

*Joe files 147*

**The Secret Sunrise Made the Moon Smirk**

## **The two big black birds**

on the side of the road  
were hopping in a flop  
with their massive bodies  
held up by twig leg  
hammering away  
at a massive  
snake that was  
pancake smashed on  
the hot pavement of  
summer's last days  
as these two lucky birds  
realized the buffet dream of  
any good bird in the sky  
when the travel is overrated  
and the  
food is something  
of pure  
serpentine lore.

## **Fast!**

Each time  
I see a speed limit sign  
on the road,  
I instinctively smash  
my foot harder  
on the gas pedal  
knowing that  
law is flawed  
and freedom  
only tastes real  
good  
when it's done  
quick.

## **I see butterflies everywhere**

flopping,  
lolling and  
gliding like saints  
in their big monarch  
outfits  
leaving spring  
and laughing at the Fall  
as their transformations  
go streaking above out  
evolutionary lives  
stuck on the ground  
with the ghost  
of womb shadows  
in our wake  
as their flimsy,  
mighty wings  
dote about.

## **Traffic jams**

are mere reminders  
that life is a  
huge tight ball of string how  
carefully held together  
by  
flimsy pieces of glue  
as the  
ultimate unclog off  
traffic is  
much like the  
overrun sink  
that again  
sings again  
as  
a  
huge  
military truck heads towards  
you at  
excessive speeds  
in a dream you  
ready to  
wave from  
in the middle  
of  
a  
spider's  
overnight nest.

**The world is**

chalk full of monopolies  
as the oligarchy  
of today  
tells the theologies  
& their gods  
that no one  
important is  
around  
and  
everything else  
we thought was real  
the devil traded into  
the undercover angel  
agent  
that will  
take the  
evidence to a  
throne  
no one knows the  
name of in  
the  
best monopoly this side of the  
top cloud shelf.

## Concurrently

Afternoon  
bologna sandwiches  
7  
& the cold swimming pool  
as two happy dogs  
run between my  
feet to smell  
the earth  
as the scent of  
the daytime moon  
sings  
with the  
aroma of  
something  
only a cat can  
fall asleep to.

## **the cat**

stalks me and  
the two dogs lay on my  
body  
cementing me to  
a cotton mattress  
as the conspiracy theory  
undulates from cat whiskers  
and  
the  
sound of food  
is silent  
next to the silver bowls  
and the only thing  
loud on this AM landscape  
is the  
ticking of time  
going through  
our phones like  
the deepest silence  
only  
the  
dead may  
remember.



**i had the choice.**

my hand was on the wheel.

all was firm.

most was loose.

and i chose  
to crush that  
errant hat  
in the middle of  
the street.

and i couldn't  
remember when  
i stopped laughing  
as  
that  
day

stretched out ahead  
like  
the joke

most ignore  
daily.

## Old Men & Humanity

An old man  
motoring in a wheelchair  
over the busy  
rural bridge  
just down the  
way from the  
tasty bar b que joint  
was stopped,  
looking down  
and shaking his head  
in a curl of his stache

as everthing that was  
wrong with humanity  
and their littering ways  
relayed clearly through  
the  
look of this mans eyes  
that walks for us all  
in the dormant legs  
of his  
human  
waltz

that had to stop

and  
loudly ponder  
in the september  
missouri sinshine.

## Big Bird & God

it's a stack of  
those tiny realizations  
that make it clear there is a god.

and one such  
came to me  
the other day by surprise.

in 1986  
big bird was supposed to  
go up into a NASA rocket ship to  
make kids dig space more.

but, his suit was too much  
and he was to stay on earth.

instead a school teacher  
would take the bird's place.

and when the explosion  
reverberated once again,  
i realized that big bird  
was saved.

and  
oscar the grouch.

so childhood  
was again  
salvaged for  
us all  
once  
again.

## **Everything**

Becomes

A marshmallow

With

Big teeth

And

A secret

Agenda...

## 1/2 Cows

seeing a  
brown lake  
fulla  
half submerged cows on  
a sweltering hot  
day  
gives me  
that home in living things  
like a pack of  
hawks just circling over  
the light blued  
skies as though  
there is meaning to their  
rotation,  
but its all really  
just a way  
to etch some  
cool  
in the heat  
of it all.

