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

а

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 а 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.

5th 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 beatle, baby ..

Anytime

is

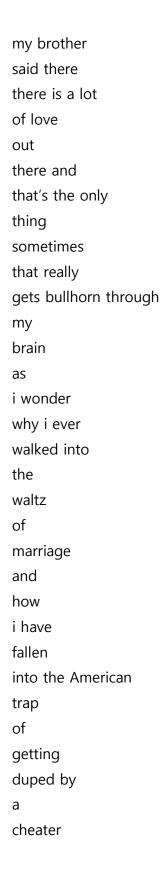
sometime

nowhere

in

Specificland.

The love truism



that

took

all of

it very,

very

easy

and left

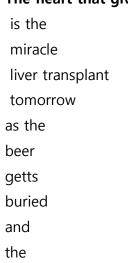
when the

hard

became

work.

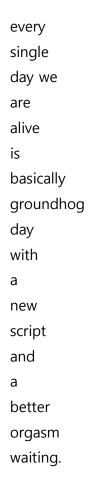
The heart that gives out



bee stings

the kid back to life.

groundhog orchestra



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

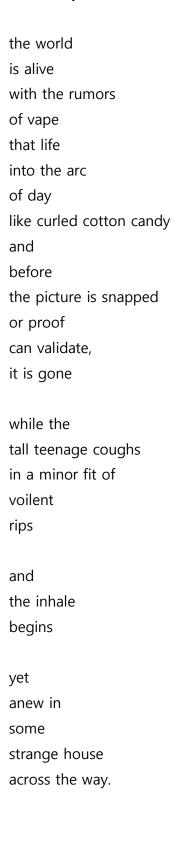
in the thick of friday art district KC i notice a shirtless dude in a full indian headress, cut off leather shirt kinda get up who

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.

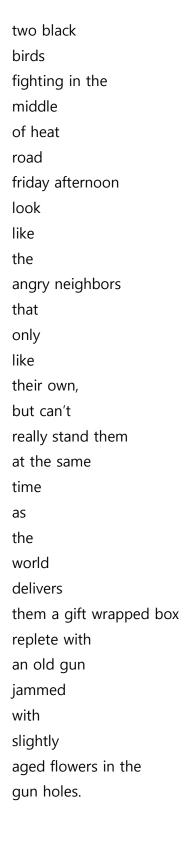
Darth Vapers



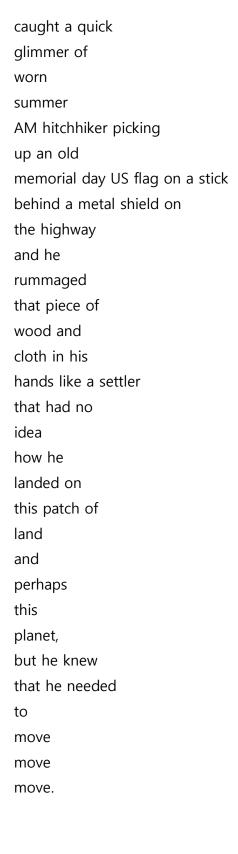
Police Cruiser #666

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 а whisper through the 405 of hell.

The Bird Row



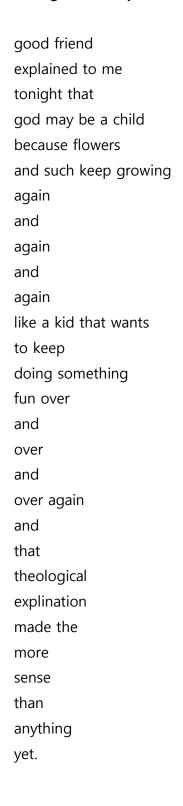
2016 American Hustle



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



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 whey are trying to make 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
```

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

of animals

tramples forward

ever.

never.

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

not even 1 person.

perhaps

they

need

а

fan

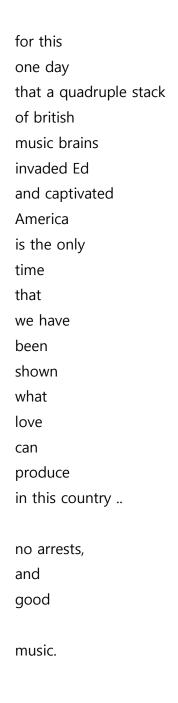
club

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



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

fullfilling

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

make the best orgasm

worth it,

never

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

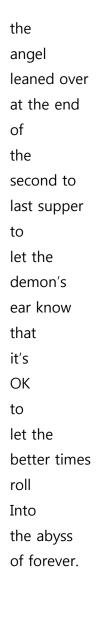
the shiny chainsaw of never knaws on forever like а woodchuck finding truth in pulp and something far greater than

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

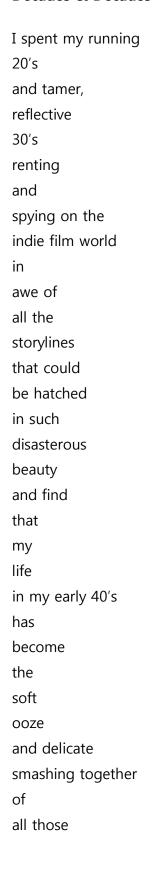


Today I'm an Idie Actor

used to watch indie films quite а 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 а big mud ball in my subconsious' trunk,

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

Decades & Decades



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!