

Joefiles 205

Welcome Home President Joe

The odd glower  
Of 2021  
Is softening  
As the kids begin to  
Laugh and  
The bitter cold  
Is nothing more than  
A swift ice cream dream in  
A newly cooked  
Hot dog world.

Cracked screens  
And  
3 legged dogs  
Hailing a cab  
To heaven  
For a shiny quarter  
To throw  
In the final  
Wishing well this  
Side of  
The Kansas  
Known  
As  
Oz.

Instruments play  
On their own  
In dusty corners  
As the ghosts dance like  
They will never fade out  
As the human Valentine's  
Spell love songs in  
The sand  
As the snow melts  
Like  
Yesterday  
In our hungry tongues.

The cherry lamp pole  
Rose into  
The foreign dream  
Like a domestic  
Miracle  
That found  
It's flavor  
And  
Gave the rest of  
Us a key  
To the  
Metaphor car..

The cowards  
Will run congress  
Sometimes  
As the real heroes  
Converge under a coffee moon  
Deconstructing  
The  
Conspiracy that will  
Soon  
Become a democracy  
We  
Walk into.

The mountains  
Are  
Old family spying  
To make sure that  
The lows are the mediums  
In the 3rd greatest  
Song  
Almost  
Written.  
The accidents are  
The only  
Truths worth  
Mentioning  
On  
This  
Long train ride  
To  
The green room  
As  
The next Jesus rise  
is a comin  
And  
The devil  
Is planning  
His  
Final suicide.

Saw dust crumbs  
Come to life  
And dance the  
Lost jig  
In a play of ballads  
The superstar forgot  
To play  
In  
The greatest sunshine  
To heat  
The  
Warm  
Ocean  
Dreamer.

The genius  
Of yesterday  
Is the  
Civility that  
Is now  
A  
Conspiracy theory  
No one will  
Ever remember  
In the oddest  
American dream ever.

The woman  
Designed man  
In a  
Oil pit made of  
Old banana peels  
An  
A hope that  
Cavemen  
Were  
A rumor.

Inauguration  
Rebirth  
Tonight  
As the dreamers  
And reformers  
Join the common grounders  
To dance for  
The next four years  
Like it will  
Last  
l  
Sweet eternity.

In the AM of the  
19th  
A loud snarl of metal crunch  
As a van collided with  
A red parked truck  
& as the  
Sirens  
Click like a bad game  
Show through our bedroom  
Window  
I looked closer  
Into the  
Final Trump day &  
That fitting,  
Lonely,  
Chaotic  
Metaphor.

The kids of  
1/20/21 America  
Do a victory lap  
In record time  
As if light won't catch them  
And  
Tomorrow is the only  
Place they  
Truly  
Belong...

Today's American  
Horizon  
Is a sanity we all  
Tripped through as  
The surreal carpet fooled  
Us until  
The skies opened up  
And shown the stars  
Like prayer delivered  
Angels.

The night  
Of no more roar  
Has come as the con  
Get the karmic soil  
And the  
Triumph  
Is for all  
The sane  
To dance within  
As though  
Yesterday  
Never  
Existed and  
To tonight is  
Your  
First prayer.

The convict  
Found the lemons  
And built a  
Red  
Rocket to run  
Out of this red  
Fire  
Built by a fire thrower  
In  
A  
2020  
Three piece suit.

The boxes are taped up  
Like life jackets  
Weighted by years of lies  
As the orange clown  
Exits as  
The lights ready to  
Cut.

The orange man asylum  
On DC hill spins  
A sordid kinda surreal  
We may never see again  
As the conspiracy married the  
Charlatan  
As the  
World  
Got collectively Trumped.

The old 1980s  
Rumor grew up  
And theorized what  
The 2020  
Would be as  
The  
Dusted dystopian novel  
Grew appendages  
And  
Promised to  
Cure most of  
Us  
In the dreamy  
Soundscape  
Of 2036.

The fathers of  
Your future  
gambled away  
Your past in  
A feast of whiskey  
In the last  
Dance the daughters would  
Promise  
The world  
Just before  
Sleep  
Rose to  
Yawn.

Cowboys  
And 2020  
Indians circle  
The American Karma  
As though hibernation  
Is over  
And  
Kubrick  
Has been  
Reincarnated  
To film  
The  
Final  
Surreal  
Fucking  
Battle.

The barrel of  
The gun  
Fell into  
The soapy  
Rose water tub  
As the angel walked away  
Wet  
Looking  
For a towel  
The devil  
Forgot  
To  
Burn.

