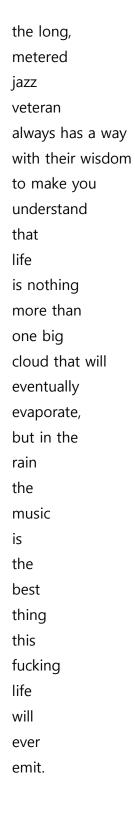
Joefiles 154

scientific molding of the broken vase chips

the meaning of all sound



OJ 2016

the Middle-aged black woman
walks with purpose,
sunshine
and
some somblense of
home
up through the AM
yellows
and slight cold
with a large
black t-shirt on
that screams out
in big white letters
'WHERE IS OJ?'

and not only do
i not know for certain,
i'm wondering at this
point who would give a
fraction of a
molecule
to that notion
as the ghost
white bronco drives
by in a slow motion
fury.

energized American rabbits

the energetic bald of vitamin b12 & b6 vitamins

is the 21st century

heart attack that

lurks behind

the ghost of

donald trump

to

find

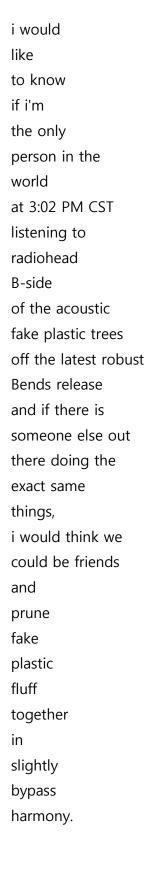
your

lowest

common

demon-inator.

lonely togetherness



love dreamer

I had a dream last night with my ex-girlfriend Elaine and it was so nice to be loved and to have someone that would want to I listen to my stories and dig the me in now and then and ever and me doing the same with them that i felt both empty and full as the morning sounds hit my anticipation.

love is the only real work we have on this planet and it's still a bit, scratchy lottery ticket. you leave your house. you pass love. you encounter .. you embrace... and you may have to start over .. again. again. and again like а 1980's quarter trying to get the stork to

drop

the bundle

in

that one

ms. pac man

scene

without

getting

weighed down

by

the

proverbial

past bucket.

birder homes

i see all the little dots of black bird flying in and out of the carefully etched hole in the metal light poles ..

and it look like they were constructed for the feathery souls, but it was for the electicians.

and together, they hold a commonality.

they spark
the tiny hearts
and feathers
in all
with a tiny jolt
of juice
when
you least
expect it ...

to keep the tiny ghost hole open to dream a bird's miracle.

security broker

a car down the way
has the stenciled,
low rent
black letters
and orange flashers on top of the
car with
'security'

and it looks real.

but really looks like
a coupla of crooks think
they are getting away with
the coolest heist in
9 counties
while the clergy is blindfolded.

but they are only
jerking off in front of a camera in the church
basement while
stealing a truck load of
ice cream sandwiches on the hottest day
of the year

as the world

decides to forgive

the pranking clown yet again.

The middle aged bomb

```
sometimes
the shock
takes years to set in
as the miracle molecules
rejuvinate
and
find
а
higher level of
redemptive
love
to
ignore
the blight
and
smile under the ceiling
of
а
few thousand
balloons
raining
towards the
cooled
ground.
```

in the bubble of wonder

full of

photosynthesis.

i think the utility line guys with spray paint marking up the suburban yards are really vigillantes that never get paid real american human money but simply get paid in whiskey to life it up to their alien friends to marvel at one of the few american inventions that made life a bit more

in this 2016 trump romp

of anger

i find

the

final

etchings of the obama

victory run

of putting

Harriet Tubman

on the 20

to replace

Andrew Jackson

as some

level of

poetic

symmetry

that makes

everything feel

ordered

and

jammed full of

twikie karma cream filling.

circle sugar kings

if you ever run into someone that owned a donut shop that says they are retiring, like someone down the road from me years back, tell them that their sweet little operation has been fucking already retired for

years.

