

Joefiles 164

1 happy guy toying with 1 troubled soul

The broken wheel barrel
on the side of the road
That
fell out of the back
of the truck
sits there
In its bruised red
Fuming off those used dreams
of yours
so that you can
redeem
all of those wishes
at the end of
the refurbished rainbow.

The reborn pelican
is going
to take all of those
used crows
and turn a few amens
Into a bronze statue
Of yesterday's angels
to make
every single person's
future bright
Like the core of
liquid sunshine.

The only
thing
you
Should
do with that
gift horse
In the corner
Falling fast asleep
is braid that main
on it
Into an
Elaborate
Wishbone.

What is
the real story
behind the bald man
That walks
around 163rd St.
back-and-forth
pacing and
scratching and
sweating
even when it's
Below zero
cold outside
Like
A lost superhero
In
A
Brand new land.

God
May be
Coming
Tomorrow
To
Refinance
That
Dream you
Forgot
About
11
Years
Back.

Finally
Hearing
the sounds
of appreciation
From a
beautiful woman
is healing
in a way
that I never thought
Would
Ever happen
In this
Here
1 simple lifetime
Of
Mine.

Teaching
my son
how to buy flowers
For a woman
Could be
The lesson
In school
The gods
Of
The
Greeks could
Have
Taught
In this America
That
Forgets
Everything
But
911.

The fuel man
in the 18 wheeler
going down
the road
has so much gas
Happening
That
He
Already
Exploded
Into
A hundred
Or so
Tiny
None clues of
Boom
That
There
Is
Only
Dust
And
Smoke in the air
Spelling secret messages
Awaiting the return
Of
The
Mighty Mayans.

The secret
To
Being
A
Warrior
In
The next
World
Is to
Find
The
Last firefly
Alive
At the bottom
Of the waterfall
In this
Life.

The other day
I found out
my high school cross country
coach
who was an icon
And
loved by many people
had passed away
and that
Exact night
a house
across the street
got shot up
by a van of kids
which
became
the most magnanimous
juxtaposition
of this
45 years of
life
for me
here in the
cozy suburban dangerzone.

Echoes of children
going around the carousel
Remind me of
The voices
That ring
Around the
Eons of
Secret
We all have to figure out
Before we can become
Better crafted
Beings ready
For flight
Into
The
Next layer
Of
Suspect.

The world is
Nothing
More than
a
netherworld
therapy session
Where we all
Are broken
Yet few
Of the chosen
Are insane enough
To show us
The
Innards of Jupiter.

If
You didn't say yes
Enough
Yesterday,
There is no way that
A simple No
Can
Finally
Forgive you.

The sound
of loud
in the middle of
cold Missouri
Is yet another
UFO
Here in alien land
As stories
Of Trump
Become fiction
As the land of
Sheep
Worship
The bushes.

The secrets to
How the dog
cured all of it
Is ultimately going
To be told in
Every children's book
That has
Ever been
Written
And you will
Never be able
To
Track
Alll of them down
As
You
Finally believe in god and
Throw those
Old pictures
Of the
Devil with his hairless cats
Away.

It's the day after Halloween
and my Jeeps
got nailed
by eggs
from the
Drunk stoner teenagers
after they
stole a whole bowl
of candy
off my front porch
and the irony
is that
the reason
why they handed out
candy
during Halloween
was to keep
Those munch teenagers
from causing problems
and now it has
All somehow
Feebly backfired
Here in the midst of
This strange year of 2017...

Sometimes
the only things
that you can really
rely on
in life
are those
tiny victories
that rack
up to prevent
the broken from getting
Squished
Into dark
Oil scrapes of
Grape
On the sidewalks
Of
Next year.

All of
my words
roved over
by mice
are gone
In
Trailed
Of
Used
Gravel.

I heard
the rumors
and
it's all
So
Fucking
Absolutely
true...

I'm 45
today
and
feel
just fine
in this
Simple
Shirt
My girl Amanda
Mended
For
Me
Out of
Every heart
That flew
Across
The shared
Universe.

Your
epiphanies
changed
last
year.

(Bastards)

Fonts
are
the water
of your
dreamed up
letters.

The 12 pack
of
tea cans
splayed
all over the road
Contain
Each
Past participle you
Just happened
To
Ignore.

For
the last several mornings
I've seen
the extermination guys
driving down the
very early morning
road calling
High rises for
the crickets to
stop their early
Anthems
As the rest of
The rodents and bugs
Of the world
watch
Their tiny
TVs
In
Sullen silence.

The old man
looks like he
fell
out of a
comic strip
Weaving
his little jeep
Around the painted lines
driving
a bit erratic
while you lick
that ice cream cone
as I look over
and realize that
everything
is just fine
with the world.

Everything
we do
is the
silent and loud
protest towards
Trump
in this country
really comes down
to the metaphor
of taking a
knee and memorializing
in mourning
the fact
that we
have a
reality TV show president
that knows
very
very little.

The
worn out
blue
bouncy ball
rests
on the
sewer grade
like a dream
that's
ready
to get started
back up
again.

Someone's
favorite Hammer
is right
there
in the middle
of the road
In the heat
of this fall day
getting
a little bit
higher
and Hammery.

Some dude
in a big 4 x 4 truck
that's called
extreme pest-control
just pulled out
in front of me
and I wonder
if he has
an
antidote
or resolution
to himself.