The last train  
To funny town  
Ran over a clown wig  
And  
Sent tufts of  
Presidential silhouettes  
Into the sky  
As the comedian  
Cried a rainbow  
Of a dream  
We eventually  
Laugh at.

That 1 hot  
Air balloon  
Over  
Cincinnati has  
The worlds best rumors  
Jammed inside that  
Hot bag  
Ready to cure cancer  
And  
End COVID somehow.

The swift  
Wind of 2020  
Is dying like  
An  
Aged cartoon character  
That hijacked the money boat  
But was never  
Trained on how  
To  
Spend  
It all.

The clown  
Of your lost  
Dreams  
Is the messiah if tomorrow  
Digging a hole  
To Finland  
To  
Find the secrets  
We all  
Wish for.

Moments  
Collect like  
Stars  
On your child's ceiling  
As they  
Look In wonder  
At how the constellations  
Spell  
Your  
Name.

Sometimes this pandemic  
gets my brain  
swirling in such an  
odd way  
that I wonder  
if they're  
going to  
remake classic movies  
with everybody  
having masks on  
and social distancing  
and squirting clear clean alcoholic liquid  
into their hands  
over and over again  
and in its own  
Natural twist  
All family classics  
or comedy films  
Will be  
Magically transported  
into a pure  
horror film.

It's very odd  
that the word  
of the year  
for 2020  
has been zoom  
but this has been  
the slowest moving  
year ever.

The way they  
are now  
showing a sign  
on the side of the road luck  
with the Saturday Sunday  
abbreviation  
Looks like Satan  
was going to be there  
from 10 to 1.

That suburban truck  
had two of the  
largest antennas  
I've ever seen in my life  
& so big I thought they  
were going to hit  
the street signs above  
and  
The more I look at them  
I'm sure they're pulling down  
Juicy transmissions  
from Jupiter or  
Saturn  
if we're lucky  
Enough.

Everyday I  
Drive by the  
Fun House Pizza  
There is a  
Sign saying  
See you in heaven Audrey  
And now I'm  
Certain  
She is a carnival  
Saint sprinkling the  
Good times  
Right on down  
Into our full dreams  
Like  
Magic  
Parmesan cheese.

The local  
Nazarene church  
Up the street here  
On a lonely  
Outlet road  
is stuck on the date  
of May 22, 2005  
and it's been like that for a  
long long time  
Hoping the new messiah  
Is paying attention  
Or somehow  
Time will freeze  
Like ice cubes  
In a  
Mythical  
Whiskey drink.

The 2021 mantra  
should be  
less food  
and more smiling  
And  
Whiskey  
If  
You  
Still  
Really  
Believe.

I Still gotta  
develop that  
bumper sticker  
that  
Simply says  
'At least you're not Donald Trump...'

I still remember  
waiting in that  
rapid Covid test line  
on a very cold morning  
for 5 1/2 hours  
and running into a  
sales guy  
from the hardware section  
of the Lowe's in  
My old town  
Of Belton  
and telling him  
how much  
I appreciated him  
and what a weird coincidence  
that I would have  
that happen that day  
If  
All of these moments  
Are even  
A  
Coincidence.

I saw a  
big heart sticker  
on the back  
of a car  
that looked like  
it said jeans  
and I was wondering  
why this person  
loved jeans so  
and wanted  
to let us know about it  
and then realized  
my eyes are really  
going bad because it actually  
said Jesus.

Lavender lamp posts  
hide the secrets  
shoved deep down  
For the new  
conspiracy theorist makers  
Of the future  
to find  
and believe  
that it may  
have just  
actually happened  
in that alternate reality  
of the  
unknown.

Sometimes  
when I'm  
speeding past  
what I think  
is a cop on the  
other other side of the road  
I down and realize that  
it says park ranger  
on the side  
Of his car  
& I look back and think that dude  
Has to be so happy  
To distract that kind of feeling  
In everybody.

The massive hawk  
sitting in the  
newly snowed tree  
As the crows honking  
gather  
About like a  
little murderer  
Scene  
Naturally  
Unfolding  
In  
Dark,  
Dark  
Black.

When I think about  
the silly  
GOP congresswoman  
that believes  
in conspiracies  
that just got elected  
to the Senate  
I realize  
that we are firmly in the  
row moment  
of America  
as we have  
been fucked with for  
so long that  
the insane and loony bays  
are going to start infiltrating  
and causing problems  
that we only write about for  
decades  
To come.

If you happen  
to be in your car  
and you are riding  
My tail  
& a little upset  
that I'm not going  
way over the speed limit  
and have a  
red Rudolph nose jammed  
into your front grill  
it means that all bets  
are completely off.