dully insured

```
the huge
reverberating insurance
fraud
is
the
politician that
smiles with
a
loosened grin
with mustard on the chin
while the ketchup boils
within his bones
and
evaporates his
memory of yesterday.
```

street beauty

```
several times i
saw a doll getting crushed by
tires in the middle of
he busy middle american road and
found the metaphor getting
crushed over and over in my head
of the
kid world of innocence
getting plowed by the adult world
of
fear jumping
and
judgmental abyssing
taking
the small
doll
for
а
ride
that
could
have
been
avoided
in
this suburban
sunshine
that is now getting covered
by the biggest cloud
the world may
produce
today.
```

kid waltz

```
the other night
i took my boy on a long jaunt
by rickety wagon to and from
the
grocery store and
t felt like
the mightiest thing in the world
and
the only thing i
could have
ever
done
down here on this sprawling
rock of chance
that proves each day that the only
thing we are in
charge of
in the biological karmic
dance we inherit
that love is
the only thing we
can be
good at
in this
wagon
walk
about.
```

Modern breakage



musically metered

the
truth
is that
the
broken
brass
horn of
Miles
Davis
will
finally
save
humanity.
motherfuckers.

seasonal

The

zesty

spring

of

your

burning

dream

is

nothing

but

а

used

urn

in

paradise.

the only saving grace

for our searching souls full of eye balls are the gigs that don't pay or are unexpected that will tie together our drams like a solid kite that will have to be flown but will blow our cover in the miracle of a painting that the world will some day see and only remember in their deepest and lucid dreams.

The missing Stephen King ghost

	9	•	5 5
is			
in			
The			
shiny			
kids			
candy			
wrapper			
the			
day			
before			
Halloween			
with			
tiny			
fluid			
red			
dot			
perfectly			
perched			
in			
civil			
chaos			
for			
your			
white			
sneakers			
to			
softly			
explode			
on.			

the final trumpet note



is a

huge

tuft of

mixed feathers

that form

а

caterpillar

that

will

save

your

worst

childhood

memory.

my windshileld exploded

into a

mass of bugs

and the sound

was like

a demon shoving

а

tormented

soul from hell

into purgatory

which quickly got

а

coach ticket to heaven

to find out

that what we think

is

godly is nothing more

than a

used Oreo under a child's pillow case.

the ghosts of the local funeral home

make

lilac pies

in

high spring

to

keep

the child

alive

in us all.

TEXT ALERT: missing manhood

got into a texting
match
that got heated with
a neighbor that
was ignoring me
for some days
whilst about a matter
with my autism spectrum boy.

something a few folks could resolve with words, but i got ignored.

so, i went for the text throat.

when it got heated,
he cussed
and stammered,
then said he wanted to meet
at lunch
to talk face to face.

i like in person.

I said at 11 for the stay at home dad.

got home, texted again, and waited 8 minutes for his wife to come out.

she defiantly said that her husband wasn't going to make it to our meeting because he was too mad and didn't want the cops to come.

and

i pondered that.

so,
if the cops did come
in the event of
him getting violent,
they would find some
things out for sure.

but one thing they wouldn't find.

his manhood.

the brown trees

of

early march

in their

mass of bodies

by the vineyard

look like

they could

bend

into a midnight

drunk dance

on a

moment's notice.

The fishermen

on the shore
always sees
everything that happens
And
everything that is going to happen and
everything you thought
was
done in

secret....

winning/losing

The

last

of

your armor

is the

reason

you

like to lose.

music trophy

The

winning

jazz band

is a

lamb

hovering

above

the well.

Loneliness

isn't

the

worst thing

you could

wish

on a

willing stranger

In the

Echo

Of a

Hundred

Intriguing

Conversations

In

Α

Used

Mustard

Jar.

The pieces of known



are the

fragments

of

zombie ghosts

that

sprinkle

you

into

dream

at night ...

A crab

in the

fist

is a

steak

in the

gold mine.

The jazz breaks

between

sets

are when

the leprechauns

find the

golden miracles

in the

rest of

Your

life ...

straight notes

The sideways bass is the upside down guitar in the ocean blue.

The best story

will

always

be the

very next one

you hear

when

the sun

finally sets

over

The

Evaporating

Bus.

Tomorrow's

only

guarantee

is

tomorrow.

lover lorn

Му

best

love affair

of all time

is the one

I have

with

Simply

Being

Here

On

Earth

In

This

Massive

Quagmire

Of

How?

Finest gal

The

Absolute

best woman

in the

room

is always

the one

I never met....

dig!

The

Monday night

jazz hero

in the

middle

of a

Wednesday

treble cleft

tornado ...