## Joefiles 236

Myths are Real in a Fictional Cowboy Scene

#### Cats

Raining

Dogs

ls

The

Pandemic

Parable.

Just took
a second
to really
look at a sign
on a porch
off of main street
here
that says
'life is better on the porch'
& no one
Is out there
On
The
empty planks
То
Prove
This day.

# I went down in the early September air with my son to wait for the bus & he asked if I could get his hoodie for him & I went up & got one & quickly brought it down & it was the wrong one & he told me which one it was & I asked him why didn't he go up & show me

and I was confused as to which one it was I heard a love supreme on the radio and instantly everything

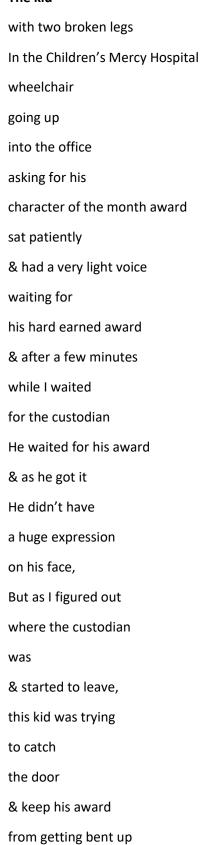
Which one it was

came in the focus

## Morning hummingbirds

flit
by like
that bucket of thoughts
that collect
everything i forgot
and when i
finally
have pause
to remember,
they fly
off again
full of sweet nectar
and
unnamable
ghosts in
their wake.

#### The kid



three or four or five kids
that were
walking by
to music class
saw this
& opened the door
for him
& as he came out
Rolling his wheels
With all his might
I noticed his shirt
That said
'my mom is my hero'
as I looked down the hall
After him
and saw the little
Escaping box of
his outline going
to where
he was going
& realized
That this is the reason
why I like
My job so much
Witnessing tiny blips
Of heroism and bravery
in those small ways
every
Single day.

# As I was playing catch with my son this morning while waiting for the bus he had a Chicago cubs tie-dye baseball my wife got for him the previous weekend for a team that he loves because of his stepdad and as he was getting on the bus I told him that we should probably put it in his bag so that he wouldn't get in trouble at school and he just said that he really wanted to show his stepdad the ball And I let him do it Thinking how have we come as a People When a kid

can't celebrate

the joy of his parents

and has
to worry
about hiding it
because
he's going to a school
where things can go sideways
on any bright and sunny day
and I feel good
about what I did
and he sent
me a picture
On the bus
of his hero Zack Hample
with one of my heroes
Conan O'Brien
getting interviewed
and asked me to
watch the video
because he knows how much I enjoy the comedy
As our days began
The best
Way

that you
get things
in this lifetime
acknowledged
it's gonna
be that one time
you won't expect it
but I suspect
in my case
nothing is
ever going
to be
Ever recognized
Until I am
way gone
far away
from this
blue rock.

### The healthy Hispanic women

walking their
tiny dogs
on a
unseasonably warm
September day
are the ones
that shine
like goddesses
in a world
Where
no one
believes in God
anymore,
But they
Revere
Them.

#### It's late September

and it's
the first day
where it's not
in the 80s or 90s
and I saw
an older woman
filling up her
fountain drink
full of Coke
and she had
winter boots
up to her knees
and I knew
That it was officially
Cold season
& it was like
seeing the very
First
fire fly
As the gals
Usher in a new
Seasonal era
Of booting
Cold
In the arse.

# **His friends** and Homies call him scoop & now he's memorialize on a train In full ROY G BIV colors and everybody calls Him a fucking hero As those bright colors in his name pop out like a marquee on Broadway and every city USA is the train Of his choosing as

It chugs

down the

Motherfucking track.

## I had a dream the other night

i nad a dream the other nig
that I was
walking down
a path and
Jillian and Amanda
were behind me
and there was a bunch of
motorcycles
and I decided
to knock over
the leader of the
motorcycles head
and as it
Fell to the ground
I picked it back up
and put it on it's stand
like I just
wanted to see
what would happen
and they
ran up behind me
kind of freaked out
but laughing
As I still
Try to
Figure out why
I remember
It.

### I Always bump into the Slow turtle

on my bike ride

Lumbering

Across the path

As the metaphors

Glow.

### Neighbor up the way

saw me playing catch

with my boy Miles

in both the AM & PM

and asked

if I had a day job

And

That

Was the finest thing

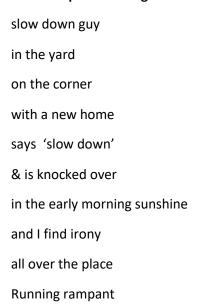
Anyone could have

Said

Or assumed about

My existence.

#### The little plastic lime green



Like a squirrel party.

## I just drove through a whole murder

of crows

in the middle

of the street

Prancing around

looking for food

and I actually

came out

unscathed

In my

Most recent

Brush with

Murder.

#### There is a little rundown house

on the corner
of a very busy street
here in mid-September
all marked
up with all kinds of things Halloween
Like caution tape
& a bloody mural
that says keep out
and other things
Of gore
and I wonder
if that truly
is a haunted house
and they're just
trying to throw
All us people off
with their
little
Seasonal tricks.

#### The one lonely dirty mask

Of COVID
is rolling down
the late September highway
As
the echoes
of President Biden
saying the pandemic is over
a week ago
reverberates like a
rumor
stuck
in the truth
that we
all don't quite believe
we are living
& at some level
of deep denial
that we are OK with now
in this 2022
getting ready to
go into
The full unknown
Of
2023.

#### The Pooka shell

Wearing dudes of
Youth
Gone
Are all
The worst
Politicians
We see over
&
Over
On the TV.

I've hit that point my life with all of those big truck motherfucking driving dudes that I would like to invite them all to the largest field in the world under the guise that they're going to see their little orange marshmallow Trump guy hero and somehow I'm going to convince them that they need to drive towards the center Of the field simultaneously towards a hologram of their big inflated MAGA dummy As the all agree & they all just crash into each other and we start getting rid of these big fucking

truck motherfuckers
one at a time
if not 1000 or more

at a damn time.

### On this rare September morning

as I drove
down the highway
with low tire pressure
and very little gas
I saw the big orb
of Jupiter
sitting right there
on the horizon
and I started
thinking about
things outside
of earth
and the little concerns
As that twinkling
massive
tiny puncture
of light
came through
like all of
the sci-fi dreams
I used to imagine
when I was
Tiny
Puncture
Of child.

### My favorite kind of animal

is usually
that bird
off the side
of a somewhat
windy highway
& it's just
sitting there
flying
against the wind
coming towards
him
as he flaps
his wings
as hard
as he can
and he's going nowhere
but enjoying
the ride
being suspended
there
In his little world of wonder
That
Make all
A
Of us
Wondrous.

#### The real dreamers

in the gas station

are the men

hovered over the

lottery section

with all those slips

and numbers

and matrix possibilities

and they are in

heavily looking down

with focus

ready to win

cent in the wishing well

as the perfumed women

walk by

only to casually

glance up serendipitously

knowing they have

quite a power to spend

and

spin the roulette numbers,

as well.