

## **Joefiles 153**

*The Resounding Tales of a Drunk Zygote*

**Welcome**

to the  
Incarcerated  
Tarmac  
Of  
Dreams.

We leave  
when all the  
geese are  
free...

**jeff the neighbor**

across the way with the  
big, loud  
18-wheeler  
kept the truck running  
hard overnight  
and  
he told me at one point that  
a  
lethal gas was brewing.

an expensive sort of flammable  
and i know  
that if some international  
set of vigilantes came to  
hoist the goods  
and the operation went south  
and the truck blew  
that all of us around here would  
be gone fast.

the last thought before  
slipping  
seamlessly into sleep  
was the  
going to be  
the same way we  
would exit ..

a slow,  
painless descent into

the next realm  
as the rumors  
of  
foul  
went amuck.

**for all the times**

that i got the  
stern words  
for talking to my late  
neighbor george that suddenly  
died last december,  
i'm glad my inner voice said  
talk as long as you want  
as  
i  
sit back and again  
wonder what all this dance is about down  
here  
and  
in my minor bag of revelations  
I think i have  
cemented the notion  
that it  
was  
the  
best way for me  
to talk to george  
as ;long as i  
wanted  
and  
he  
needed  
on this feeble  
flight across  
the orangish sun.



## **neighborly tale**

the beauty of  
neighbors is that  
you get the real  
surface layers  
of their existence  
and leave  
when things get a bit  
too loud or  
involved.

and you get to like them.

otherwise,  
they would become  
family  
or the other  
sort that you  
wished you would have  
never crossed  
that chalk line in the sand  
to satiate that curious  
thought you had.

and now in your moment  
of disillusioned  
confusion,  
you have no way out  
other than  
forgetting

the  
nonsense on the outer rim  
of being a human  
and  
sticking a smile  
right up their ass  
the next time you see them.

**i have adopted a new motto ..**

i'm going to bypass the lemons  
for cold, crips lemonade from  
here on out.

if i get raw meat from here on out,  
i'm going to  
make  
some lean,  
mean  
fucking  
burgers.



## **green tidal wave**

Every time i  
see that evergreen  
label of a mouthwash label  
it looks like the turbulent climax  
of a child's slide at an  
expensive  
waterpark with  
100 percent antiseptic  
joy gliding towards your mouth  
in a torrent of clean  
that only  
accept  
one  
answer.

## **maybe?**

If I was to ever  
run into that  
load of  
cash  
along this road  
of  
earth meandering,  
i found an addition  
to the list of things i would like to do.

i would simply put  
signs everywhere during election year  
with all the other's  
adorning 'YES' and 'NO' ..

mine would simply say  
'MAYBE'  
in white letters on a bright yellow  
background.

nothing else  
but the word 'MAYBE'  
to full  
epitomize  
the  
ambiguity  
of  
each and  
every

eye  
that  
has  
to  
nominate  
a nameless  
soul  
to  
a  
lifetime  
political post.

maybe?

**the crooning spring robin**

march

is in full bloom

as

the

worms hide further into the earth

and the high gusts of wind

fling tiny white flowers about

like

big, thick snowflakes

waiting to trick

our

mid March spring brains

into the reality of Missouri

living

as the robins fight

right below the

bright red

cold AM stop sign

as though they know

exactly

how

all of this may

just play out.

**the last breath**

of the day  
is something akin  
to the fast laugh  
of the lion  
before  
they sink  
their teeth into  
some  
slumbered  
dream.

