

**Joefiles 181**

**One big fork lift of love is all you'll ever need**

it was  
11 years  
ago  
on 8-31-08  
that my  
pops left  
earth  
and  
this year  
feels a bit  
different  
as  
this  
nucleus of family  
he nurtured  
has exploded  
and  
sent  
me  
into a solo  
orbit  
that  
may  
just  
be  
the  
best thing  
that  
ever  
happened to  
me in  
my 4-plus  
decades on  
this rock.  
happy space day,  
old man,  
here's to  
us crazy bastards  
floating  
in the  
ether  
as  
troubadors ..

keep  
eye balling a big  
pile of roller coaster space trash  
off the side of the big mamba  
as  
my boy up ahead  
of me  
spins about  
in perfect calm  
as  
the  
voices scream and the world  
rips by  
in a symphony of  
'ahhhh' ....

If you ever  
see a big rock 'n' roll documentary  
like that  
behind the scenes  
kind of a thing  
and the longer haired rockers  
don't talk about the excess  
of  
drugs or drink  
being an essential part  
of their demise,  
then you know  
you're watching  
something that's  
not authentic  
and you should question  
every song you ever heard  
from that  
1 band.

Every once in a while  
I will see  
a red cardinal  
flying around me  
or a solo butterfly  
and I still think  
it might be  
my dad  
and then  
I think it's just a random flip or  
bird flop about  
making everybody wonder  
how we all get  
reincarnated  
or if we come back  
or if it matters  
if we choose to just stay where  
we are and  
take what we have while  
we have it  
like good  
little  
eggs and caterpillars.

The man  
in the early morning Mercedes  
with the tinted windows  
in the out-of-state Illinois plates  
rolled down slowly his glass  
for the woman  
on the side of the highway  
that was homeless handing out  
a big bill  
and once that window  
went up and  
he drove off  
all the rest of us  
wondered how yellow  
the sky  
will be today  
as the sun continues  
to shine  
shine  
shine.

the black and white  
translucent  
image of my wife and i  
smiling wide on our  
wedding day  
on my phone background  
merged  
appropriately into one  
vibrant parosol of color  
as i slowly closed  
my eyes for more  
sleep  
after figuring out  
what all this  
time really  
means.

SEP\*\*

Those angry  
over the road trucker's  
that won't let you  
on the road  
and then flash their brights  
in your windows  
are the things  
that you're warned  
about when you're a child  
but you never knew about  
until you tried to  
expertly swim into  
the real main ventricle  
of life's highway  
and figured  
out what  
that dark,  
cold pavement  
meant.

Just dropping off  
art around the country  
because  
it just feels right  
and I never had any idea  
how much of the stuff  
that I created  
and what is it worth  
and what does it mean  
and all the other  
forgettable questions  
as  
the only thing  
now is that somebody's gonna dig it  
& hang it  
& remember it  
& be a part of the adventure  
& theres simply  
no cash  
that can be put on  
anything like that  
because that's just  
the way life roars  
as you get older  
& realize  
the thing about the thing  
is that it's really  
not about the thing.



My friend,  
the poet laureate of Kansas,  
sent me a packet  
in the mail  
during my honeymoon  
congratulating me on my wedding  
and cleverly within was a  
stack of jazz poems  
and it was probably  
one of the coolest,  
most thoughtful pieces  
of mail that I received  
in this long life  
next to a long, long line  
of all  
those jazz CDs that  
I get the mail  
celebrating America's greatest  
art form  
from  
a  
grand  
worldly poet  
living in the heart  
of jazz wheatland.

There's another  
little thing  
about getting older too  
and it's not forcing  
things.  
it's it's letting things happen  
the way  
things happen  
and trying not to mettle  
or control it.  
let it be what it's going to be  
and just leaning back  
and letting it all go  
so  
at the end of the day  
you can  
be  
in control  
of  
how you understand  
the  
abstract  
force.

Someone asked yesterday  
if you were woke up  
100 years later  
what would you want to see  
and I have no idea  
based on what  
I've seen in these past 40 years  
of my life with technology  
and  
the digital  
that makes  
our life so able and rim full  
as if is there's  
no way my brain  
can even imagine  
what it may be like  
with the flying cars  
and assisted  
everything  
in the nothing  
of  
wonderment.

The morning  
moths hung  
on the front door  
in the  
fresh early morning  
like they  
got their wish to  
live another 48 hours  
to  
marry  
that bug  
that  
got stuck  
in  
their tentacles.

A swarm  
of airplanes  
just went  
over in a tight three pack  
while a big swarm of birds  
went around  
in better precision  
as i wondered  
who  
won  
that  
duel  
of  
man  
versus  
natural wonder..?

