

Joefiles 163

a spot right in the middle of a nameless ocean

All the little birds

Above us
Are really just
UFOs spying on us
& trying to figure out
how we
do all
these things
we do on
too long legs.

Couple of good old boys

strolling into the
local Sunday Belton
grocery store with a gun
on their hips and
tattoos all over their faces
Like nothing
But rain
Was falling
And Trump
Was just
A bad dream
In this hiccup of a Matrix....

The morning woman

driving around
with the big huge
teddy bear in the
front seat
Of
Her old
Used car
Looked around
Without sunglasses
Like she was on
An alien planet as
All of us strangers
Looked
Around
Like a bag
Of
Lost
Stuffed raccoons....

The angry old beer belly man

with the front shirt open

on the riding mower

angry at the litter

& looking around

wondering who

The hell

Created

This

Damned reality

That keeps

Tricking him

Each and every day.

sacraficial

I think I'm
at that space
in my life
where I'm gonna
make one sacrificial
day so every
fucking person
on the planet
can just blame me
for
all of it.

Pink KC clouds

Hang on the

High

Cold summer horizon

Like the

Round table of queens

Invited them here

For

An ice cream with the

King.

numbers

I can only sneeze
3 times in a row
And never 4
Sometimes 2,
And it's all
In honor of telling
Murphy
And his laws
To find
The
Next life
To incubate dreams.

All the hot evening birds

huddle

on the wires

above the roads

looking down

at all the little

strips of car is

going back-and-forth

Much like

all the dreams

that we have

continued to march

forward like

the blood in her veins

deep and brown

and other colors

that the world will

never see

until it's unveiled

like some

big dream

we all woke up from

and finally remembered.

The real inside of love

is

going through the struggle
of all of the years
that you created something
and you try to tame it
but it keeps rearing up
until it starts finally
loving and getting
Love in return

&

that's when
we actually
fall in love
in the right way
and the way the books
and the movies
and everything
Has confessed
to us
& finally lets us
Into that confessional booth
To let us have our day
in the miniature sun.

The only real way to make it through

this walk

in life

is to

tame your brain

Like

It's the caged elephant head

You have to speak in a whisper to

until it finally obeys

and you get

To walk right along

that tight rope way of yours.

Art
may
be
the
only
thing
that
saved
everybody
up
to
this
very
day.

Good night...

I sat on the back porch with the godfather and his wife

and we would drink

in the city

As everything

twinkled and the

best bright that it has

with that we're gonna live forever vibe

as we listened to music

and flipped through

all the pictures

that we took

and now that

there's been an endpoint

but the godfather's wife

Is convinced

that we're

all going to

fucking live forever

and that's just the way it is.

Finally driving thru the south

in Alabama

Mississippi

& all the boiled peanuts

in the big huge

Pot spilling over

Like those sweaty

hard-working belts

of the dudes

Fighting gravity

Like it's some

Important action

Film

Made

Up north...

Finding

\$20

in the ocean

Was

Proof

That

Dreams

Are

Fleeting

Yet

Rooted

On this anchor

Of

A soul

Bobbing

Anywhere

But

Nowhere....

All those cool beach mentality dudes

that run
around like
nothing in the fucking world
will ever touch
the world in a way
that will be anything
other than pleasurable

&

Chalk fulla
Meaning is the
Only way
We can
Truly
Sustain...

Graceland

Having
an old
military cat
take a picture
Of my girlfriend and I
in front of Graceland
Was likely by the ghost
Of the
Future
Just arisen
To
Bake us a future
Pie.

Driving 16 hours

through the night

to make it home

and watch

the miracle of America's birth

take place

right before

your very eyes

Is an explosion

Of possibilities

No one

Dare ever

Try to define...

Flying again

after
all these years
was the
best handshake
that I've had
in the skies
in so very long

like flying
with the Angels
with a vodka in one hand
and a miracle
In
the other.

