

## **Joefiles 155**

The Bag of Clown Parts Gets an Upgrade

## **the indigo pinwheel**

was

created

eons ago

by the small kids,

a tribe of sorts,

and no one knows

the exact origins,

but it's only

supposed to twirl

and

give

the brain something

for forget

like

this

stack of

lines

leading down the page like

a

black and white pinwheel

in the vortex

of the indigo-go-go

mystery.

## **the divorced**

the world is  
full of  
Divorceland metaphors  
as i  
walk and heal  
with the dogs  
at  
night  
and roam  
the world with  
my boys  
by day.

it's the couples  
at  
games  
that  
i never  
rarely  
did  
in  
my  
pre-divorce  
state

and most  
recently  
is was  
a  
robin's nest  
alone,  
empty on the ground

with one  
sky blue egg next to it  
smashed  
to  
a hundred bits.

and it's  
in all these  
tiny signs  
of  
metaphor  
avenue  
that i  
know  
how

all of  
this  
came a  
bout  
and  
why  
the  
world  
looks  
as it does.

and this is all  
the  
aftermath  
of the smoky  
engine that won't  
run no  
more

before  
the  
flower blooms  
for the hummingbird beak  
to begin  
cracking open  
the  
stone of  
lost  
love  
for  
something  
much  
more profound,  
and softer.

**the tragedy**

of ending a  
marriage  
is that you will  
still do  
things annually  
or  
years  
later with the same  
folks  
and you will  
remember the previous time  
when you were once  
in a good relationship,  
but no more.

and it's begins  
to  
litter  
the prior memories.

like the restaurant that closed  
down  
several weeks back  
that already  
has  
huge growths  
of weeds,  
peeling paint,  
broken windows  
a forgettable  
storefront  
you couldn't forget at  
one time.

until

oh

until

it's just

bulldozed away

and replaced by

the

next creation

in this

human

boggle of a trip

down memory love lane

towards the intangible

rainbow

made of every

good memory

we

can

ever

remember.

**the best dating algorithm**

would be  
to instantly,  
real time  
match up folks  
that are listening  
to the same  
exact song.

boom.

it would be the hitch  
that made the music stars  
explode.

it would be the chorus  
written,  
that will remain unwritten.

it will be the gravy on the biscuit  
of dating  
lovers  
and

for the rest of  
forever,  
the ballad  
will  
be  
they.



## 5<sup>th</sup> Beatle

every time we go out  
into public,  
or a i take him to school,  
or walk through a  
retail shop,  
or into the gas station,  
or to any house of public  
convening,  
they know who my miles boy is.

with his arms adorned in a  
a panorama of roy g. biv  
rainbows of  
pure joy,  
he gets the hearts to leap,  
the mouths to speak,  
the brain  
to smile  
and it  
is always  
the  
excited panic  
of good that greets him.

i now know what the beatles went through.

my 11 year old miles  
has become the  
lost rock icon enigma love of the middle earth.

he's the 5th beetle,  
baby ..

**Anytime**

is

sometime

nowhere

in

Specificland.

## **The love truism**

my brother  
said there  
there is a lot  
of love  
out  
there and  
that's the only  
thing  
sometimes  
that really  
gets bullhorn through  
my  
brain  
as  
i wonder  
why i ever  
walked into  
the  
waltz  
of  
marriage  
and  
how  
i have  
fallen  
into the American  
trap  
of  
getting  
duped by  
a  
cheater

that  
took  
all of  
it very,  
very  
easy

and left  
when the  
hard  
became  
work.

**The heart that gives out**

is the  
miracle  
liver transplant  
tomorrow  
as the  
beer  
getts  
buried  
and  
the  
bee stings  
the  
kid  
back  
to life.

## **groundhog orchestra**

every  
single  
day we  
are  
alive  
is  
basically  
groundhog  
day  
with  
a  
new  
script  
and  
a  
better  
orgasm  
waiting.

**rumbling down the American highway**

in the high heat  
of early june  
and a triangular stack of  
large,  
orangish brown tubing  
is making it's  
own trek  
to become part of  
something massive  
we known nothing  
about when  
i see the  
big  
black letters on each tube  
that says,  
'MADE IN CANADA'  
and  
i  
now  
know  
the  
whole  
truth.

