed her toe.
Beneath
the flashing lights,
Ms. Lovely
approached
my side
of
the wooden wall.
Smelling of
herbal grapes,
our smoke-infested
breaths
exchanged
between
our ears.
She smiled,
tilted
soon relieved.
Our tongues
lapped
second-hand nicotine.
She gave me her number--
One last
parting glance.
Such a wicked smirk,
I
read
her
eyes.
She
never had my number.
Let free
with
the doves
of
the
dark night
&
a
shrill phone
that
shall
stay that way.
She never had
my
number.

Her Deceptive Shoulder Blade

Presented
with no cosmetic
twirls
of
perfection
nor
a
tail perched highly
on
an ancient sculpture
of
a
mountain lion motion.

It's displayed
in
worn Levis
flannel shirt
Wal-Mart sandals.
There
is
nothing
deceiving over
the
eyebrows
truth holds.

Folding
the deck
for
a
shot
at
love,
our hero
&
yours
meets
a female
shelter
of
sleek happiness.

Although
the
temptress opts
for
the plan
that
offers

a mindless
evening of fucking
&
silence
hovering before
the
morning glow
of
chosen commands.

She dresses
tosses on
a
blouse from her
dirty laundry basket
and
wonders
where
that
man
she
once
knew
disappeared.

I'm right
here
gorgeous,
admiring
nothing
but
the setting moon
slowly
tucking
behind
your
deceptive
shoulder blade.

I Sleep On This

The hallway
of
stairs
leading to my apartment
forces
me
to think of comfort.

The soft push
of
my heel
into
the foam carpet
is
fire
on
frozen skin.

A steady
blunt
in
the brain,
catching
my
mail.

Those
minute
items of comfort
are
so
delectable.

Lovely staircase--
Caring carpet--

I sleep on this.

My Body Warms Next To Solitude

Gas fizzles into
the
air,
the slits of an
old gray wall furnace
popping
to the tune
of
"We pledge allegiance..."

Cars
spit & scream
through the stoplight
below my apartment window,
tires shout so loudly
to
a
stop.

I wonder
when
a party of
3
 2
4
or 1
will get into
some trivial accident.

The blinds
stay open
by
day & night--

Equal
coverage
for
the
lives darting past
for
each of us
look in on
our
lives.

Living
while
the furnace
slams metal
on
metal,

as
my
body warms
next to
solitude.

Spirits & Souls On The Mountain

In some other
far away
land,
the birds fly higher
in
the sky.
On some spanse of
beautiful
salt water body,
the fish swim lower.
On some continent
feeling the effects
of
warm seasonal currents
the crime
is virtually
non-existent.
Inside a hut or tee-pee
on
the
North American prarie
groups
of
human beings
practice
mysticism
with a hitch.
The unbelievable
is
believable--
little
is
big--
water
is
gas--
Your not
who
you say you are--
The
spirits & souls
speak candidly together
on
top
of
surreal mountain tops.

Stars Laugh At The Dependence

The raving
wind
beats
the awnings
strips layered brick
rips
electricity
here on the Missouri side.
Smoking
in
candlelight.
Civilization
has
come so far.
I live
without
electricity,
although
I'm
nixted
at each
turn
by
down technology.
This is
so
sweet,
the wind is brisk
&
we're
shoved
into
thinking about
OHMS & AMPS.
The sun smiles
the moon applauds.
Those stars above
laugh
at
how
dependent
humans
are
on inventions.

An Afternoon In Texas

On a plot
of
land.
A slow
roll
in a
dark brown 1979 CJ-7,
the
sun is ready to fall.
Highways
 Crobar Mustaches
 Putrid Radio Dial--
I'm in a
pan handle
roaming
Texas road
 little gas
 growl below.
No where really to go--
Then,
a coffee shop
misplaced outside Amarillo
like
a
dog
in
a kitten show.
Cold,
we
ready ourselves
to
approach Oklahoma.
Our
sure
destination.
Hey,
coffee to go.
This afternoon
in
Texas
is
more like
a
cold night
in some
hallow cabin.
Out of the pan,
into
the plate.
Texas
wasn't my grits

nor
was I the griddle.

Mental Thieves

I can
handle the transit from
Atlanta to New York
without a smoke.

I can deal with the reality
that my former love
is
married to another man.