Warm Waters

Waking up
to the vision
of the beach
every single day
is like a dreamscape
you can't really have
every day
but if you did
you would take it
like fixing a crossword puzzle
In the right possible way
to make all the words in the world look like the
universe hung from
your ceiling
Like thin
Dreamy
Salt air.

Lovers

I'm gonna
Meet my
Lover
In
Florida
And
There's
Nothing
Anyone
Can
Do
To
Stop
Me.

The crazies

the
insane
pool park
woman
Waits to
Pocket your
Lucky coins
As the
Devil
Goes
On lunch break.

Nerds and gangsters

are taking
over the world
Like a gaggle
If fidget blingers,
Bitches...

The truths

All he was
ever going
to be
was a
consumer
and he didn't even
realize that
In
The tornado he
Made in
A used
Mayonnaise jar.

Every single Trump joke

that has been said
in the history of the world
amounts to all
the fibers of that clown wig
falling from the sky
heading straight towards
the ground like
an impeachment
we will all cheer
on wildly when it finally happens
Like the second solar
Eclipse in our
Lifetimes...

One of the best things ever invented

was the Apple iPhone
is the ability to
shoot everything in slow-motion
because
I believe
the world goes
too fast
if only
I could see
the world
and that slow-motion
I would love a
fraction of life
but understand it
100% better.

My best friend's wife

has
stage four cancer
and has about four more months
to live
&
I got a hold of
my realtor
the other day
that sold me my house
10 years ago
and she's in the last stages of dementia
& I thought
what is the third thing
that's going to happen
As I pulled away from the driveway
the other day
To see
a big black raven
dead underneath
my car as I moved it
and thought about
the threes
& further wondered
if that big black bird
was right there
giving me
all the good luck
to wash away
the two bad things
looking all of the
square in the eyes
like a bunch of
Beatty bird eyes
Minced
With every possible blend
Of earthly luck....

The greatest thing

about

finding a new love

is that when

I get a complement

it takes me

a little while

to absorb it

because

I'm simply not used to it

and then I simply

Hug her

and everything

feels right

with the world

Again

And again...

If you can make a wish

to not get angry

anymore

do you

think you

would remedy

everything that's

going on

in your world

Or do you think it

Maybe would backfire

and turn into a

volcano of absolute laughter

that would happen

all the time

and disrupt the order of the universe?

The real mystery

of being alive
is the fact that we know
that it's really
not a mystery
& it's right in front of us
every day and movies like
the matrix
only confuses us
to the point that
realistically
all the numbers
are always stacked
in front of our heads
like exit 179
1 mile ahead
as it's 10:27 AM on this
day June 6 2017.

You see the thing

about getting older
is that all these people
around you
start floating away
because you get
wiser

To the things
you just don't want
anymore

& you don't need it
So it's not necessary

Or it's a burden
but what would
you do if

you grab
one of the things
that are real and true
and falling in love
for the first time
at the age of 44
makes me believe
it all that much more.

All the immigrants
are doing
the roofing
on the local
funeral home
as the fired director
of the FBI
tries to make
trump
into the chump.

I have slowed down

a little bit
in my old age ..

instead of a
bunch of booze
to get me the relax
In the eve,
I just need a
Cold bowl of frosted flakes
With a little extra milk
and some of that
Deep sugar
to get my soul
all stirred up like
a cows udder
in the middle of a
sunny field.

Every time
I see it that
Aardvark dead
on the side of the road
here in the Midwest
I have thoughts
of Texas and California
and the West Coast
and places I
may never see again
but hopefully I will get there
in a moment
that I will never even
be able to comprehend.

I want to write
stacks of poems
about the words
that my boy
always wants me
to write down
and they are big words
that are spoken by me
and strangers and friends
that I know and he wants to know
if he has a thirst for words and
it's one of those things in his life t
hat I wish that
he would love
any does like sushi

and talking to strangers
that are really cool
and listening
to good music
all of those things that
I wish for my son Miles'
coming at me
like a bunch a
really big words
that I dig the most.

The group of lake birds

Are fighting
over an old
used chicken bone
like a bunch
of cannibals
While the gray sky day
Turns into a
Victory of
Yellow
Only
The god of water fowl
Can see.

