

# **Joefiles 188**

*Roarin' Into the Perfect Dream Void*

**Never land**

Is

Your yes

Is a

World

Of near doubt

On the verge

Of blissful

Extinction.

**Your definition**

Of God

Is

Arm wrestling the devil

In a

Death match

In the midst of

A

2020 Trump rally.

**The Cats**

Are

A

Secret

We

Are

Only

Told about

In mute

Words as

Lips

Fade

Away.

**Tomorrow**

Is the

Sin

Your lost

Star

Will

Unearth

And

Make into

A

Newly

Discovered

Constellation

Of

Pure

Twinkle.

**The sounds Of kneading**

Cat claws by

My almost

Sleeping arm

Is the

First dream

I won't

Forget tonight.

**Rolling night waves**

Match my

Wife's breathing

As we

Silently serenade

Each other

With

Quiet

Stars

Aglow

Over our

Roof.

**Mice on film**

As the food  
Scurries away like  
A gossip  
Column on fire  
As dog barks  
Faintly echo over  
The sound of sirens  
Catching the crook  
With  
No where  
Else to go.



**The geese shape our fortunes**

Made out  
Of lucky loose  
Feathers  
And the cleanest  
Waters  
That  
God  
Ever made.

**Your guardian angels**

Are

Innocent lapses

In judgement

That accidentally

Become real

In a way

You never

Wished

Was plausible

In this earthly

Dream that continues

To

Age.

**All of the twirling cop lights**

coming off of the  
highway lately  
look like  
municipalities  
have replaced  
the swirling sirens  
with Christmas lights  
and all of the  
money  
they're going  
to make  
and all the  
penalties humans make  
that's going  
to go into  
policing and protecting  
and serving  
like Santa Claus  
riding along  
on that  
cop motorcycle  
with the reindeer  
towed behind.

**The tiny little cold spout of white mist**

coming up  
over  
pride cleaners  
and all that  
dry cleaning  
for all the people  
to look so great  
and grand  
in their little suits  
and dresses  
as everybody  
drives by  
going to work  
just looking around  
ignoring  
& not quite familiar  
with the fact  
that there's  
people in regular clothes  
making everyone  
else look  
as good as they can  
and the truth  
of it is  
That we're only  
as good  
as those  
that  
help us  
get where  
we need  
to go.

### **The early morning walkers**

up the outlet road  
off the highway  
with their coats  
and earbuds  
in there fast pace  
Are trying  
to beat  
the cold  
& trying to beat the economy  
trying to beat the birds  
flying overhead  
on their way  
to places  
that we can  
only imagine  
As the future  
explodes  
in front of them  
like a huge  
bright yellow light  
that only they can see  
and we can  
dream about.

## **The white overturned bucket**

off of the highway

here

looks like

a makeshift drum

for a guy

that should

really be

in a studio

this morning

recording for

one of the biggest

bands

in the world

instead

it sits there

alone

as he's likely

in a shelter

asleep

letting

those drumsticks

sit there

and there's silent loudness

waiting

for another moment

to show

the world

that music

is the only language

that really

matters.

## **The only ones on this planet that really get remembered**

Are the ones  
that teach  
others  
how to be kind  
and the others  
that don't know  
how to do it  
or don't do it  
or do it in the  
most opposite direction  
of kindness  
are the ones  
who get  
forgotten  
& those are the ones  
to get left behind  
& those of the ones  
that you cut  
out of your life  
& those are the ones  
that are just forgotten  
without even  
being remember  
that they were forgotten  
and the rest of  
This tail is told  
by every  
little vignette  
of good  
that comes  
out of all of  
their kindness.

## **The donut kings & queens**

of earth  
get together  
in secret hovels  
that we never see  
& come up  
with plans  
that are so good  
and so pure  
yet so devious  
that none of us  
can really  
wrap our brains  
around it  
and when  
we have a doughnut  
and it makes sense  
and it feels good  
and tastes right,  
that's when  
we get those  
little bitty visions  
that we wonder  
whether  
it's real  
or  
A fake.



**There's a kid at one of my schools**

that still  
calls me Tony  
all the time  
and I have  
to take a look over  
and wonder why  
because  
I'm just a regular Joe  
and then I remember  
he believes  
that I am Iron Man  
and that  
I'm walking around  
in some disguise  
and that when I leave,  
I jump up  
into the air  
In my metal suit  
and  
take on  
the next  
little task  
that he thinks  
is bigger  
than what  
it is.

**I heard a comedian say**

the other day  
that it's really easy  
to say that you  
would take a bullet  
for somebody  
or die for somebody  
like your children,  
but it actually  
takes a lot  
more courage  
and a lot more strength  
and a lot more honesty  
to say I'd rather go ahead  
and live for this person  
than to take  
any kind of bullet  
or die early  
In some  
Feeble  
Escape  
Plan.

