

Joefiles LXXXIV
The unexpected life
expectancy



rob the robbers

looked
into
my
morning
car
thinking
about
where
area
code
'781'
is
from
and
was
sure
it
was
boston
as
a
woman
called
to
interview
me
for
a
job
i
won't
take,
but
i
agreed
to
an
interview
anyways.

in
my
front
seat
was
a
wadded
up
towel,
strewn
business
cards,

ice
scrapers,
CD's,
owner's
manuals,
metal
pieces
and
such.

someone
ransacked
my
car
because
i
left
the
window
cracked
enough
to
let
a
thief
hand
unlock
the
door.

but
the
beauty
of
car
robberies
in
the
hood
like
mine
is
that
robberies
on
my
car
are
like
reversal
robberies
on
them.

since
i'm
poor,
they
only
get
away
with
pennies
and
since
i'm
a
white
kid
with
rock
pop
tendencies,
they
never
heist
my
favorite
CD's.

the
thug
faced
thievery
folks
just
walk
away
dejected
as
i
gently
sleep
in
my
bed
to
the
pitter
patter
of
fat,
honest
rain
drops.

shit head

one
of
our
fondest
memories
as
kids
was
with
a
new
tabby
cat
we
got.

his
name
was
chauncey.

he
lived
to
be
nearly
18
years
old.

i
found
him
when
rigor
mortis
has
set
in
and
he
was
laying
gently
on
the
couch.

but
on
the
first

night
after
we
got
him
he
took
a
fat
shit
on
my
dad's
head
and
was
forever
etched
into
cat
infamy
and
the
feline
hall
of
fame
simultaneously.

smoking mice

all
the
smokers
in
front
of
brotherhood
bank
huddle
under
the
rain
soaked
forest
green
awning
smoking
their
long,
short
or
middle
man
white
smokes
like
little
lab
experiments
as
some
big,
big
women
fuddle
with
their
bags
of
mcdonald's
smiling
at
the
god's
in
all
the
falling
drops
because
they
have

bested
death
even
if
the
dead
consumed
all
their
green
bills
and
precious
lung
hairs.

someone creatively save me

every
genre
of
art
is
looking
for
a
new
savior
like
religion
has
throughout
the
years
and
we
are
all
preening,
salivating
and
searching
for
the
thing
to
arrive
again.

SUPPLE GIRL EAR

if
i
was
the
inner
ear
of
a
girl
then
i
could
finally
get
to
the
point
where
i
would
understand
listening
and
get
the
thrum,
hum,
strum
vibration
of
the
most
listening
ears
on
this
here
watery
planet.

TAX BREAKERS

there's
an
odd
fad
in
the
hood
these
days.

working
with
inner
city
youth,
i
see
primarily
black
women
brining
between
one
to
four
skinny
white
kids
in
to
sign
them
up
for
the
program.

as
it
happens,
the
current
fad
is
to
adopt
these
kids
for
healthy,
salivating
tax

breaks
at
the
end
of
the
year.

seen
it
multiple
times.

some
have
heart,
others
are
gold
diggers.

this
is
another
one
for
the
books.

the
fraudulent
lengths
the
IRS
makes
these
people
go
through
to
feign
that
they
actually
like
the
neglected
kids.

TEN BUCKS

there
is
nothing
like
reaching
into
an
old
brown
corduroy
pocket
to
find
a
thin,
folded,
destroyed
10
dollar
bill
for
your
hungry
wallet
to
eat.

TICKER LEAKER

anymore
if
someone
confuses
me
i
just
reply,
'IS
THAT
RIGHT?'
and
go
right
fucking
back
to
doing
what
i
was
doing.

we
running
out
of
time,
folks.