I can quench the painful doubt
which sometimes makes
me
look over my shoulder
more than once.

I can handle burning my thumb
on a
frying pan
without
flying into an episode of
nasty discourse.

Mental Madness
is
absurd clout--

Our lives demand
to
look over the gain
speeding in Rolls Royce's
&
Viper Women.

Found insight
into
this reality
&
the potential
in the brain
can
ruin
the worst of thieves.

Mental
or
otherwise.

Things We Cannot Admit

After
reading
a research paper
I
wrote in college--
My father thought
my privy
was
to
slander his voice & past.
Resentment
is repression.
We move over boulders
that
are
pebbles
in the present.
Writing
to
cure
the blanks,
opening
to
refuse negative closure.
Dad,
you could never
tell
me
eye-to-eye
"I Love You"--
I haven't ever
confessed to
you
what an incredible
man
you
have been
to
be
my
old man.

Think Again

Snakes fly when
your not watching.
Teachers smoke dope on Sunday afternoons.
Politicians fuck models
while
visiting N.Y or L.A.
Musicians pray
&
read Dostoyevsky.
Priests understand confession
more than they would
like to.
Fast food meals are a pack of cigarettes
for us all.
Liquor is consumed in excess
by people that
don't jog.
If you think
all
of this
is
some
jaded lie,
think

again.

Tired Of You

Love at home
Love in a phone
Love blown from a muzzle
Love for the vision
Love for the silent who?
Love all alone
Love has some tone
Love row low
Love incantations
Love
what happened
to
you?
It used to be true
unlike you.
I want
never want.
It's not confusion,
I'm
merely
tired
of
you.

In Time of Death & Doubt

Crime is
forcing
a
human being
into
untold servitude.

Whether
white
 black
 yellow
 red--

We paint
our
specter
in
sparkles of
gold.

Gliding
across
a
surface
bound
to upset
the
best of leaders
&
the lords of the underworld.

We were
victorious
in
the
mist
of
true ether
in
times
of
death & doubt.

Transcendental Moonlight

Into the
back
of a computer disk,
I
sit
thinking
of
more material
to
transmit.
Over the
grooves,
into
concrete
print.
Explaining
her--
the plan--
why I don't wear pajamas--
how cold the night can really get--
On
the
disk,
curled
in
a
ball--
I
think

over
the
connectors
time
has
provided.

I
inquire
into
more.

Transcendental
moonlight.

"Orange avenger
jump from
your
childhood comic book
to
lick wine
&
smell
french tobacco."

Viles Of Expense

Bums
of the night
come alive.
The wind chill
proves
pride
was some
deceitful heist.
Cardboard is
no cover
for the
overpass rise.
You can crawl
into my
apartment
for
some flavored Java
&
Doral Lights.
We can
talk of wisdom,
refuse
the crime
humanity & society
have shoveled
on
top of sin.
We will
be merry
make love to pure women
&
listen to the winds
rattle the windows.
Rowing
glass
above dirty rain
in
viles of expense.

You Need To Wait

Do you like parks?
Have sex on the floor?
Read exclusively for school?
Listen to the blues?
Paint just still lives?
Believe in Buddha?
Hate Russia?
Love your mother?
Run on Wednesday's?
Drink coffee at night?
Smoke while you drink beer?
Wear sandals in the winter?
Shower with extra hot water?
Not notice the clouds in the sky?
Hate children?
Miss high school?

If you scored
60%
or higher
on the above,
the line
is
to
the left.

You
need
to
wait.

Warrior On The Wall

The old
Neapolitan soldier
hangs
tight
between
copper plastic.
Arching feather
bowing
over
titanium alloy-style
hat,
you watch
through the
hall
into my sleep.
I
harry not
to
shut the door,
you
see
the inhabitant
in this
home.
Staring
 staring
at the
settling sounds
of
the
day--
brisk
 glad
 whole.
Such is your
pose.
Stick by my side
mighty paint
in
the
hall,
we'll
defeat the night

together.

Where's My Lighter?

Cooked eggs
&
white bread
spread
over
mayonnaise
from
a jar.
Watched a new release
on the
Blockbuster shelf--
bought a pack
of
Medium Reds.
The paint dries
on
the
paper
in my room.
Lying on my
couch
in
the
two-bedroom apartment,
I
have accomplished
plenty
others would view as nonsense.
This
is
the end of this
trail
of
lines,
the coffee is done.
Where's
my
lighter?