## **military incident**

for all my junior  
high years i had  
an old marine medic  
vietnam vet named  
coach rebori  
and he would always  
call us derelicts  
and tell us how  
easy we had things.

he would snort when  
he cleared his nose  
and always had some  
level of story about  
the old war  
days to  
bestow on our young brains  
to either scare  
or entice  
in that wise old man ways.

and 30 years later  
i took my son  
to a special olympics  
state basketball match  
and in the middle of a  
gym full of more military  
folk than i have ever seen in my whole life  
high living kids

and cheering the  
chosen ones on,  
i notice something in the  
bleachers next to me.

it's coach reborn  
after 30 years and  
all the stories  
and all the lore  
as a couple of  
old men we have  
become  
sitting  
there on that karmic  
bench of ours

wondering  
how much of all of this  
is script  
and how  
much  
is  
chance?

**the real ballad of the early 40s**

man

that is now single

again is that

i don't think about

falling in love

and the

next sunrise

may

be the greatest thing

i have

ever seen

like

the

last shot of whiskey

in the tango

of now

and

the ever

that

slipped through our

fingertips like

something that may have

never happened,

but

likely did

in the bubble

about

to get inflated

in the dream of

a



a burst.

## **the truisms**

if we want to shoot  
the kids  
straight  
we should come up with a  
space invaders sort of game  
where there are  
eggs floating down out of the  
sky with  
a  
projectile half moon  
penis  
rising up to  
fire sperm into  
the  
sky and  
the only way you  
will win  
is  
when the evil  
pharmacy  
drops the sheath  
over the  
spilling semen  
to end the  
unwanted pregnant  
dance  
and  
cork the bottle  
on the spilling

vodka  
dream.

## **text slang**

one  
day our  
texts will the  
the only poems  
we  
share  
as we try  
to rebuild  
the  
civilization  
that  
ended  
and  
it  
won't be the dinosaurs  
fault  
this time  
as  
the  
bane of  
terrorism  
becomes  
the  
Trump  
1/2 thought  
Americans  
created  
in the  
virtual Frankenstein labs

of  
the  
future.

## Love-less

i'm  
still  
losing  
at  
love  
after  
all these  
years  
and  
i'm beginning  
to  
learn  
why as  
more  
than two fingers  
and other spots  
on my body  
have open wounds  
from the  
speed of my  
waltz  
and  
the  
sound  
of  
remorse  
is the last thing  
i want to ever

explain.

ever.

to anyone.

Including you.

**when my dreams**

began getting swallowed  
up in the  
torrent of a david lynch dream  
unrealized,  
i probed my frontal and back lobes  
to figure out  
where they may have gone.

why had all the characters left  
with the set  
and thrown the themes into  
the amnesia pile.

then i  
figured the classical  
music masters  
of tonight  
and yore  
could revive  
the lost  
dream.

or stack of  
subconscious victories,  
as such.

and the beethoven,  
mozart,  
mahler,  
stravinsky  
and such  
roamed through my  
sleep  
flopped head  
to  
speak  
alive  
the  
dormant brain  
meat  
that was waiting  
for the conductor  
to flash  
that magic,  
every colored wand  
in  
precise  
brilliance.



## **the forever layer**

of world

waits on top

of our

wailing eternal world

of temporal

wondering why

everyone is

wasting their

time the way they are

in

pure

digital,

old school,

unexplained genius

until

the

aliens

come and

show

us

the

real,

cool

way to

be.

## **The American tragedy**

of

Trump voters

hide

sneakily inside

everyone that

is a true

charlatan

that tells you they

have it all figured out,

but rely on someone else

to give them something

for free

or tell them

what taco to by.

and now,

the farce in a red wig

is blaming everyone

in a rhetoric

of

nothing more

than rich loving

language

and all the

dumb

poor

folk

lap up the soup

like

broken kites.

and when we finally get  
the 21st century tyrant  
we have been hedging on  
for years,  
we will  
find out  
that  
Barack Obama  
was the  
coolest  
man

and greatest  
President  
this here  
century will  
have  
the  
pleasure to  
see strode  
a  
stage  
or  
shake  
a hand  
or

be  
effective  
in this

trumped nation  
of ours.