TINY REQUEST

go
ahead
and
eat
my
tornado,
folks.

tooth claw strike

his
black
retina
balls
constrict
&
dilate
on
my
hand
as
it
moves
over
the
couch
cover
just
like
the
lens
of
a
camera
as
he
lurches
without
warning
and
sends
two
lines
of
puddling
blood
and
a
permanent
scar
skin
photograph.

tough meat-centered morning

sometimes
there
is
nothing
more
excruciating
than
your
girlfriend
telling
you
that
they
are
not
good
on
the
phone
and
not
telling
you why
then
they
say
they
may
have
time
to
meet
that
afternoon
to
talk
it
over
which
gives
you
the
whole
damn
day
to
think
it
over.

the
power
of girls.

understanding a kid

he
hid
his
vitamins
under
the
couch
cushion
on
saturday
morning
as
my
caroline
was
in
the
other
room.

he
peered
his
kid
eyes
up
pleading
for
me
to
not
say
a
word.

we
didn't
exchange
anything
other
than
slight
looks.

he
went
back
to
chewing
his
granola
bar

and
watching
tv
as
the
dog
inspected
his
every
move
and
i
went
back
to
reading.

then,
my
beautiful
caroline
came
back,
kissed
me,
smiled
and
patted
her
boy's
head
as
i
sweat
for
him.

he
fidgeted,
moved,
then
turned
around
to
give
me
a
slight
look.

i
hadn't
said
anything

yet,
the
kid
was
digging
me
more
by
the
minute.

our
walk
into
a
secret
valley
of
trust.

then
i
said,
'hey
baby,
does
that
seat
cushion
seem
a
bit
lopsided?'

the
kid
turned
around.

after
several
what's,
his
kid
hand
reached
under
the
cushion
and
he
was
forced
to

take
his
vitamins.

our
trust
was
broken.

weeks
later,
i
broke
a
flat
gray
rock
in
the
backyard
that
was
a
japanese
etching
of
the
word
Zen,
carloine's
son's
name.

and
zen
was
there
to
say,
'AAWWW,
MOM
IS
GONNA
BE
MAD.'

i
brushed
him
off,
placed
the
crack
rock

in
a
position
to
not
be
noticed.

a
week
later
we
were
out
back
and
i
was
asked
about
it.

the
kid
turned
me
in.

caroline
was
beyond
cool
about
it,
but
it
was
the
principle
of
the
matter.

i
turn
him
in,
he
turns
me
in.

we
are

just
gonna
have
to
find
a
new
way
to
pay
the
toll
on
this
secret
little
toll
road
of
ours.

wednesday class act

looking
over
the
gallery
of
wednesday
night
drinkers
i
see
a
mulleted
skinny
white
guy
begin
a
dead
heat
dash
towards
a
five
foot
walk,
he
leaps,
scales
up
and
finds
his
wod
of
oversized
keys
to
open
the
doors
of
his
smashed
up
car
as
his
big,
blond
headed
girlfriend
approaches

the
wall
slowly
while
taking
off
her
big
coat
and
walks
around
the
wall
while
the
adrenalized,
turbo
man
sits
behind
the
wheel
no
even
aware
of
what
a
jackass
he
really,
really
is
tonight.

WHAT MAFIA?

these
kids
always
think
i
have
a
mafia
connection
with
my
last
name
and
the
baseball
bat
i
keep
in
the
office.

shit,
i
never
played
baseball
in
high
school
because
i
wasn't
good
enough
and
i
couldn't
pass
for
a
gangster
if
you
put
hair
around
my
cheeks
and
added

50
pounds
to
my
frame.

WOMEN THINGS

when
you
think,
as
a
male,
that
you
have
it
figured
out
or
you're
right,
back
off.

women
are
the
torch
bearers.

they
listen.

they
smell
good.

they
genuinely
love
well.

and
they
know
how
to
do
things
that
even
confused
jesus.

WORK ELATION

the
crackle
of
cold
ice
in
a
room
temperature
cup
of
water
in
a
plastic
dixie
cup
is
the
sound
of
angels
cracking
their
knuckles
in
the
devil's
favorite
blanket.

YOU OLD POOPER, YOU

the
old
man
tucked
in
the
back
of
his
dirty,
kansas
neighborhood
looks
at
the
11:14AM
flower bed
on
a
hard
lean
over
the
railing
realizing
that
his
morning
poop
was
already
the
best
release
of
his
morning,
and
likely
the
highlight
of
his
entire
day.