## summer book truisms

i have gotten  
the truth  
out of a few  
books from the  
dollar store.

major novels  
from big publishers  
that didn't work  
for the 15 to 27 dollars  
and instead got  
stamped for a dollar  
and shipped to  
the lowest bidder.

and annually,  
i have  
gotten the books  
that nail my life.

last summer,  
it was the man my age  
who was holding together  
the loose threads of a marriage  
before it  
collapsed.

this year,  
it's a man accused of a crime  
he didn't commit  
while he waits in a  
bad detention scheme



until he finds his freedom.

and in these two  
novels,  
i find  
the mirror looking back at  
me.

and now,  
what is in store next year  
for the first  
read  
as  
i  
see  
specks  
of  
yellow  
and orange shimmering  
from the  
book aisle  
at the local  
dollar  
shop,  
baby.

## **The Friday Nite Art Indian**

in the thick of  
friday art district  
KC  
i notice a shirtless dude  
in a full indian headress,  
cut off leather shirt kinda get up  
who

takes a shine to me  
shooting a video  
of him  
as though  
he's  
just some regular bloke  
in a suit and tie on wall street  
walking for a coffee.

instead,  
he's the dude that  
make a wrong turn  
out of the local production of  
the lone ranger into  
the huge  
crowd of thrill seekers  
waiting  
for action  
at the razors  
edge of the fictitious  
tomahawk  
falling  
hard  
to the earth.

## Darth Vapers

the world  
is alive  
with the rumors  
of vape  
that life  
into the arc  
of day  
like curled cotton candy  
and  
before  
the picture is snapped  
or proof  
can validate,  
it is gone

while the  
tall teenage coughs  
in a minor fit of  
voilent  
rips

and  
the inhale  
begins

yet  
anew in  
some  
strange house  
across the way.

## **Police Cruiser #666**

just caught  
sight  
of police cruiser #669  
pass me by  
and  
daydreamed  
as to  
how  
fast  
the  
cop car in  
hell  
is going now  
and who is slowing  
down  
around it  
as  
car #666  
roars  
violently,  
as though  
it's crawling like  
a  
whisper  
through the 405  
of hell.

## **The Bird Row**

two black  
birds  
fighting in the  
middle  
of heat  
road  
friday afternoon  
look  
like  
the  
angry neighbors  
that  
only  
like  
their own,  
but can't  
really stand them  
at the same  
time  
as  
the  
world  
delivers  
them a gift wrapped box  
replete with  
an old gun  
jammed  
with  
slightly  
aged flowers in the  
gun holes.

## 2016 American Hustle

caught a quick  
glimmer of  
worn  
summer  
AM hitchhiker picking  
up an old  
memorial day US flag on a stick  
behind a metal shield on  
the highway  
and he  
rummaged  
that piece of  
wood and  
cloth in his  
hands like a settler  
that had no  
idea  
how he  
landed on  
this patch of  
land  
and  
perhaps  
this  
planet,  
but he knew  
that he needed  
to  
move  
move  
move.

## Every Light Bulb in the World

sleep last  
night felt like  
i was changing  
the world's  
stock of old,  
broken light bulbs  
and right about  
the time i figured it  
was good and time,  
the dark would  
explode again,  
then change,  
bang into dark,  
the fix,  
then canvass of black  
and the forth  
until i woke up  
and moved  
back the crisp  
black sheer  
covering the window  
and knew that the sun  
was playing  
devilish games in my  
dream brain  
and tonight  
i would side with the moon  
and let the  
light bulbs  
just  
stay out  
for good.

## Young God – Explained

good friend  
explained to me  
tonight that  
god may be a child  
because flowers  
and such keep growing  
again  
and  
again  
and  
again  
like a kid that wants  
to keep  
doing something  
fun over  
and  
over  
and  
over again  
and  
that  
theological  
explanation  
made the  
more  
sense  
than  
anything  
yet.



## The 'Yea' Cure

there's a little  
neighbor up the way  
my boy  
rides bikes  
and plays kick ball  
and such  
with and  
everytime  
he answers with a 'yes'  
is sounds  
like  
the world  
forget that  
there were problems  
and  
each  
and every issue  
melted in the  
desert sand into one  
big,  
glorious piece of  
glass.

## **the nuclear mystery**

for several  
days now i have seen  
big oversized trucks  
rolling with huge propellors  
to the  
nuclear  
power plant up  
the street  
wondering if  
at the end of the day  
they are trying to make  
a  
big propellor  
had  
to  
splash a bit  
of comedy  
on  
the gravity  
of  
nuclear  
doom  
here in smackdown dab middle  
of  
America.

**the one memorial day bumble bee**

darts heavily around

the tops

of

green

leaves

here in

attic view

remembering

all

the honey

along

the way

as

he

quickly

accelerates

out of view

like

nothing

is

happening

at

all.