## **the fast food hustle**

is the  
construction cat on the corner  
in the blaring snow  
and cold  
sucking down  
a  
cigarette as  
fast as  
he can  
so that he  
can go on and keep digging  
that ditch  
as  
the  
mysterious  
big mac  
special sauce  
becomes  
his  
very  
blood.

## **Dreamy #21,345**

I just remembered  
a dream I  
had the other  
night  
where i was driving home from  
my son's school  
and all  
the neighborhoods  
had homes that were  
burning in bright  
glares of oranges and  
reds with no owners,  
strangers,  
cops or firefighters  
around.

the world  
was literally on  
fire and there  
wasn't a fuck  
of nothing going on  
in some  
vacuum of rapture  
the papers hadn't even  
reported on and  
the pretty TV reporters  
even refused to  
cover  
as

the  
boxes  
of smores lay unconstructed  
in the  
packed grocery store  
of  
this dream

sitting like a ghost  
on the  
psychologists  
couch  
of tomorrow  
nights dream.

## **ultimate power?**

the simultaneous  
most powerful and  
vulnerable you will ever  
be is that mental snapshot of your  
face  
right  
before  
you have  
the most  
brilliant orgasm of  
your  
entire  
fucking life.



## **sprung**

This  
burst  
of  
spring  
outside  
is  
like  
a  
bunch  
of  
old  
men  
growing  
green  
sprouts  
all  
over  
their  
face  
like  
they  
belong  
in  
dirt  
and  
enjoy  
water  
like  
the

big  
creature  
on  
all  
our  
jolly,  
fictitious  
vegetable  
cans.

### **Fucking God Damned Bleep**

the only  
censors  
that  
exist  
in this  
world  
that  
has the internet  
as  
the  
last  
flicker  
of  
freedom  
going  
is  
you  
  
and

everyone

you

know.

**the birth of your rebirth**

is another

cup of coffee

spilling over

the edges

and burning the hand

that will emit a 'fuck' but

be

fine

in

a matter of

seconds.

## **the sequences**

i made out with a  
perfect  
girl last night in  
my dream  
and  
by  
conicidence  
the first  
girl i had  
sex with  
in  
my  
life  
contacted  
me  
in  
my 40 some odd year  
of my life  
contemplating  
the  
choices  
that  
are always  
good  
in  
theory  
and become  
better  
in

contemplative philosophy.

## **When?**

so i had  
a dream last night  
that after i made out with  
the pretty blond, smart girl  
that I went into some liquor/wine shoppe  
and i accidentally  
dropped a bottle of wine ..

and the pretty girl i was with  
walked in with one of my best friends and  
his fiance  
and shook their hands like  
no bottle broke  
and said that sometimes  
'you just have to be pretty' ..

and the looks of awe began .....

and of something that is calm .....

an emotion i  
long  
lost ..

as i try  
to  
find  
that  
creamy

junior mint center  
of  
my world  
again.



## lost girl wheels

for weeks

i have driven by  
the slightly tarnished  
purple and pink  
girls

by laying in the  
newly green grass by  
a new city bench  
like

a  
beacon of lost  
needing found

and

it stares at me  
with big  
spoked bicycle eyes  
imploring me  
to help,  
but also wanting to stay put for  
the girl in the world looking  
for a ride.

and in this innocent tale  
of youth,  
the aged mind of a  
middle aged man wonders  
how many metaphors this  
could hold in a summer jar

brimming with lighting bugs.

and should those beacons of flying light  
live in a jar punctured with holes  
or be let free into the vast world of  
air,  
freedom  
and  
love.

i believe  
i know  
what answer  
you  
may mark,  
lovers ..

## **fucking lovers**

if it's the last  
thing you  
do,  
Fall in love, suckers,  
so that  
you can  
at least  
know  
what the fuck  
all the  
tv,  
books,  
music  
and films  
are  
saying to you  
over and  
over like  
the spins of  
a  
good album  
that  
will  
set you  
absolutely  
free.