**a
good
poem**

is
like
driving
down
the
road
with
a
hot
morning
cup
of
coffee
after
filling
your
tank
all
nice
and
full
just
snug
stuck
in
traffic
when
the
fear
of
'DID
I
PUT
MY
GAS
CAP
BACK
ON?'
hits
you
and
you
just
don't
care,
yet
don't
forget
as
you

floor
it
down
the
middle
of
the
rushed
traffic
parkway.

after party

saw
my
face
on
the
big
screen
for
the
second
time
in
3
days
in
a
best
of
film
festival.

it
was
a
small
part.

i
was
the
sick
guy
and
the
packed
crowd
ooohhed
when
i
came
on
screen
and
did
my
brief.
bit.

after
the
movies,
there

was
an
after
party
with
finger
foods,
wine,
beer
at
a
place
called
the
villa.

we
went
and
that
had
to
be
a
highlight
in
itself.

buncha
kansas
city
film
hot
shots
throwing
their
moxy
out
into
this
independent
film
festival
sponsored
beer
bath.

i
told
everyone
that
i
was
the

tree
pruner
and
stuck
around
for
the
beer.

all
the
serious
types
with
their
serious
looks
only
loosened
a
fraction
when
the
wine
or
beer
worked,
but
again
is
was
a
group
of
people
that
had
these
huge
dreams
of
being
so
big
that
they
wouldn't
have
to
go
to
a
small,
tiny

city
festival
after
party
like
that
one
we
all
had
to
endure
last
night.

**all
the
11AM
hot
dog
eaters**

are
clamoring
around
smoke
pits,
dreaming
of
extended
breaks,
more
money,
extra
mustard,
the
girl
in
red
to
walk
by,
wetness
between
the
legs,
the
sky
not
falling
today
and
the
utter
joy
of
that
first
hot
dog
bite
going
down
the
long
winded
wind
wet windpipe.

ANOTHER ALCOHOLIC AD

there
was
an
ad
on
the
back
of
a
bus
the
other
day
that
said,
'KIDS
WILL
SEE
MORE
ADS
FOR
ALCOHOL
THAN
ANY
OTHER
PRODUCTS
COMBINED.'

it
was
an
anti-
youth
drinking
campaign
and
as
i
looked
around
i
saw
whiskey
ads,
liquor
fronts,
beer
ads
and
such.

it

was
absolutely
right
in
that
one
moment
of
time
and
made
my
mouth
water
for
a
tall,
deserved
alcoholic
beverage.

ARREST THAT POWERFUL CRIMINAL

a
small
kid
keeps
pleading
with
the
cop
in
the
street,
'PLEASE
OFFICER,
CAN'T
YOU
DO
ANYTHING
ABOUT
HIM?'

cop
keeps
nodding
his
head
'no.'

then
the
kid
pleads,
'YOU
ALL
ACT
LIKE
YOU
RUN
THINGS,
SO
WHY
CAN'T
YOU
GO
UP
THERE
AND
ARREST
HIM?'

the
cops
assures

the
kid
that
things
don't
happen
like
that.

the
kid
starts,
'BUT,
HE'S
KILLED
MANY
PEOPLE,
ANGERED
MANY,
AND
RUINED
JOBS
FOR
MANY
AMERICANS
AND
YOU
CANNOT
DO
A
THING
ABOUT
IT
WITH
YOUR
SHINY
BADGE
AND
BIG
HOLSTERED
GUN?'

'not
a
chance,
kid.'
the
cop
concludes.

at
this,
the
9

year
old
boy
saunters
off
wondering
if
there
is
anyone
out
there
that
can
arrest
this
President
Bush
character.

AT HOME

hey,
welcome
to
the
USA
in
2004,
the
home
of
the
overweight,
plumped,
mcdonald's
eating
smoker
with
enough
credit
to
buy
a
house,
but
not
enough
to
get
whiskey
and
diapers
while
the
sound
of
a
kid
cries
faintly
in
a
suburban
home
up
the
newly
painted
street.

black lipsticked pansies

if
you
ever
get
nervous
about
a
bunch
of
goth
kids
trying
or
even
thinking
about
attempting
to
hurt
you,
don't
worry.

most
of
them
are
into
self-mutilation,
thus
they
will
only
be
fucking
hurting
themselves.

