

Joe files 166  
America Blames You

Love  
made  
your  
first  
bed.

The  
loudest  
explosion  
ever  
That  
was  
expected  
by  
everyone  
Was  
The  
White  
Shirtd  
lawnmower  
Shop  
Just  
Near  
The  
Explosive  
Edge  
Of  
dream land.

The continuing  
miles  
word list  
of  
Near mystery  
is the  
clearest example  
of clarity  
In these  
Deeply  
Muddled  
Muggle  
days.

The  
robbers  
carried  
the  
soup  
away  
while  
the  
chefs  
came  
up  
with  
better  
dreams...

Never  
believing  
the  
lies  
is  
the  
first  
big  
leap  
into  
your  
comfort  
land  
of  
shadows  
in  
the  
known.

The  
end  
of  
the  
beginning  
may  
just  
be  
My  
Girlfriend's  
Fine  
middle.

The  
Christmas  
story  
in  
the  
back  
pocket  
of  
your  
soul  
Will  
Be  
The  
1  
Secret  
No  
One  
Will  
Ever  
Know.



The alimony  
of  
your future  
is the  
flat football  
of  
yesterday.

The  
titanic  
is a  
metaphor  
for  
all of  
our lives...  
no matter  
who  
The hell  
you  
Happen  
To  
Become.

The  
circus  
of optimism  
is the  
zygote  
landing  
the pivotal  
triple flip  
off the world's  
2nd largest  
diving board,  
Baby.

The  
Monday morning  
donut  
and  
barber silence  
Is where  
Friday  
Leaves off  
In the midst  
Of your  
Forgotten  
Wednesdays.

The  
infamous  
buddy rich  
tapes  
Is  
A  
Sane  
Man  
Talking in  
His sleep  
As if  
Full  
Of  
The churchy  
Holy jazz ghost.

The  
cardboard  
origami  
that flipped up  
underneath  
my car  
and danced for a minute  
in the morning  
cold light  
To waggle  
Our  
Magic  
Free.

Finally  
got everything  
you ever  
needed  
to know  
and the way  
that you  
never planned  
In  
This  
Fake life  
Of  
Trimmed  
Reality....

The  
presidential motorcade  
is  
One ugly  
Big  
Orange wig  
always waiting  
to pass us  
By  
In  
Our  
Deepest  
Nightmare.



If you  
could  
spend  
the rest  
Of  
your life  
just eating  
big Macs ...  
would you do it fry guy?

Jesus  
is  
hiding  
behind  
a billboard  
ready  
to whisper  
the greatest secret  
ever

As  
You  
Cover  
And  
Warm  
Those  
Ears  
In  
Blissful  
Ignorance.

The gal  
walking  
down  
the afternoon sidewalk  
probably thought  
About  
the greatest American hero  
with all that red  
And  
Made the  
Anonymous building  
Accidentally

the secret lives  
of the  
adopt a highway guys  
Is  
The  
Narrative  
Only  
UFOs  
Can decode.

the  
exact  
accidents  
that  
led  
to  
you  
Are  
The  
deleted  
Scenes  
In  
Your  
Favorite  
Behind the Scenes  
Rock n Roll  
Documentary...

the man  
on election day  
walking  
up the on ramp  
to the highway  
with two skinny oxygen tanks  
in tow  
as the world  
contemplates  
a full fucking trump  
To  
The  
Collective skull.

The only thing  
the kids  
know these days  
about newspapers  
are the ones  
they kick  
down the street  
after school  
that have want ads  
For  
Used ink  
And presses  
That  
Used to make  
The world  
Excited about  
Kennedy  
And tiny mouse steps  
On the moon's surface.

The  
definition  
of love  
will never  
come from  
Hollywood  
As  
Cleveland awakes  
And the world  
Of dreams  
Will be  
The preferred  
Destination  
For all  
Rational  
Human  
heads.