The Local Seafood place

always has

A big announcement

on their front

signage saying

'under new management'

&

I never even see

sales or special deals ..

it's just new people

Swimming about

The greasy waters

in this

fishy world of ours.

The roar
of the lion
is the din
Of
your
Dawn.

An older Indian couple

raising grandkids

walk around

the streets of

middle America

here in

Belton, Missouri

&

Most of the time

when I see the

looks on their faces

they're pretty appalled

at what they see

here and redneck country

Sprawling

Out

Of

Control

Like

A

Trumped

Poker hand.

The karmic luck

of the cop
that always
pulls you over
and finally
one day
he decides
you've gone
way too fast

As

Both

Of

Your

Guilty feet

Wiggle

Like

The

Most

Unlikely

In the

Devil's

All-Star

Line up

All the early morning dawn seekers

Are wiping
the sun
out of their
eyeballs
and letting that rain
pour out
of the side
Of their
Slight souls
very barely
As the joy of the world
comes within
Their math
like an explosion
of sugarcane
on Hawaii's finest day.

The aging Seattle rocker

dies today
and we all look back
and wonder how old
we are and
how we made it
this far
and how
he made it that far
and how the music
will never ever die
and that's
the only thing
we know
on this
planet of mortality
In the solemn
Declaration
That
music
will save us all.

The days of the death wobble

in the near 200,000 jeep

are gone

And with these

brand-new tires

I feel like a

hockey puck

getting ready

to go in

for a Hattrick plus one.

Smoke

The man
Sat
In his
warm afternoon chair
smoking a cigarette
looking at the
big huge truck
& the warnings on the back
Saying there's fresh oxygen
being delivered to somebody that made
the same choice
In this delicate flight
Of
Life
Or
Otherwise.

The Beatles saved
countless souls
in Kansas City
As the morning radio
Hums
like a coffee maker
In
Cat purr.

My dad

Is the
reincarnated phoenix bird
that
flies over the sky
to whisper
to his wife
that his Grankids
may need her down here
at some point.

The joy of life

In my son's eyes

as he

asks for the name

Of a stranger on the receipt

or does what he does

when he does what he does

In that kind of joy

that they can never explain to you

that life is going to give you

some splendid day

In

The

Future.

Falling in love

means

putting

to bed

all of the old ghosts

Floating for me through my life

and embracing

the flash

ForThe Instant

It

Will

Create

Love

Once

Again.

The bird in the middle of the street

came back to life
and there's an orange tint angling
towards the sky
in the right
towards the
center of the sun
like some science-fiction movie
from my youth
where things
usually died
but this time around
everything
comes back to life
in full clarity the
Exact way
my young childhood dreams
Conjured it.

The man

who became
the warden of the world

Is

You angel

Walking in

The demon's shoes.

The well-dressed man

sits at a
picnic table
reading
the Bible
&
smoking
a huge cigar
at the top
of the morning
right before
it slips into
the
hot
afternoon.

My neighbor Bob

across the way
told his
grandson
that he
wasn't allowed
to have girls over
at his house
if he was
going to
live in the basement
because
he didn't want
him to get luckier
than him
Proving
Yet again
That
He is
Continually
A
Wise
Unlucky
Bastard.

I pulled up behind a cop

at the stop sign

and waited and waited

Until his Cherry's came on

and he told me

I was speeding

but I told him that I worked

In the school district

and I could get him straight A's

And he said he

Would let me off

with a warning and

laughed about my line about Ferris Bueller's Day off.

The 40-year-old skateboarding bully

Drinks

Clear

Ethanol in the morning

And

Trash

Talks

Even

The birds

As though

They care...

Spotting the fox

by the

City storm drain

Was

Today's

Prize

And the trophy

Is in

The

Breath

Left behind.

The jubilant Saturday frisbee

golf noon stoners

Half

Most of

Everything

In the world

And life figured out

By about 4:15

In

Any damn

Time zone...