

Joefiles 178

a knack for knick knacks is a grand knack

Still tinkering
with that idea
of the dog washing feet
contraption
after they're in the mud
wildly running around in the dirt
and it would be
a huge floor full of
golf ball washers
the dogs romp over
and if
I could figure out
how to put
that up there
like planting a flag on the
real moon,
I think I might be set clean
for sometime.

I have
this invention idea
for Christmas time
and it's this ...

...,the first gift that's
opened is a big box
that has like a basketball theme
on the side of it
And a top with a makeshift net
& you start throwing
all of your used paper
into this octagon
tall box
and it's a game
it's a sport
it's fun
&
at the very end
Of the present dance
There are little flaps
That come down
Over the top
Like you are wrapping the final gift
and you get to
tape that thing up
and put it outside ...

... no cleanup,
everybody
had a great time ...

Really the
best first gift
ever
for Christmas
for everyone.

We shifted
almost 70°
here
in Missouri
in about four days
& we're getting ready
to go back
into the cold
Ad all the boys
are spring-training bound
getting ready
to go and
create some more
baseball dreams
As all the flops of patriots
and those little
NFL Worlds Of dynasties
get to go home
and have their parades
and the only parade
around here
is going to be
a good morning
cuppa
Steamy
Spring dream
coffee.

Deep in the sunny morning
of a
polar vortex
here in Kansas City
experiencing a temperature
that I've never experienced
this early in the day
before it's 1° outside
with wind chill is probably
10 or 20 below
and they still debate
about global warming
while Trump doles out
idiot jokes
while things
that might
be happening
at the north and south pole
but
all i can
warmly say
now
in the political correctness of it all
is
that
it's cold outside baby.

Poetry is
that
one stack of bird
on a very very chilly
cold day
on the top of the
light pole
and they're big
and fat
all huddled together
as the
wind blows
and ruffles
their feathers
up in the air
and you never forget them
but can't quite remember
exactly
what it was
but you know
you were there
making some kind of sense
as you think
about that particular day
that you still can't
quite
remember
in the eternal
march
and
flight of
dots of days.

The old artist
wheeled out of his tiny hovel office
on his chair
last night
as we mistakenly
went to see
a jazz show
that wasn't happening
on one of the
coldest nights
in the winter
yet
he was warm
and inviting
and said stay
to have some tea
or a burrito
and told me an
old jazz tale of
how old man Minton
said
if he got Count Basie
a
basket of sweet potatoe fries
that he would go to jazz heaven
and
just as quicke,
he swiftly cut back
into his office
to close the door
and we sat there and
looking around at all
the wonder
and the emptiness
of then.

That one
cold dark bird
asis the sun slips
over the horizon
and the little
scratch marks
of airplanes
go over top
reminding us
that every single little thing
we do is every single little thing they are doing
and together all of our little things
likely mean something
on this very bitter cold
January morning
in the middle of a century
that all of us are living inat
now.

If you
don't allow
Jazz
to save
your soul
then that's
just gonna be
your fault
there
kiddo.

I have always been
the kind a guy
that prefers
friends
because
even though
they say
blood is thicker
than water
... at the end of the day
I always felt like
I was adopted
and I was never
really a part of
anything that
could be
called like that
so we there
trivial things inside
Saying
maybe it's me
maybe it's them
maybe it's a combination
of both
but being the youngest
boy of three
growing up
the way I did
never hearing
I love you
and fighting for attention
Has brought me
to this point
to believe
that you
create your
own family
and family is
just something
people talk about
in the movies.

That cold morning moon
hangs over my shoulder
like a little dove
that can't speak
yet because
it's just too cold
or an ice cube
On tour
Held hostage by
the skies
in space above
and someday
it will melt
in your glass
and you'll
just drink
it all
down.

All you need
to tell the kids
of the future is
that you
just got to
deal with
your feelings.

that's it's that simple
for all the things
that we have to
take care of
and watching tether
and hope
for at the
end of the day we
just gonna deal with your feelings
if you can deal with your feelings
and that may just
be
the
best good feeling
all the way around,
kiddo.

By the post office
I let the guy
in the Prius
Jett in front of me
and I already
feel more
energy
efficient
than i ever
have.

As I was
driving down
the cold highway
to take my son back
to his mothers home,
he said in a sad and
kind of a quivering voice
that he was going
to miss me
and then
a few seconds later
he said that he had fun with me
and I just sat there
thinking about it
deep into
my middle aged
funny
&
serious bones.