If  
God  
Really  
gave  
you  
a  
Big  
hug  
It  
Would  
Be  
Like  
A  
The  
Entire  
Niagra Falls  
Collapsing  
On  
You  
Soul

a  
butterfly swirl  
in a  
field of  
hot air balloons  
is  
the  
best short  
vacation  
i  
can  
have  
in the tempest of  
this  
vortex of  
work.

Love  
notes  
in  
the  
key of G  
are  
what  
will  
save  
all temptations  
from  
going  
into  
vapor.



The  
last taxi  
to heaven  
is pulling up  
for  
your  
scant  
soul.

Our  
gaggle of dogs  
are better  
off  
that stadium  
fulla  
almost dreamers>

Survival  
is the  
first hope  
in  
this here  
final world.

The  
spray of fireworks  
around my fiancé's  
head  
as we tear down  
the night summer road  
into a version  
of our shared forever  
is  
the  
best  
steady i  
can rely on  
in  
this earthly  
version  
of  
forever.

The dreamer life  
is  
full of divets  
that lead  
to  
refreshing  
fulfillment,  
baby.

The  
deer  
on the side of the road  
came back  
to life  
and started  
looking around  
for all of the others  
that  
are going  
to  
come back to life  
in  
a  
book  
you  
will  
never read.

The lifelong commitment  
of being a parent  
is a lot like a lifelong commitment  
to drive i  
as the lifelong commitment to the sun  
in a lifelong commitment to knowing  
hat everything's  
gonna change  
& only thing that you're going  
to rely on  
is the irregularity  
of regularity.

Trying  
to  
slow  
everything down  
is the key  
to this  
quick warp  
speed of  
things  
as  
the  
camera button  
quickly  
ends the  
best  
of  
your sloth  
momento.



You will  
never  
forget  
who  
you are  
because  
you're  
the only one  
that knows  
who you are  
in  
this  
self  
of  
self-filled  
prophesies.

The  
drama  
is  
just  
your  
wooden  
walking  
stick  
in  
lava.

The  
jester  
lost  
your  
retirement  
in  
1  
accidental  
smile.

I sped  
past a couple  
of teenagers  
getting high  
under the little bridge here  
in small-town America  
and in that mud just  
pas them,  
i almost slipped and fell  
damn hard as  
i laughed  
thinking what a joy  
it would've been  
for those loopy lovers  
to see  
a mid 40s dude  
wipe out right there  
like a lost TV showing  
the  
best wrestling  
match this  
side of mary jane town.

this  
tiny poem  
is  
for  
that fat neck mole  
i lost  
accidentally  
while wiping  
loose water off  
my neck in a hard  
swipe  
and  
then  
a  
rivulet of blood  
that  
finally  
clotted  
and  
the  
biological  
circle of  
flesh was  
gone  
and  
the  
longing  
that  
would  
never ensue.

There's a  
fancy sign  
over here  
that says  
speedbump ahead  
and it has italics  
and it's shifted sideways  
and I think  
that making roadsigns  
into an exciting trade  
is like lowering people  
into a movie fulla  
grand great advertising  
for city ordinance  
folk.

the  
terse looking  
teen kid  
in  
that  
'Y'all need Jesus'  
sent all  
our young  
and old  
faces  
to  
straight jail without  
a  
judge,  
jury  
or  
pomp  
in  
the  
quiet  
fury of that  
random  
summer  
night in a  
fun park.

us  
wedding dreams  
will  
never quit  
love  
as  
each day begins  
with  
the only  
holy  
that  
will keep  
us  
motherfuckers  
alive.

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once  
you  
find that  
dream origin  
of  
yonder,  
you can  
retire,  
back it up,  
forget about  
money  
and  
float  
along  
like a  
myth  
no one  
will  
try to find  
or  
forget.



sorry  
is never going  
to  
be  
enough  
in  
this disaster  
craved  
internet  
smart  
phone  
world  
of  
forgiveness  
is  
not  
going  
to  
work  
this  
time  
kinda  
allegory,  
rory.  
finding  
the  
best neverland  
here on earth  
will  
be  
a series  
of  
cloned  
johnny  
depp's giving  
you the best  
possible  
advice  
on  
how to purchase  
the  
best  
fucking  
pack of  
cigarettes  
ever.

Pinpoint  
the  
downfall  
And  
An  
Angel  
With  
Hand  
You  
The  
Winning  
Invisible  
Lottery  
Ticket

Does  
Your  
Personal  
Devil  
Ever  
matter?

The  
therapy  
is  
your  
past  
arisen  
in  
a  
Fragrant  
Dirt  
Rich  
floral  
garden...