bushy alien

the
more
i
see
the
press
conferences,
speech
blunders,
bad
legislation,
shiny
forehead,
waxed
hair,
crisp
ties
in
bad
colors,
fake
smiles,
cowboy
walk,
bullying
glares,
fumbles,
grumbles,
chuckles,
silent
burps,
innuendoes,
the
dumb
looks,
idiocy,
and
the
rest
i
am
convinced
that
this
george
w.
bush
character
is
a
fucking
resident alien.

city unfounded sensation

smoothe
slick
old
black
man
with
thick,
graying
mustache
singing
his
heart
out
going
down
the
stripwalk
of
35th
street
while
both
sides
of
the
east-west
block
team
with
folks
and
he
forgets
that
he
would
have
been
the
world's
next
fucking
lou
rawls.

CLEAN COURTHOUSE SALVATION

window
washers
on
the
18th
floor
of
the
downtown
jackson
county
court
house
hold
up
little
signs
to
plaintiffs
and
defendants
that
say,
'50
BUCKS
AND
I'LL
STRING
YOU
UP
HERE
LATER
TO
JUMP
IF
YOU
LAND
TEMPORARY
BAIL
AND
CAN'T
STAND
PRISON
TIME.'

CLOTHES LINE

for
the
second
day
this
week,
i
was
going
about
70
MPH
down
the
highway
past
a
solid
line
of
clothes
lying
on
the
shoulder.

pants,
shirts,
socks,
stuffed
animals,
stockings,
shoes,
blankets,
and
such
just
scattered.

the
most
helpless
clothes
in
the
state
and
they
will
just
rot
there

for
the
owners
are
heading
north,
some
south,
and
they
have
other
clothes
that
require
more
diligent
attention.

COINCIDENCE?

anymore,
things
are
so
coincidental
that
they
aren't
even
coincidental
anymore.

DAYTIME TID BIT

the
heavy
woman
running
after
the
bus
just
busted
a
button
on
her
front
blouse
and
remembered
the
god
damned
alamo.

DIRTY SALE

i
don't
know
why
they
sell
construction
trucks
clean
and
brand
new
with
shiny
headlights
and
neat
logos
when
they
are
gonna
all
get
chunked
up
with
unimaginable
dirt,
mud,
muck
and
loudness.

they
need
to
be
sold
as
a
package
deal
as
dirty
as
they
can
possibly
get.

dopey training

some
months
back
i
was
getting
trained
by
some
folks
at
the
city
department
of
corrections
to
bring
some
reformed
kids
into
our
program
to
continue
stretching
their
reform
when
i
smell
the
fresh,
smoked
up
scent
of
dope
come
floating
through
the
room.

i
fidget,
and
look
towards
the
window

as
the
woman
trainer
sniffs,
turns
and
says,
'DO
YOU
SMELL
THAT?'

we
went
to
the
window
and
saw
a
couple
of
older
dudes
toking
on
a
joint
in
the
broad,
sunlit
wide
open.

two
dudes
that
don't
need
no
more
correctin'
and
they
will
never
need
correctin'
as
the
officer
in

the
training
looks
down
at
his
training
manual
with
tired
eyes
and
that,
'GO
AHEAD
AND
GET
AS
HIGH
AS
YOU
WANT
ILLEGALLY
IN
THE
OPEN.'
look.

DOUBLE ASS PAINS

the
old
bald
rich
lawyer
that
does
the
bike
and
treadmill
in
this
building
everyday
has
that
rich
glow
of
money
in
his
pocket
and
life
being
a
complete
pain
in
the
ass.

i
don't
talk
to
him,
but
one
day
the
front
desk
gal
asked
how
his
daughter's
wedding
was

going
&
he
said
it
was
a
'COMPLETE
PAIN
IN
THE
ASS'

like
father,
like
daughter.

FAT FORMAL THANKS

i
just
want
to
formally
thank
the
lying,
delusional,
post
dead
head,
psychologically
cracked,
doped
up,
drunk,
fake
girl
that
may
break
my
best
friend's
heart
and
led
me
to
my
love,
caroline.