## **Squirrely Nuts**

of all the animal lovers  
out there in the world  
that buy  
posters,  
cups,  
mouse pads,  
phone covers,  
bike helmets,  
shoes,  
erasers,  
writing pads,  
shirts  
and the sort

with cats,  
dogs,  
pigs,  
and  
the glorified list  
of animals  
tramples forward

i have never  
seen anyone  
ever  
have a  
picture  
or  
liking of a squirrel  
anywhere.

ever.

never.

the midwest rodent  
of bad dog dreams  
is  
nothing but  
forgotten.

not even 1 person.

perhaps  
they  
need  
a  
fan  
club  
fulla nuts.

## **Fuck Yea = Fuck You**

if my  
next bid  
on the  
new ebay  
is one big  
middle finger  
painted green and white  
like money,  
will  
they  
ever cash in  
on that irony?

**February 9, 1964**

for this  
one day  
that a quadruple stack  
of british  
music brains  
invaded Ed  
and captivated  
America  
is the only  
time  
that  
we have  
been  
shown  
what  
love  
can  
produce  
in this country ..

no arrests,  
and  
good

music.

**some nights**

i wonder if

i will ever

arise from

this carefully constructed

twilight zone episode

known as my life

that is enough

for me to sleep at night,

but more

than enough to keep

me up long hours

during the daytime

like a thirsty cat

on the moon of Janus ..



**the collapse of age**

is

the memory

of a previous

life that tags

around behind you

like

a childhood you forgot

you lived,

but swear it exists

in the ghost

of the piñata

that a kid just knocked

down in some

rich connecticut back yard.

**the dogs listen**

to the clatter  
of the keys  
as though  
it's a huge  
bowl of clanging  
dog food raining down  
from the magic tree  
in the back  
yard  
fulfilling  
the only  
real  
and surreal dreams  
they ever  
conjure  
on their  
mental digs.

**don't ever leave the door open**

even a sliver

believing

that

the pretty people

with all the money

and perfect

feet,

asses,

tits and smiles

have it all

figured out.

they have the ugliest

vices,

and deepest echoes

from the past

that

will

never

make the best orgasm

worth it,

but then again,

it could be the paradise

worth

all the fire in the end.

and these are

some of the things

i feel good to assume

and

i may just never

know in

the ball  
of unknown  
i toss i my suburban  
driveway  
every night  
as the evening birds dart by  
in fast forward grace  
while  
the bugs  
sneak in slow motion  
like  
the richest of  
all savants.

## **cuts**

the  
shiny  
chainsaw  
of  
never  
knows  
on  
forever  
like  
a  
woodchuck  
finding  
truth  
in  
pulp  
and  
something  
far  
greater  
than  
humans.

## The moment of precise

The  
exact  
second  
before  
the  
show  
begins  
is  
when  
the  
long  
trail  
evaporates  
into  
the  
soft  
center  
of  
the  
orange  
egg  
center ...

## **the good and bad advisers**

the  
angel  
leaned over  
at the end  
of  
the  
second to  
last supper  
to  
let the  
demon's  
ear know  
that  
it's  
OK  
to  
let the  
better times  
roll  
Into  
the abyss  
of forever.

## Today I'm an Idie Actor

i  
used  
to  
watch  
indie  
films  
quite  
a  
bit  
when  
i  
was single  
and a  
bit  
after  
i got  
married,  
but  
know that  
my life  
has turned  
into the  
deep  
gray innards  
of each of  
those movies  
mounded into  
a  
big  
mud ball  
in my  
subconscious'  
trunk,



i'm good with  
watching  
other  
things  
or  
not at all.

## **Decades & Decades**

I spent my running  
20's  
and tamer,  
reflective  
30's  
renting  
and  
spying on the  
indie film world  
in  
awe of  
all the  
storylines  
that could  
be hatched  
in such  
disasterous  
beauty  
and find  
that  
my  
life  
in my early 40's  
has  
become  
the  
soft  
ooze  
and delicate  
smashing together  
of  
all those

films into  
a big  
fucking pulp sandwich  
that may take years  
to burp up.

**gliding to the cross street**

in a bit of  
honored grime,  
i noticed the boarded up front  
of the local laundry mat  
fulla big fresh cut boards  
and the mincing  
of danger getting hidden ..

it casts a shadowless glow and hides  
all the  
relentless tumbles of fresh clothes and better  
scents

and somehow  
i think behind all  
the tans  
of wood knots  
exists the  
real Belton, MO  
fight club  
and brad pitt  
is ready  
to kick  
your ass  
in the  
next  
CUT!