## **The Accidental Maid**

i ran into  
the car that carried Zilla the Maid  
twice in  
one day  
and for all the  
grime  
my world may have held  
to that point,  
the simple  
cleaning car was enough  
to sparkle the fuck out of  
everything for the  
reaminder of  
that one,  
insignificantly  
unclean  
day.

## **the real cowboy**

strolled into the  
oldest chapel this side of the  
the left side of missouri  
in his 97 year old bones  
and stopped me after snapping  
a picture as  
the annointed photographer  
of the hour  
to recount the tales of him  
being a  
photographer himself in  
his twilight under  
the film of old slicks  
and dated technology.

as he smiled the whole  
way waving his network  
of tassels on his shirt in  
deep explanation,  
i figured his substance  
was being a cowboy,  
but his real  
legacy  
is leaving an image  
on everything  
he  
gets around.

## **Liars**

Are

The

Downfall

Of all

Clown

Civilizations.



## **California**

has  
enough  
heroes  
to fill  
all the countries  
of Europe  
and that's just  
too damn  
many as  
the  
fading missouri sun  
snickers  
something behind  
the moon's  
old  
shoulder.

## **the loud clashing**

of  
broken  
bottles in the  
big recycled box  
at the far end of  
the parking lot  
sounds like  
the world is coming to a  
cataclysmic  
end as  
few look to see what space ship  
has crashed  
and  
i smile knowing  
that  
none  
of  
us  
will  
ever know  
what the birth  
of the end  
will  
emit.

## Slow Luck

The scared,  
lucky  
turtle in the  
middle of rush hour traffic  
ducking it's head in  
and around the  
hot tires squealing by  
and  
as his body leaves my  
rear view mirror  
i realize  
that his small  
trek across the road  
is the biggest journey of  
his life  
and  
that  
completion will  
be  
the  
mount everest  
we  
can

only  
remotely daydream about  
as  
we  
criss cross our  
pavement of  
pages fulla  
rules.

## #76

The night of  
Evaporated lava  
That never burns,  
But  
Is  
Very  
Cool,  
Baby ...

## **Birdly**

I love  
birds  
because  
they can  
do things  
human will  
never ever  
be able  
to do  
and  
they don't  
even  
need  
any healthcare.

## **Luck x10**

I just found a  
small, shiny dime  
on the ground  
and realized that  
I need to decide  
what I'm gonna do  
with the nine  
additional ways these  
wishes  
may go  
one way or another  
in  
this  
wishy-washy  
lucky  
money finding game.

## **The FedEx guy**

just delivered

an angel

to an anonymous house

on the end of town

as the UPS man

was substituted

for a demon

and together they're going

to bring all the salt-and-pepper

this world

may ever need

on this one day of delivery.

## **The Chinese**

rule this world  
in our glowering  
American haze of pop culture,  
but it's really  
the Russians  
that may just  
hold the key  
while this we sit back  
and the Swedes  
laugh.

at the end of the day  
it's Amsterdam  
not thinking a speck about  
what the hell the rest of us  
are doing  
as the curtain to the right  
swings open  
making the world look  
all yellow  
creamy orange.



## Control Valver

One of these  
days  
you're going  
to fall in love  
and you have  
no idea  
how that's  
going to happen,  
so in all your  
predicting ways  
that you think  
the world going to end  
and the day Jesus,  
the real mystery you  
may have the chance to solve  
is scurrying under  
a used cloak from your  
childhood into a hole  
behind your wall  
to  
hatch the best plans  
ever

in the best  
comeback of  
all  
fucking time.

## **Original Origins**

I spend  
My night scribbling  
Notes to  
The skies  
Only to wake up  
Surrounded by  
Piles of letters  
Strewn about me  
Like thick, wet dew  
To rearrange  
Into  
The words of  
My  
Dreams.

## **Seven years ago**

My dad  
died today  
and  
each year  
i realized something  
very small about  
his life  
and  
this year  
i realized that  
he was born  
on the day after  
john coltrane  
was and that's  
just  
one  
more  
note  
of  
sweet music  
on  
a  
life  
that  
was fulla

everything  
but  
more  
time.