**her
name
is
mardi.**

she's
my
older
red
headed
neighbor
across
the
street.

she
has
a
skinny,
gray
haired
guy
up
the
street
do
her
yard,
and
gardening.

she
has
an
oxygen
tank
in
tow
most
of
the
time
to
keep
her
fresh.

her
alcoholic
brother
lives
with
her

and
is
usually
blasted
drunk
and
only
listens
to
70's
rock
on
the
porch
when
he's
feeling
like
drunk,
fresh
air.

she's
the
madame
at
a
mafia
run
strip
joint
downtown
called
'TOTALLY
NUDE'

she's
always
in
a
good
mood.

makes
civil
conversation
with
me
frequently.

gave
me
a
neighborly

list
of
neighbors
in
the
area.

always
waves.

tolerates
her
brother,
job,
condition,
and
this
neighborhood.

i
just
saw
her
on
the
corner
yelling
at
her
gardener
and
she
looked
beautiful.

i
saw
her
olden
days
in
her
flaming
red
hair
and
posture.

i
saw
what
she
was
for

a
brief
moment.

a
moment
i
doubt
she
even
gets
to
live
much
anymore.

hey
gay
kc,
thanks
for
all
the
rainbow
flags,
publications,
stickers,
proclamations,
parades,
marches,
demonstrations,
and
general
advertising
nostalgia
of
your
lifestyle
because
it
brings
all
the
fond
memories
of
that
brady
dad
back
to
my
mind
and
makes
me
really
want
to
fuck
my
lovely
girlfriend.

LABOR FACT

one
lazy
mexican
worker
is
roughly
equal
to
the
entirety
of
our
current
economic
workforce
in
the
USA
today.

LACK MOUTH

some
skinny
fast
woman
in
a
hurry
at
the
saturday
7-11
was
on
my
heels
as
i
rounded
the
corner
and
she
clicked
at
me.

fucking
clicked
her
clack
tongue
against
the
roof
of
her
mouth.

i
had
never
been
clicked
at
before
in
my
life.

as
i
veered

to
the
left
and
got
a
good
look
at
her
i
knew
that
she
would
start
some
shit
if
i
said,
'IF
YOU
EVER
CLICK
AT
ME
AGAIN
I'M
GONNA
KNOCK
THAT
CANDY
BAR
IN
YOUR
HAND
AND
STEP
ON
IT.'

but
i
knew
that
she
would
just
get
another
candy
bar
and

click
an
unreadable
response
that
would
confuse
me
and
everyone
around.

LEAKING ENEMY INFORMATION

the
enemy
is
always
on
your
heels
if
you
believe
in
everything.

they
smell
you,
want
you,
flurry
over
you,
they
peer,
have
you
on
their
web
site,
mentioned
in
their
books,
and
they
don't
like
you.

hot
on
your
trail,
the
enemy
wants
to
get
into
a
comfortable
spot

to
nap
with
you,
eat
with
you,
hand
you
soap
in
the
shower.

the
enemy
wants
to
be
your
friend
but
they
can't
because
they
don't
understand
how
all
that
works.

hold
onto
your
money.

trade
nothing
for
nothing.

and
don't
worry,
if
you
shake
this
enemy
others
will
find

their
way
into
your
favorite
warm
oatmeal
bowl.

LIFE'S FLIP FLOP

getting
used
to
something
new
is
essentially
getting
tired
of
something
old.

LOCAL BACK HEALERS

the
small
black
family
exits
the
city
chiropractic
institute
and
as
i
drive
by
and
get
my
small
glance
in
on
'em,
i
notice
that
they
are
walking
straight
and
solid
as
an
arrow.

they
are
all
either
fooled,
bored
or
just
left
on
of
the
best
kept
miracle
joints
in

this
fair
town
of
ours.

MACHINE VOICE

i
never
leave
her
messages
because
i
love
to
experience
her
in
real
time,
baby.

MEXICAN FOOD STUFFS

paying
for
a
fat,
full
hot
filled
burrito
with
pennies
while
pissing
off
the
little
mexican
meter maid
worker
is
like
smothering
a
tasty
taco
with
just
the
right
amount
of
sauce
to
only
bite
the
piss
out
of
the
tip
of
your
tongue
on
that
little
tomato
slice
you
threw
in
your

mouth
at
the
very
end.