Larry Gary  
Is  
the trucker  
of all motherfucking truckers  
As I walked into the  
Pharmacy to see  
The  
toilet clogged sign  
On the door  
As  
Larry  
Came up to  
Do his  
Shit grinning best  
To save humanity.

If I ever  
Decide to  
Travel the world  
By mailing  
Photo copies of my hand  
Via USPS,  
Perhaps I can  
Finally  
Retired seeing the  
Entire  
World like  
Some 2-D  
Ninja on  
A high rise  
With everywhere  
Not to go.

That one cold ocean  
Seagull bird  
flying above  
the middle of Missouri  
gliding high in the sky  
as I look up and see  
those white little lines  
And wonder  
if he's lost or confused  
and then I realized  
That life  
Is really boiled down  
To those little itty-bitty  
tiny pieces of pizza crust  
on the ground  
right by  
The magic pizza parlor  
Saving our souls  
Once  
again.

Those rare  
Dollar Tree  
spending spree  
Are the reasons that  
Trump will  
Get Impeached  
And all those  
Ambiguous dreams  
Of yore  
Will finally come  
Fully  
true.

The suicidal squirrel  
ran right  
in front  
of my tires  
and as I slowed down  
to look back,  
I didn't see anything anything about  
mental illness running rampant  
in the squirrel world  
and I'm convinced  
That it's just crazy shadows  
Running around me  
while I walk the dogs and  
run towards  
my life  
I  
May just give them  
Some reason to live  
Again  
Like a  
Reincarnation of Bob Ross  
With a bottle of wine in the back pocket.

Back in the 90s  
when I was  
pumping gas  
I would squeeze  
that lever  
over and over  
and over again  
till I got the even number  
like 10 or 20  
or even five and these days in the  
2018

I just let  
that thing  
go right over the zeros  
and the ones  
and the twos  
And the threes  
because  
it ain't nothing  
but a thing  
with the debit card  
Like  
A gangster plastic slinger  
With nothing but  
Sense in my head.

Every single time  
I hear Jimi Hendrix  
on the radio  
it reminds me  
of why the world is rock 'n' roll  
And why there's fire  
and how water came about  
and why the air  
is always full of good old-fashioned oats  
That just slam  
against each other  
in the chaos of invisibility.

The closet smoker  
from across the street  
drives around  
in a maroon  
Toyota Celica circa 1992  
and he has that engineering look  
Like you would never imagine  
He would do anything other than  
just be a family guy  
but every time  
I drive by  
And see him  
in that orange maroon reddish car  
sucking down that cigarette  
like it's the last moment  
he has to enjoy anything on this planet  
I know  
That  
Perhaps everything  
Really is right  
In the universe.



God  
is  
a  
big  
rainbow  
stretching  
right  
across  
your  
brain  
and  
your  
soul  
right  
out  
of  
your  
regular  
average  
ear drums.

Everyone  
is  
open  
to  
the  
unknown  
adventure  
of  
love  
As  
Big  
Plumes  
Of  
Fire  
Rise  
over  
The  
Lands  
As  
people  
Reach  
For  
Cold  
Cups  
Of  
water.

I saw  
a shooting star  
the other night  
that was  
so big  
And breaking apart  
and I could almost  
hear  
a little bit  
of it sizzle  
through the sky  
And  
Figured  
My  
Wish  
Came  
In  
The  
Form  
Of  
I  
Helluva  
Girlfriend.

The excitement  
of a paycheck  
before you  
actually  
have to pay  
the bills

Is

The

Orgasm

Before

Taxes.

The sunglasses  
sliding  
across  
the dash  
from  
one end  
to the other  
Is just the  
Sun drenched  
Future  
playing  
With your  
Unknown  
Past.

Like the  
echo  
of a  
crowd that  
left the stadium  
the matter  
Left behind  
Are the soundwaves  
Of impact  
You believe  
will remain  
something that  
we will  
never  
ever  
be able to  
figure out  
like the  
thoughts  
of a dog or  
the thoughts  
of a  
speechless cat.