## **a bad marriage**

is the opposite of  
the life of a butterfly ..

in the beginning the  
butterflies are  
batting the wind to  
pieces  
only  
to begin  
the  
slow  
decent  
into a worm

then  
enclosed  
by  
the  
dark seed sack  
of  
night

until  
the  
sunlight comes  
in again  
by

the  
rebirth.



## **Valentine's day**

this particular year

in my early 40's

is stark

reminder to

those around me to

not have me

order for them

at a restaurant

or

pick the stakes on

a roulette wheel at a casino

because

i

have refined the

skill

of

making bad,

bad

decisions,

baby.

## **Chicken splats**

I'm eating

Chicken salad

On chicken and a biscuit

Crackers

In a fit

Of

Sheet

Chickenabalism....

## **The interlude**

Is the

2nd stop on

The way to

The finest

Joint

On earth

And if you

Find it,

The breaks

Will never matter

Ever

Again....



**The best lies**

Ever

Told

Made

The most

Powerful

Even more

Daunting

In a

Big,

Fat

White House

Of their dreams.

## **Covered**

There's only

So many

Quilts one

Can knit

In pergatory

Before the

Heat meets the cold

In

A tornado

Middle earth will

Never forget....

## **Old lovers**

In the crowded jazz

Club full of

That look of

Love during the

Intermission

Have

Every diamond

Ring

Commercial bested ...

Easily.

## **The daunting**

Violin man

Finally

Played the rose

Back to life

As the grapes

Whined into something

Better

And the billionth or so

Night earth

Has hosted

Became

Legendary ...

Yet again....

## **The cool Miles Davis Looking cat**

Up in the front row

Probably

Owens 18 and Vine

And the last

Fedora Charlie Parker

Ever owned

As the music

Started up

Again

And the lore

Became

The only

Real living thing

In the air

Around us.

## **Trophy ride**

The best  
Street car going  
Is the one  
That  
Has your secret  
Dream tucked in  
The underbelly  
Undisturbed  
By  
All  
The delicious  
Drugs.

## **Lack and good**

The only

Good choices

You make

Are the ones

You barely think about...

**The bouncers**

of the club

Hold

Janitorial

Power

To

Start

The miracle

And

Mop up

The catacombs

Of

The

Mysterious dream...



## **The roundabout musician dance**

Waiting

For the next

Song to begin

Are like the most

Fashionable

Sea gulls

Waiting

For the

Lobster to be

Cracked and

Delicately

Buttered.

## **Coltrane 3:16**

The

Famous jazz

Cat said something

To me yesterday

I haven't Ben able

To shake:

"I don't read the bible,

I listen to John Coltrane."

## **the cat and dog**

sit

in my attic

hovel of

light

and thelonius monk

all

slacked out like

they understand

sphere's notes,

phrasing

and

the

abrupt

end to the next

movie you

may decide

to watch.

**even in small town rural america,**

the hookers sell.

in front of the lone  
laundry mat in  
small belton, mo,  
the woman on a cold  
friday afternoon  
paced in circles of 10  
feet done up like  
a girl that just did a line of  
blow and forgot how  
to put on make up,  
but had enough sense to  
sell men on  
her hidden parts.

and as the hooker  
went up and down  
like a lost cat in  
a  
dog's dream,  
i knew that there were  
things more desperate  
than that,  
but i couldn't  
think about it  
at that time

and stil  
cannot conjure

anything  
more than that.

## happy halted

i told the happiest  
neighbor boy  
barely 4 that i couldn't take  
him to the skate park  
in the big car  
and he squeezed his eyes like  
he was going  
to cry  
for the next 2 1/2 months  
and my  
brain  
skipped a beat  
and i wasn't sure  
that i was going  
to  
get unfroze  
in that block of  
ice that life  
throws over  
the skin  
sometimes  
while  
the sun is shining  
and  
sorrow is  
the  
only  
thing you  
want to end.

