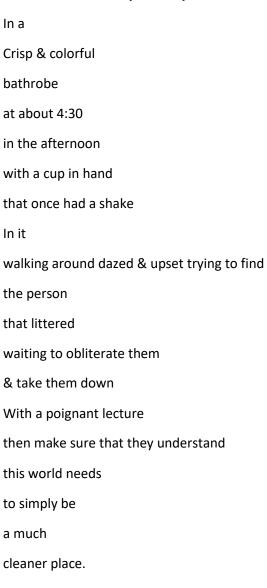
Joefiles 180

A chapter my cat reincarnated by sheer accidental chance

I saw an old woman yesterday



Our cats

Are like spiders Because they Are hairy And kind of creepy & they just appear out of nowhere at any point & they can strike in whatever way they decide they want to and you never know with they are thinking and they never talk to you and they just kind of look at you and most of the time they're actually there to protect you and keep all the rodents away and give you comfort and provide you that level of calm and their mystery and as my cats as appear out of nowhere I never know where they come from like spiders ... so welcome to My world of cat spiders.

I am hoping

that each successive year of my life is better & things have gotten easier and things are in a better place as I look at myself down and look at all that I've lost and all that I've gained I figure his is just the way that life throws you as you start getting older and realize that the end of the day we all live in a foggy veil throughout our lives and it can be a year or two or a decade but when it's finally parted you realize what the real is around you and sometimes t's better to have less than more and in that less there's so much that's more. dig?

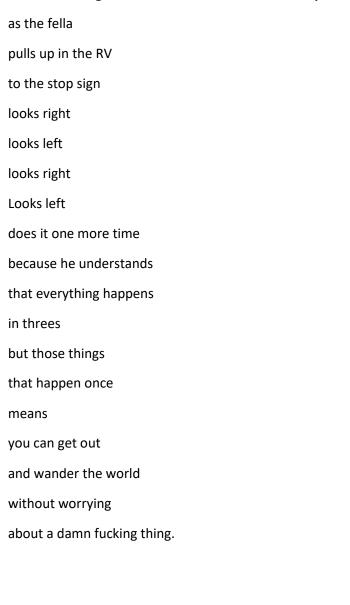
I'm going to get married

on July 13
& that
just so happens to be
the actual day they did
Live Aid in '85
when Queen
rocked the world
and soon I'm going
to have
a new queen
in my life forever
and a new chapter
as
i keep trying to be
magnanimous
in this bizzare,
cool
life
adventure.

Everything in this mid Missouri April

is blooming again
as all the whites and purples
and yellows and oranges
and reds are punching out
like a little hieroglyphs
that are leaving winter
and just as it starts to get warm
it gets cold again
here in this Missouri world
and that's just the way
it is
but I'll take all of this
beautiful Friday sunshine
and all of the colors that are coming to life
like a painter was born brand new
like the birth of Venus
throwing little slivers of paint down below
to make us understand
that this is the way
we likely should see the world
every
single
day.

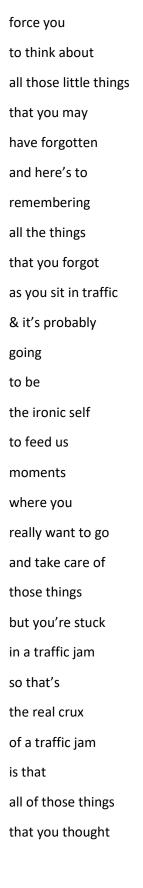
We are nothing more than a bunch of electrical impulses



Of all the remakes

in this movie
remade world of ours
there's one film
they better
just stay
completely
clear of
& that would be
the magical
Flash Gordon
In his
Queen appointed
Garb
Sheen.

The morning traffic jams



that you forgot

that you didn't have to do

come back

& it's the opposite

and antithesis

of procrastination

As we welcome you

to this morning's

Eternal time bending

traffic jam.

Those guys and gals that are on the little trash clean up crew

on the side of the road
makes me
look at all the trash
just sitting around
wondering how
could all of this
trash just rain down
from human hands
like hail balls
from the sky
like no one cares
and its just OK
because
at the end of the day
it all just seems
like a whole bunch
of garbage.

The small little church sign

Was old in
the pale yellow
late March sunshine
Saying those who forgive
win the argument
In this
Quiet
Of
Agreement
Before
The storm.

Little darts float above

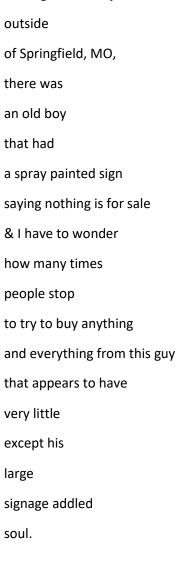
as specs
of magic
and dreams
and wonder
as the
railroad company store
stands a little bit quiet
but ready for everybody
off main street USA
for the fanatics
to wake up
and start letting
all of their
locomotive
magic motion
loose.

Is there anybody on this planet that you know who could possibly win an argument

with

God?

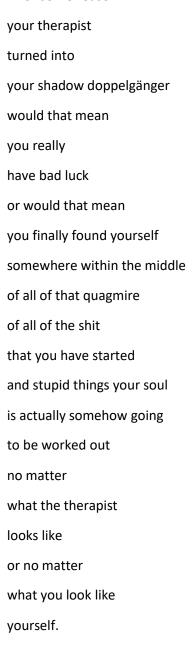
Driving on old Royal Road



Sometimes I wander around

looking at all the people that walk in and out of convenience stores and Library's and grocery stores and schools and wonder how are you are maintaining because I know every single one of us has all kinds of different things tht tax our brains and weigh us down and make us think about other thoughts and make us wonder and wonder and I wonder how we all make it and stand up straight each and every day as we go and go and go wondering what this eventual thing really really means and I believe at this point the only real word they can come to my mind would be love.

If for some reason



No one in the world

warned me
about the 40s
except maybe
my father
who used to sit in that
Sunday black leather chair
leaning back
looking at me sideways
like there's no fucking
possible way
that I can explain this to you
but someday
you're going
to get it
and someday
you're gonna look back
at me and think
I have more reverence I
in that crazy sideways look
as we all continue
to ponder
the
real moral
of the whole
life story.

The dark little sketches

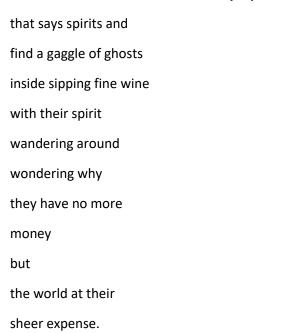
of tree
here in this
mid March
is lurching up
towards the sun
waiting for rebirth
as all of us
down here
below
believe that rebirth
is indeed
the only
real way
to defeat this
rumor of winter karma.

As we get older I think it's natural for a lot of us to wonder if the families that we were born into down here are some kind of test to see if we can get to another level and what that level is and why this level is is the thing that's made up in a video game brain as we just continue to climb in vain to save the girl from the big monkey

in that eternal

donkey kong drama.

I sometimes think what if I'll drive by liquor store



We are all just a bunch of invisibles as we continue to be come a bunch of

mingled thoughts.

many