MIDTOWN KANSAS CITY

if
you
wanna
be
a
scener
i
would
recommend
midtown
kc
but
there
is
scant
a
scene
unless
you
have
a
huge
penchant
to
be
a
vomit
mouthed,
ultra-pessimist,
too
much
lipstick
wearing,
loads
of
black
clothing,
squinting
eyes,
no
future
but
a
flunk
band
motherfucker
waiting
for
a
dime
from
a

hooker
that
wouldn't
fuck
your
shit
off
because
she
is
also
trying
to
find
a
reputable
scene
in
the
sceneless
midtown
kc
region.

MORNING BUMP

thump,
pump,
jump
grind
of
the
tinted
windows,
bass
guzzling
rim
spinning,
flashed
out
gold
toothed
drivers
with
more
bass
BAM
BOOM
THUMP
WUMP
WHAM
BAM
double
tinted
windows
with
fancy
cursive
scrawls
and
all
the
drives
are
dumber
than
the
antennas
that
bring
their
wordless
music
into
a
loud
world
that

knows
well
before
them
that
these
ghetto
tinted
bass
dudes
are
boat
of
clowns
we
all
just
tolerate
because
they're
so
fucking
idiotic.

MS. GINGER ALE

the
old
white
irish
woman
was
yelling
directions
at
the
young
mexican
yard
worker
as
he
looked
down
and
all
i
could
hear
her
say
as
she
pointed
like
a
maestro
yard
music
conductor
was,
'GINGER ALE.
GINGER ALE .. '
over
and
over
she
was
shouting.

MY ONLY DREAM CAR

i'd
love
to
take
one
of
those
tiny
ghettoized
tinted
windowed
ultra
low
rider
honda's
out
on
a
casual
joy
ride
and
rip
the
fuck
out
of
the
underbelly
of
that
hapless
societal
statement
automobile.

no direction

there's
seven
anarchists
shoved
into
an
old
gray,
rusted
crud
volkswagen
bug
arguing
about
their
direction
as
they
flop
around
in
repeat
triangles
around
the
block
while
smoke
pours
from
neighboring
cigarettes
and
their
pupils
never,
ever
dilate.

NO MORE SECRETS

she
accidentally
let
the
secret
out
and
told
me
about
the
rainbow
and
i
told
her
that
i
had
no
gold
to
show
her
so
we
went
over
to
small
cliff
and
spit
into
the
puddles
of
sunlight
below.

only city dream maker

he
drives
around
in
the
'DREAM
FACTORY'
van
picking
up
kids
with
special
needs.

picks
his
teeth
with
a
tiny
tree
of
wood,
grins
at
his
kids
in
the
van
and
acts
like
nothing
is
happening
because
he
is
making
everything
happen
here
in
a
land
a
lauded
performers
who
wouldn't

know
a
hair
on
a
performers
arm
compared
to
this
man's
courage
picking
up
the
kids
of
everyday.

OUR NEW WISH

her
tiny
wish
bell
ringing
on
my
key
chain
is
the
child
that
we
are
going
to
give
birth
to
at
the
eclipse
of
our
allotted
human
growing
months.

please

always
laugh
at
the
long
haired
pony
tailed
skinny
as
a
rail
dude
hopping
out
of
his
bright
white
camero
with
some
nasty
fat
rocker
girl
getting
out
slowly
on
the
passenger
side
right
in
front
of
one
of
those
ultra
cited-
out
checks
cashed
joints.

poor severed head

when
i
was
a
youth
counselor
about
seven
years
ago
at
a
girls
home,
or
mid-way
independent
living
house
in
the
urban
hood
there
was
one
girl
that
told
me
one
time
that
i
was
so
fine
that
she
wanted
to
chop
my
head
off
and
put
it
on
a
stick
so

all
the
girls
could
look
at
it
all
the
time.

to
this
day,
i'm
still
not
sure
how
to
take
that.

RANDOM MORNING

some
strange
person
left
a
whole
mexican
music
song
on
my
work
machine
and
nothing
since.

it
nearly
made
me
cry
until
the
phone
rang
and
it
was
an
angry
bill
collector
telling
me
to
move
my
car
from
his
driveway.