The irony
of this
crazy Trump shutdown tirade
Is that of all the money
that he wants
for this wall
he's going to build
Is that there
Is one being erected
around himself
so tightly that there's no way
that he's going
to be able
to escape
when that criminal news
comes down and
tells everybody
in the entire world
that the biggest
fires in the
history of the United States
sat on the
highest post
in the land for a
marked
number of daze.

I sat in the
front row
of the women's day March
and
watched
all the speakers
and
all the action
and
all the energy
and I don't think
I've ever
witnessed
anything
like that before
where there is
true gumption
and truth
in a room
that just wants
the quality
and
logic to come
in to the
mass consciousness
and I think
men might
be just a stupid
as they think
they are
or maybe
I am onto
something
because
I simply
had a
Small
front row
seat
to watch it all.

We are both
fiancés
now
after
we have
Been
boyfriend girlfriend
&
the future
is full
of sunshine
As the birds
fly low near
our heads
and we look up
wondering
when
and how
the stars
got up there
and
how long
they
are really
going to hang
there.

The
best
description
of
this guy
running
our country
now in
His orange
clad
button-down
world of his
Is that
he's a
wild horse
running
through a
hospital
with
no one there
to catch him.

In honor
of the sunshine
that
just came out
after days
and days
of no sunshine
and winter cold
and losing football teams
and snow on the ground
and ice falling
and freezing rain
making
everybody's dreams
a little bit colder
... I smashed into a
huge black bag
in the middle
of the highway
and it brought
untold joy
to my soul
to feel like
it's really warm outside
and things
are just all kinds
of
smashing around.

One of my
favorite jazz stories
to tell other
jazz musicians
is the one that
Terry Gibbs told me
about how
Alice fell in love
with John C.
from a phone booth
in Birdland
as he played
that warm music
and it still
to this day
gives me
goosebumps
to think about
how in life
we have no idea
what's going to
come our way
but we all know
that every day
we wake up
we're open more and more
to that notion
that love just
grows and grows
and grows
and it becomes
that lyric
In a Grant spiritual notion
that we understand
that at the
end of the day it
really is simply
all about
love.

The best teachers
always
sat in the
back of the class
And thought
about how
one day
they were going
to rule
the world
On an earth
That was
going to
figure out
that the
real profession
comes out of their
Learned
mouths.

The case
of Love Blindness
Is that
love is blind
And it hits
all of the
young high school kids
then the college kids
then the adults
and even those
that hit
The middle of age gold
and I don't know
if they quite understand
how you can lose
your eyesight
so quickly
in life
yet have
that thirst
and desire
to fill the
middle of their chests
like
the world
might end
tomorrow.

Stringing
colored lights
all over the home
Is my antidote
to a world
that sometimes
feels like
there's just
not enough
light or color
As those lights twirl
around in there
silent luminescence
As I feel the music
play through
my eyeballs
and everything just
seems to be right
as the world
Wildly,
Silently
burns bright.

Playing jazz
in every room
With
my smart speakers
from one station
In New York
to another station in San Francisco
And one in LA
... the sound of that jazz
comes out
as though
I live there
so upstairs
I reside in New York
and downstairs
I reside in San Francisco
And also LA
as this Kansas City kid
just dreams
and dreams
while
the technology
pushes
out the
best music
I can imagine.

Kittens on acid
Exist In
the way
they walk
around
and now
that we have
a new kitten
and I can analyze
the way
it moves
and thinks

.... those floppy little animals
with absolute no abandon
& hungry all the time
destroying a litter box
in a way that
I never knew possible
and his name is crazy
in Spanish
and living in an acid
all the time.

Colors of
cold winter skies
are the most
divine
As they
inch up around
the horizon
where the world
is getting ready
to sleep
and it's
like the touch
of the brush
was up there working
for quite some time
but no one
could see it
like that billboard
on the side of the road
that just
changed overnight
but it's a
little bit better
because
it's not
gonna stick around
or cause any pollution issues
and
As quickly
it's gone
Like the vapor
in the ether
of our thoughts
they go away
Only to return
Tomorrow
No
Matter
What ...

Winter bike riders
Always
baffled me
because
I never see people
out walking
or riding
around these parts
whenever it's warm outside

.. it's only when
it's freezing cold
sub zero
wind blowing snow
going freezing rain
and everybody
on their frozen bikes
are finally out

.... I don't know if it's
fear or if it's
just a placebo effect
but I can't figure out
why on those
crisp nice autumn
spring
summer
days
the same cats
are not outside
doing the
good work
paddling those
two wheels
around intently

... instead they do it
During the worst possible conditions on earth
Like post apocalyptic
Heroes.

