

Joefiles 168 - Haiku

*Brevity is the last oasis in your dream*

How many times has /  
The train stop on a hot day /  
Saved your lives and more

The fighting morning /  
Cats use the last of the night /  
Money leftover

Busted down on the /  
Highway as the semi heats /  
Up like eggs gone bad

Racing pigeon feet /  
Hunt for salty scrapes of gold /  
With sin around all

The swift clouds came in /  
Dark like the forgotten past /  
And wet like good hope

Sunny Renaissance /  
In June's gale of yellow /  
As the cat's pant

Odd clouds inch about /  
Like inflated confetti /  
With nothing inside



Summer death comes in /  
Like a deja vu nun in /  
All white and dark rays

Plastic swords in kid /  
Hands during the hot summer /  
Will make it OK

Midwestern palm tree /  
Sags with humid strength to eye /  
Tomorrow all wet

An echenecia /  
Bee slowly dipped in the sun /  
As birds landed slow

I woke to the birds /  
And walked with the sun quickly /  
Avoiding shadows

Lost kid at stop light /  
Talks on his new shiny phone /  
As the old cars pass

Pieces of a couch /  
Litter the side of the road /  
In dull cotton mounds

Not sitting alone /  
At my son's sport event /  
Is freedom I dig



Fields of hot cows are /  
Standing in large brown ponds of /  
Pure summer glory.

The inventive are /  
The souls that make mysteries /  
Attainable now.

Baseball guys sweat out /  
Golden rumors of the crowd /  
And the angst of love.

Old politics will /  
Not change in the dreams you are /  
Trying to cash in.

Smashed rain drops on a /  
Hot summer windshield sprays in /  
Radial beauty.

Love is more about /  
Tomorrow than when you thought /  
About yesterday.

Dark Summer shadows /  
Slowly wade on the ground in /  
Deep yellow wonder.

Morning beer guy is /  
Wheeling a cart of dreams on /  
Into the cold store.



The prison transport /  
Van slowly moves downtown on /  
Main Street Quietly

Last day of school is /  
The alpha in the world's /  
Most clever notion

Our cats waltz on /  
Like they created today /  
And took it apart

Owls in the summer /  
Heat move even slower as /  
World toil get real fast

The fake eyelashes /  
On the front of her old car /  
Flutter in flurry

Robin bird jumps on /  
The sun squirrel trail toward /  
A new shaded plot

An atheist call /  
Into the still of your day /  
Is an rifle shout

Chicken cubes spit up /  
In the flames of this human /  
Planning nothing new



Johnny on the spot /  
Man drives by wincing as he /  
Smashes dots around him

The pickle ballers /  
Move like happy children in /  
Slow motion glory

Jazz is not going /  
To ever die in the din /  
Of my soundtracks spin

My boy runs faster /  
That a dog breaking free to /  
Find rumors of joy

My girlfriend is on /  
The way back to the city /  
I found her inside

The Sunday swimmers /  
All wet with real hard dues go /  
Underwater now

High above a park /  
I find the human need for /  
Fun key to healthy.

The garage salers /  
Squint towards all strangers in /  
The heat of pennies



Tiny airplane line /  
In the large sky by the sun /  
Makes wonder in none

Modern day hipster /  
Started a silent riot /  
Before mowing grass.

A poet dreamer /  
Woke up to a room of sun /  
While the moon fell down

Motorcycle girl /  
Speeds by parked cars in spurts of /  
Quick as birds look on

My girlfriends eye lids /  
Smile in the silence of now /  
In everything good

The honeysuckle /  
Kid accidentally found /  
Butterflies funny

The seventeen step /  
Five seven five huddling /  
Keeping you asleep

Foot finds the pedal /  
And the rain cloud finds you /  
Lost under old fog



Bird flaps hard against /  
The high winds over the road /  
In the mouth of now.

The plump turtle /  
Never had a chance to go /  
Where the slow needed.

My mother's voice /  
Reminds me of the decades /  
That are still here now.

A gentle mist rides /  
Over a familiar jazz /  
Riff with conviction.

He rubbed his big gut /  
In the thick morning fog /  
An empty bag flew

Dark night of New rain /  
Sends leaves to the end of Day /  
While the cat sleeps loud.

Rumors within jazz /  
Last for volumes in miles /  
As the Coltrane burns.

Finding your one hope /  
In a tulip amidst spread /  
Is the moon hiding.



Not seeing my son /  
Is like not hearing the rain /  
As the thunder rams.

A hero tripped /  
Over one small wishbone /  
To a silent cheer.

This cat woman /  
Found magic by accident /  
To cure everyone.

The armadillo /  
Played in the busy traffic /  
Before Jesus spoke.

today's very new  
unexpected gray  
took the cat by it's hail tail

the tiny echo  
of yesterday's sunshine ray  
gave the kids their meal.

the sound of my girl  
sleeping next to my tired arm  
is the dream forward.

Putting neosporin /  
On the crux of a mistake /  
Makes tomorrow right.



Dog legs go waltzing /  
As if swollen in light air /  
With night approaching.

Plastic flamingo /  
Stares straight into the road close /  
As it moves in wind.