

Joefiles 189

Ice Cold Mars Water on Full Moon Earth Nites

An exercise

To interpret

The dream stages of

Angels is watching

A 102 year old woman

Cross

The road

All

Alone...

Your fears

Are the reason

Planes are

Getting filled

With gas

And how

Home runs

Clear

Whole

Fucking

Stadiums ...

Love

Is the

Best reason

To

Finally

Drop

Your

Sheet thin

Excuses.

The woes

Of a lonely

Vampire

Is the way

Of a

Minstrel clown

Hitching

To

The other side

Of

Your

Circus world.

The impeachment

Joke

Was never

A hoax

As the

Orange

Clown

Danced

In fragmented

Bits

Of incomprehensible

Speech

Scaring kids

And

Helping kind

Dogs

To

Growl ...

The Blank check

of

Fools

Is the honest

Heartache

Of those

That finally

Get the

Coveted silver ticket

To

Heaven.

The Abnormal

Has become the

Swing

That comforts us

As the sky grows red

And the ground

Becomes cold

In the

Best dream

Someone once lived.

The President Of your election

Is an execution the

Went south

In the constant

Rumors of hope

In the change just

Dangling from

The

Last bit of

A week

You almost

Just

Forgot.

The drifter

Swipes up

The outer road shoulder

With gum in his mouth

As the bullets stop

And the quiet

Of centuries

Becomes our

One unified

Song.

The charade

Of

Shadows on the

Ground from the teams

Of dark bird flying overhead

Believe

In all the

Stories written by

The losers

On the tales

Told by the

Heroic

Middlers.

All the winter Christmas trees

on Main Street

blew over

in this wind

of weather

that we have

As everything

wakes us up

a little bit

with the sideways trees

the lights

and things

strewn

About

trying to

figure out

how to get up

& shake it off

To run right

through

that finish line

known

as

the morning

everybody

is supposed

to be happy.

The vampires

Stalk me like

An old 80s

Film that

Refuses

To ever die

In the

Eternity

That

May

Decide

To go

Out of

Business.

The laughter

Of a used

Comedian

May be the best

Medicine you

Will

Ever drink

In the middle of

The train

Tracks

Screaming

At

The

Used

Priest.

Unconditional love

Is the

Only thing

That the pure

Understand

As

The

Motherfuckers

Laugh

Like

Life was paved in

Candy

For their

Dental

Denial.

Cats are the monarchs

That bark

Into

Your unjustified attempt

Yo be

A pure vegan

In an

Existential

Dream

Of

Nirvana ideologies.

All of the broken people

square dance

to the best music

on the planet

and they look around

at all the perfect people

and all the fixed people

and all the people

that have never been divorced

or separated

or been through the

real heartache

and wonder

how did all this happen

to me

& when does

the string

Of being with broken people

began

and am I always

going to be broken

and when

you're broken

do you ever

get fixed

and at the end of the day

after you have

all those questions answered

you get your

perfect

nice

& tidy

little resolution

Knowing if everything

is really

going to matter

and does any

of it

really matter

in this hallway

that we carry-on

saying that

every single

little thing

really

genuinely matters..

They inner Poet

is that tiny
little child
That will
never grow up and
rides a bicycle backwards
smoking cigarettes
jumping off
of huge ramps
& wrecks only
To get back up
and miraculously
Heals instantly
& does another backflip
& breaks a bone
but he is
the indomitable spirit
of the human within
that cannot get hurt
As they can feel
all of the extreme joys
of this life
and is instantly
the eternal being
within that's always protected
As you question
how the Poet
rolls
& you should

always know within

that little tiny Poet

is the one

that is youth personified

And

Forever

Healthy.

No matter

how hard

we try

we never

get it right.

there's always somebody

complaining,

there's always someone

that doesn't

get enough attention,

there is always

somebody that's

not getting something

so no matter

how hard your charge

& how much you pull back,

at the end of the day

we all are

trying to find

this lever a balance

in figuring all this out

and at the

end of the day

it's probably gonna be you

and likely it's going

to be a gaggle of people

because everybody

wants something

& we are all

the most selfish beings

on the planet

and as much

as we talk about

empathy

and understanding
and unconditional love,
we have no clue
what
any of that
means
because we all
meander around
with our selfishness
and we all want
want
want
want
want
and the more
you get
the more you want
so at the
end of the day
just a little is better
and those
people
in life
that do
this
are genuinely
in the best shape

Love is

The

Lone

Alibi

That will

Find you

Anywhere

And get

The

Money

You

Owe it.

One day

The evil

You run

From

Will

Die in your dreams

And

Become the

Angel

You

Never

Saw.

Earth People

that

Get

Blanks

Find the full

In cups

That

No one

Else

Ever considered

As the

Water

Tips over

And the wine

Cups vibrate

In

Sheer

Celebration.

My past

Is

The lottery

Ticket

My

Wife

Unknowingly

Found.

Hope

Is

The

Last

Dim

Star

In your

Final

Universe.

Dill pickles

And

Sea horses

Should

Combine

And

Open

A

Business.