Calming
Out
the judgers
Is a goal I have
in life
because
there's nothing
worse than
someone on the outside
Looking in
thinking they have
a better answer
or a better way
or what you did could be fixed...

so instead of me going back
and judging them,
I'm just gonna
go ahead
and try to calm
them down
because
at the end of the day
we all need
a little compassion
Or empathy
and
understanding
as we walk around
These colored blocks
doing
the best
we can
to hold back
That Hoover dam
from doing
what we know
it can rightly do
In a
Watery flash
Of chaotic instants.

Had an
Old time jazz musician
yesterday laughing
because
I still put CDs
in the chamber
to listen to
and drive around
and ponder
and make sure
that I understand
what that cat is
trying to say
and he said it was
a lost art
in this digital age
of everything
so disposable
and temporary
and easy to get

... it's grand to work
for your music
to have that
physicality in your hand
With a tiny circle something
popping out
making that
very explicit sound
like a UFO
Is overhead and
it's the music
and the ritual
that we celebrate
as we do this on
Sound filled
World
of planet.

Becoming the dream
is what we
all try to do
every night
in the Wee Quartet
Of my little dreams
Hashing about
subconscious residue
we are slowly trying
To solve as
We put the pieces together
of everything
that we ever wanted
to be and
All I ever thought I wanted
to be was
in front
of a microphone
doing something
on the dial..

at first I thought
it was Sports,
But it's Jazz
and I'm glad
I arrived
At it
and every day
I wake up
To that dream
It becomes a little bit
more real
like that digital person
in a movie
that finally
goes from being
fake to Real to
palatable.

Following the hummingbirds
Is a goal
that
we should all have as
they flop around
in their silence
fast and precise
finding their food
looking around
smelling everything
taking it all In
And then they're gone
like a phantom ...

always effective
at what they do ...

yeah I think I'm gonna
follow the hummingbirds
To the secrets they have
&
may just
lead me
Into.

The kid named after a car
Has a smile
As he gets to
see the world
with us
& laugh Loud
Rather that
being in that trailer park
wondering
how the outside world
operates ..

... and the kid named
after a car
is the one that
may run the world
one day
but right now
he's just a kid
taking notes fervently
figuring it all out
and laughing the whole way through
As he plans
To drive that
Very car
Well
l fine day....

The sound
of the young kid
screaming
over the intercom
at the
amusement park
as the
majestic soundtrack music
Blares
While mechanical arms
 ready to take us up
into the skies
Is the chaos in the dream
You
Never
Ever
Will pop
Out of sleep
To
Savor
In real time.

The
beginning
of
yesterday's thought
will be
the
best shot
we all
have.

Sometimes I wonder
why I can't
be the one
that runs over
Styrofoam cups
that explode
into thousands
of pieces
on the highway
As if
It's the birth of
Ground dwelling stars
Giving all
A reason to wager
Bets
On delicious wishes.

The early-morning
women
put on their
make up
with their
smart phone app
to see exactly
what they're doing
As the old man
In a beater truck
Flies by
pulling on a cigarette
like it's
His last holy breath
on earth.

Speaking
to all the
Jazz cats
from Brooklyn
Take me back home
to a place
I've never been
but it feels like
my dad
might just be around a
little bit
Since
He left us
10 years or so
Back.

The local jazz ensemble
mingle much differently
in the dive bar
last night
than any other
act that
I've ever been
around in my life
and it was refreshing
To reinforce the notion
that saints and sinners
Really
Do
Dig
Laughing
Together.

I accidentally
crushed a shot glass
in the garbage disposal
this morning
and it was a relic
from the past
and now
as I continue to
move on
In my life...

I feel relief letting
It all
Just go
As this
New life
Simply
Roars forward.

The waffle house
has the biggest poster
in the world
saying
now taking applications
As we all
Should be lucky
Enough to
Have the
Chosen ones
Give us an
Egg or 2
Or
A golden waffle
If
So
Lucky.

All those
Little orange dots
that appear on my
knee caps
when they
come from
the dryer are a mystery
to me
in a constellation
of space & time
making star maps
Come alive
On my
Magic
Worn cloth...

The April
snow showers
always
reminds us
that at the end
of the day
mother nature
will always win
and we will always
sit down
here scratching our proverbial
tired
Dream heads.

In my pursuit
to figure
all this out
I'm reading about
past lives
right now
and wondering
what I may have
been before
and what is in store
as we all
move on like
birds flying
to the sky
Just trying
To escape
and vanish
into
the horizon
yet to return again
like a California condor
all wet
and ready
to be dried off
again.