## Flashy

we ran into  
one of my son's  
teachers  
in the middle of walmart  
and she told  
me the tale of being in  
a coma for 8 days  
and came back to life  
suddenly  
when her  
exhasuted husband asked jesus  
to bring her back.

it was all caused by open heart surgery  
and her period on the story was  
showing us the scar  
in the middle of her chest  
and she pulled up one shirt and  
down another to expose most of  
her chest  
as the slow motion world  
of wal mart oggled by  
wondering what was  
going on  
as my boy kept muttering that he saw boobs  
in the middle of the store,  
but i knew  
more happened  
as her  
life  
came back  
and the bane of middle age  
was kicked in the teeth  
in favor of  
good  
solid  
living  
under the medicinal torch.

**the faithful truckers**

keep praying to

their

gaggle of

lot lizards

as

the rest of us

pray to the

altar of politician

in the dance towards

sex

while

love

walks the other way.

## **The silence**

In a roaming

AM cat

Is the end of

Drug cartel that went

Undetected like 1,000 kids

In a midnight mint shop

As the lick the

Water from the bathroom

Spigot

Like they are grooming

To become

A lion

In

11 hours...

## The Truth Seekers

Big  
Rig  
Drivers  
Are the only  
Ones that  
Brush  
The molars of the  
Afterlife  
And have the best  
Dreams  
Of  
Angels.

## **Baseball**

Is one of the

Few

Things in life

That may keep you

Alive

While simultaneously

Killing you

With

Pure

Adrenaline...



## **The last Chicken**

in the  
Feed line has  
The cure to  
Our human disease thread  
As the new  
Trip hop duo  
Begins their smash  
Song anthem,  
'Everything tastes like chicken'

As the butcher  
Sharpens  
His blade and  
Some distant cow  
Croons  
Off in the

Past  
Ure.

## **Rainbows**

Are made of

Solid jello

As

The devil

Eats the rest

Of the rainbow cake

Left on earth

while the church service

Goes a bit long

And we all

Forget

That we may

Just

Have forever

To figure all

Of

This

Out.

## Compositions

We are  
All made  
Out of sex,  
Set free  
To rip towards love  
With  
Our  
Satchel of morals  
And  
Odd tadpole bodies  
&  
Thousands of  
Sunsets  
To  
Find the  
Hiding Cupid ...

## Spider Dance

Just watched  
a guy doing  
a jig walking  
down the street  
through a  
big bough  
of trees  
dressed to look like  
a middle-age  
business guy..

he just wouldn't  
stop waving  
His itchy hands  
around his face ..

It was then  
That I realized he  
Was inventing  
The Skye summer  
spider web dance ...

it's the new craze  
As he tries to get  
the web in the spiders  
out of his brains ..

The real man  
Caught in the fiction  
Web of Spiderman

## **Couple of city boys**

just repainted  
the crosswalk  
flat white in the  
middle of the gray street  
and they  
look like  
modern urban artists  
in the gear  
and the grub in their  
serious faces  
laying down  
the thick paint  
and if we could dig up  
that concrete  
at some point  
and put it in the gallery,  
it would be the  
modern caveman  
putting down directives  
in  
the ultimate  
safe painting.

## **Dog Cool**

My autistic spectrum son  
always gets  
a bit stir crazy  
towards  
the end of summer  
in his garage of thought  
laughing maniacally  
at our big red  
Basenji Shepherd dog.  
he touches,  
laughs,  
cackles  
and loves  
getting around her.  
while it's a funny spectacle,  
it's living through  
the life of autism  
in it's blend of loud,  
and color  
and  
human  
raw  
and i think the dog  
really digs  
it no matter.

## Flights of Yes

It's starting  
to get  
cold outside  
as the geese rise  
and clip the tree tops with their  
gaggle of neck faces  
running against the last of summer  
leaning into the brown of fall  
as the  
blare  
of winter is something  
we are all putting mute  
on in  
this  
dance  
aglow  
exploding like the sound of  
every season  
in a big color ball.