

Joefiles 185

An Argument with God Ends Badly

There is one bike  
with a  
kickstand perched  
on the side  
of the  
cold morning highway  
& it's on  
the busiest  
part of an embankment  
on the bridge  
& it's the last place  
in the world  
that I would  
ever expect  
to see  
a bike  
like that  
and I just got  
to wonder  
how  
where  
when  
why  
and most importantly  
out of the entire matrix  
of this mystery  
who  
that guy  
that is  
the hero of this  
random  
moving  
morning.

The majestic windy  
and slightly  
rainy war morning  
before  
it gets cold  
and all of those  
big band birds  
flopping around  
just as fast  
as the clouds  
and some weird  
Francis Ford Coppola movie  
sad like  
as today  
unfolds in this  
mid October  
right before  
birthday time  
in the middle of  
America.

The early morning  
group of kids  
going up  
to the school  
as I travel  
along the rural highway  
and one of them  
has a  
massive tuba  
that is just screaming  
off of that  
early sunshine  
& punching out  
the greatest sound  
I've never heard.

Several times yesterday  
I looked up  
into the sky  
as I took my son  
to the big race track  
in Kansas  
and noticed  
a whole flock of monarchs  
flying above me  
just above the area  
that I was in  
on two separate occasions  
in two separate  
geographical areas  
& again  
was  
convinced  
That  
Miracles  
Are  
Out of  
Our  
Collective  
Human hands.

Kansas City has made  
Their god  
a new quarterback  
As a young guy  
that supposed  
to deliver  
them from  
all of their sins  
and make them  
feel good about  
the world  
each and every week  
but when that  
quarterback loses  
Or things don't go  
the right way  
there's something  
about remorse  
and possible crucifixion  
that awaits  
on that proverbial  
red arrowhead horizon  
In  
Gambler row.

The l used  
tan  
work boot  
in the middle  
of the busy highway  
Is  
The  
Errant idol  
We all  
Hoped  
For.

A rare rip  
In the  
Air  
Became the  
Time  
You  
Didn't  
Die.



Earth tilting  
Like a  
Weary tamale  
As  
The  
Shift  
Becomes the  
Ramble.

The potted plant  
Sits in pure  
Green  
Listening to  
All  
The  
Tiny secrets  
Of all  
Us  
Mighty  
Astronauts.

Lost socks  
Always come  
Back in the  
Supreme  
Temptation  
Of  
Barefoot  
Voodoo economics ...

Reminders of  
What  
We already know  
Is like  
Holding back death  
With  
A  
Feather.

Love  
Is  
The only  
Leftover  
Not  
Spoiled  
In this  
Refrigerator  
Of ours.

The purge of  
Plastic  
Is the  
Medusa  
Screaming  
For more  
Attention  
In the  
Bottomless well.

Evolving into  
Survival mode  
Wakes up  
The angels that  
Have been sleeping  
In  
You  
Last  
Attempt.

Your  
rainbow  
Invented  
Tears.



Pretty soon  
here  
in America  
the next Willy Wonka  
golden ticket  
is just gonna  
be a  
chance  
to get a  
Big  
Fat  
Popeyes chicken sandwich  
Punch  
To the  
Proverbial  
Intestinal  
Brain.

The real  
true oasis  
in the sky  
for us is  
Colorado  
And  
That  
Taste  
Of  
Fully  
Invisible  
Doped  
Air

The low tone  
Of  
A cat  
Cleaning  
Themselves  
Next to  
Me  
On this  
Mid-Saturday  
Is  
The  
Proof  
That  
God  
Was here.

My son  
and I  
walked out  
of the library  
yesterday  
& I noticed  
the Cadillac out front  
that had  
all these  
Kansas City Chiefs decals  
Pasted strategically  
Abouts  
and my son said  
wow look at that car  
and as  
we were leaving  
the guy that owned  
the car  
was walking up the street  
looking for something  
that fell out of his ride  
and his shirt  
said  
'I don't give a fuck'  
and  
My boy Miles  
waved at him  
and never got a wave  
back and wondered  
why and  
I just didn't quite know  
how to tell him  
that everything  
we needed  
to know  
about this decal dude  
was right there  
on the front of his  
Worn shirt.

Early morning  
cat street  
across the  
green field  
of September  
towards the  
busy highway  
with some kind  
of rodent  
In its mouth  
not listening  
to anything  
but the blood  
rush through  
it's  
big  
ears.