Why Does It Have To Be This Way?

Why does it
have
to be this way?

The young man
asks,
having sex
with
the beautiful sharpshooting
blond

or

watching
her
exhaust fumes
kick-out
from

her
tailpipe
as
she
speeds
out of the
apartment parking lot.

A can of green beans
&
chopped Ramen noodles

or

it could be
choice pasta
smothered under
the
finest
garlic and mushroom
red sauce.

Why does it
have
to be this way?

How can
the
sequence
of
action
on the street

or

in the playground
be
carried out
in
this fashion?

Utopia
or
Destruction--

A
polar
consequence--

I have
my
ideas,
but
I
ask
you
there
next
to the
sanity

or

insanity--

Why does it
have
to be this way?

Temperature Will Tell

The coffee has
run dry.
Alcohol
over the soul.
Lazy lobes
washed by red food,
sent
to
bed
to
battle the cold.
Only the snow
has
no Gaul.
To rest the
dead
in a
bitter bed.
The thermostat
cracks
along the wall.
I
am
sure
the temperature will tell
on
bank clocks
or
the chilly heart.

The Women Live

Why isn't
the
day
called night
&
the night
called
day?

There are
many people
I
have
run into
throughout
my time
that
could
safely
be
called a screen saver.

Lights go down
Birds fly higher,
the questions
keep
coming.

Ghosts
are
aliens.
Grandfather clocks
are
your cousins.
Soup
is
really
bread in transit.

Women wear clothes.
Men wear suits.
Children wear armor the color yellow.
True

a s
the
one way street sign.

Weeds
are a
subtle
reminder
that there
is
worse shit
in
li fe.

Cartoons
are
healthy
for
adults,
only
if
used properly.

Diversion of
true reality
is
only
a
sick excuse
by the weak
to
appear intelligent.

I fucked
smurfette
in
more
way's
than one.

The only
video game entertainment
that
should

be
legal
in
the world
is
Atari.

Main St. murder--
 Fucked-over childhood story--
 Teenage druggy--
Movies can only
hope
to
capture the vigor
of
real life.

The painters
&
poets
with their ideas floating
with
crazy intensity
won't be
the
leaders of a
government overthrow.
It
will
be
your
neighbors
down the street
who
snap after another
shitty ass
dinner of
charlatan grins
&
goofy laughs.

Smoking gives
me
just another reason
not to
attend
Major League Baseball games.

Sometime
when you have
the fucking time,
really think
about
what
love is.

The walking
are
dead,
the dead are walking.
The rain is
the sun,
the sun is the rain.
The snow
is
white,
coal is black.
Question
your
world,
it's
fun.

Walk
Talk
Eat
Shit
Piss
Work

Relax--
Never really needed the 1st Amendment
to
do
this
folks.
It's O.k.,
you
may
enjoy it.

Get this--
The year 2052,
you can will anything

to
do
what you
think
it
to
do.

Everyone will get laid somehow.

If The World Was Different

Seasons
are
eroding
into the wings
bugs fight for
on
spring evenings.

Orphans push away the
sulliphane dust
from
the image
of
parents
they never knew.

Presidents wave
through the T.V. into my home,
thanking me
for
the
cash
I toss each paycheck
into
their
Tuesday night
Prime Rib dinner.

Racing horses
&
the jack of spades
keep
an eye on the
lucky world
fortunate enough
to
maybe
pay rent this
month
or
appreciate reality
for
what
it
really
is.

A feathered harpoon
around
shooting stars
thousands of miles

out
of
the
way,
yet
possible
if
the
world
was
different.

e
if
the
world
was
different.

The Weather Today

White lines
of
frost
skip across
the
October plain.
Evil winds
knock
on window
panes.
Bitter elements
occasioned
on
my way
to
complete my
resignation
from
a job
in
Midtown.
Scorned
for
the
mistake
of
their
treatment.
They are
the
cold snow
racing
in
blizzard hues.
Pelting
my
bones
&
splashing
my
toes,
on
down
employment
row.
Into
another
sunset,
hidden

this
approaching
evening
behind
racing weather
the
color
of
corporate mismanagement.