### **All the leftover containers**

they take the  
food back and forth  
always finds  
a way to get lost  
or misplaced  
or they fall out  
when you open the cabinet  
and for all the good  
they do  
and all the food  
they carry around  
and all the money  
they save,  
I think it's the  
built-up karma  
that makes them  
become  
what they become  
and they become difficult  
to remind us  
that at  
the end of the day  
you got a fight  
for all the scraps  
that you want to eat  
the day after.

**Of all the stereotypes**

that still exist  
from  
all those  
late 90s  
hipster movies  
it had to be  
a couple of dudes  
working in an  
old vinyl shop  
no matter how old  
they are  
In their late 30s  
40s  
or 50s  
& they always  
have that kind of  
I don't give a shit attitude  
& rarely laugh at  
A good joke  
and they just have  
that glower on their face  
like they want  
to be John Cusack  
Or they're acting  
to be in the next  
Kevin Smith Film  
and at the end of the day  
we all know  
their bluff  
& we all know  
their game  
and play along  
with it  
& every time  
I leave those shops  
I smile a  
little bit and  
Quickly forget  
the whole thing.

**I never thought I would live to see the day that democracy would truly fall**

into

some

kind of peril

In a weird

level of darkness

as it is now

As Trump runs around

like a mad king

and everybody below

that loves and still supports him

and all of us

that know the truth

can't believe

we are watching

As the train is

Crushed over and over

and over again

and the plane has nosedived

so many times

were all desensitized

to the destruction

of the violence

& the racism

and sexism

& the anger

and everything

that goes into

this big orange

balloon that's floating

above us like

a zeppelin that

will eventually

go down

in a level of flame

that we will

never ever see

Rightly

& may

never ever see

again.

**I told a couple of dudes**

in the record store  
while buying  
my son  
a Beatles  
Abbey Road shirt  
that something  
must've turned out  
right for him  
to want  
this  
for his 15th birthday  
and neither of them  
really said much,  
but they  
just smiled  
and looked  
down as  
one of the dudes  
took my credit card  
and the other dude was  
folding the shirt  
quietly  
reflectively  
thinking about  
that last album  
from the greatest band on earth  
done  
for  
the  
kids.

## **Sometimes I stop myself**

early  
in the morning  
listening o the  
the world  
and the errant sounds  
and the cats  
and those wagging tails  
look up at me  
like they  
haven't seen me  
for years  
and I wonder  
and know  
that that's the reason  
why human beings are cool  
because  
we have  
domesticated  
and cultivated  
probably some of the  
most mysteriously  
hip creatures  
as they just  
walk around us  
like we are  
the kings  
and they are  
the queens  
and somewhere  
in the heat  
of this chess match  
we're all going  
to come out  
even  
in the end.

## **The lunatic drives down the highway**

speeding  
and speeding  
and swerving  
in and out of traffic  
because  
he is talking  
a very furiously  
great poem  
into his phone speaker  
hoping that  
every single  
thought  
& supposition  
and revelation  
will  
all come into one  
& collide  
into some  
big bang moment  
that the whole world  
will never forget  
as that one car  
behind  
will never  
ever forget  
the beginning  
my poetiec  
big bang  
momentum.



## **In my older age**

I'm starting  
to suspect  
that realistically  
we are born  
into our families  
and we hope  
that all of it sticks  
like a big pot of  
wearm pasta  
getting thrown against  
the proverbial wall  
and if it does suction,  
that's OK  
because it's  
the fabric of  
good stories  
& big blood thicker  
than water  
thing  
is just another saying  
that keeps us  
tethered  
to the old stories  
of our ancient mysteries  
of now  
as we pulsate through  
the same meat veins  
as yet another family  
becomes  
a set  
of strangers  
on this planet  
full of friends  
and things  
that can go  
the right way  
even if Family  
isn't around.

### **All of the jazz musicians**

I get the fortunate  
moment to interview  
each and every day  
always  
show me  
that ultimate  
fact that  
being a human being  
is the  
first and most foremost thing  
and then  
when you get to the arts  
it  
merges together  
into one,  
but at the end of the day  
these people  
are people  
and they don't  
ever pretend  
anything more  
or less  
than being  
a person  
they  
portray.

**When those big trucks get on your ass on the highway**

and a ride you  
for no reason  
or they don't let people  
on the highway,  
I have this vision  
in my head  
that there's  
gonna be a place  
for them  
after all of this  
earthly activity is said and done  
& they will  
all  
get together  
and just be stuck  
in one  
big huge  
massive  
traffic jam  
behind each other  
honking  
other  
& wondering  
why  
they did what they did  
and why  
they had to ride  
everybody's ass  
& why they never  
let anybody in  
and why they had  
to prove  
that they  
were  
smaller  
than  
humble  
dinosaurs.

**The great thing about all these big cups of ice**

that I always fill up

and eat

is that

each and everyone

of them taste just

as delicious

as the next

& there's never

a better one

except for

things like

donuts

pizza

and pickles,

but with every

single

cold

cup of ice

I know what

I'm getting

into

and that's

the beauty

of it

in the midst

of

it's

crunchy

delicious

watery

dream

that is

pure stone cold

in

the most

hot of ways.