

## **Joefiles 191**

*Moving is a set of angles children dream up*

**We always**

try to avoid

winter

and somehow

it finds us

In the cold

& the bitterness

& the isolation

& the cabin fever

and somehow

we all

emerge victorious

or stronger

even though it

may beat us up,

we know that

one fine day

that smell of spring

Will come

in the air

& the birds will whisper

to us all

the secrets

that were hoarded

up over

the long

cold

winter

minutes.

**Warm memories**

Of another

Time

As the

Cold

Dissentigrates

Into puzzle pieces

Of

A modern era

I run through

Like

A

Cured disease

Fulla

Trumped notions.

## **The hero of Your Novel**

Is someone you

Will

Likely never

Thank

And the rest of your

Cast will

Probably meet.

**All the widows**

Shall

Meet in

A

Secret

Heaven

To

Sip coffee

And smile as

They

Figure out love in

Yet

A deeper

Wise sort

Of

Sage

Way.

**I caught the Pigeon**

sending

You my love note

And mailed you

A

Piece of my

Soul

Wrapped

In

A

Silent

Heart

You will

Feel

When

This poem

Is later

Heard.

**The frauds**

Of our times

Are the clowns

We

Forget

In the

Unforgettable

Story

Of a

Haunt

That

Is

Surely

Unavoidable...

**I'm a superstitious kind of guy**

when it comes

to sports

and when

I took off

my red chief shirt

the other day

As the team

was losing badly

again

in the playoffs

So switched shirts

trying to avoid

the heartbreak

this town goes

through every

single time

that pigskin

flies in a very important

time in the very

cold months

of this Kansas City

world of ours.



**One way**

or another

I figured out

after 47 years

that we

get exactly

what

we deserve

whether

it's broken relationships

that we have

to repair

Or great relationships

that we get

To

Move on from

and the

other relationships

or that gray area

in between,

but the point

is that

every single thing

that eventually

will happen

to us

whether

it's a year

5

10

or 20

Will come

back around

As we all

Amble on

In our

Very distinct,

Yet

Scattered

spiritual reasoning<sup>OBJS</sup>.

**The cat Looms**

over my night

Shadow like

A lost

Morning sun

Looking for

Reasons

To bring Pluto

Back into our lives.

**Our motors Run**

Like the apocalypse to

Simple stay

Alive

For

One

More

Complex

Day.

**I found a**

Used piece of

Gum

From my

Wife

On the bottom of

My shoes

And decided

That

It would be bronzed

Like a

Wondrous

Pair

Of

Rare socks.



**A rocket ship**

Made of

Pop corn

Would

Be the

Best snack for

All is star watchers

Wishing for

A mere

Morsel

Down here

Below to feel like

An

Astronaut for

A

Mere

Second.

**All we need**

Is

The

Mere act

Of

Love in

The most

Violence

To blot out

The devil's breath

And make

Your

Angel

Our

Candy coated

Shooting star.



## **The most Magnanimous Sacrifices**

of

This tiny life

Morphed into

Unreal enormity

Will

Only become

Fully

Evident

Before

We have

A

Chance to

Whisper it to anyone.

## **The airplane nosedive**

Into

The hard earth

May be the

Only

Real rest

Our

Human

Bones crave

In the diversion

Of

Our little

Matrix sequels

We

Rightfully

Live.

**Home**

Is the

Place

That

May

Never

Look

You in the eye again

Even though

You

Gave the best

Fucking

Birth of all

To

It.

**A major league home run**

Through the

Snow

Could really

Be

The fireball

We

All wish

Would fall

From space

With that

Tiny

World Series

Wish...

**Wit**

Is the final

Stop

On a Trump train

Fulla orange fire

And a

Joke

No one

Should ever

Get.

**The closest**

You

Will

Ever come to

True

Immortality

Is to

Commit a full life

Like

You

Never knew about

Suicide

In

A

Pure blind plunge.

**Earth**

Is the

Mars

Our

Far

Out drift

Of

Moon dust

On our

AM shoe laces.

**The cat in your eye**

Is

The dog

As a

Spy

While

The birds

Eat the

Last of

Your

Money

Piles.



**A day**

Home from

Work

Is the retirement

The kids

Hear about

In

The

Fat

Old

Funny papers.

**I ate a bowl of rumors**

And made the

Mistake

Of

Laughing

Over

The

Truth.

## **The high brow comedians**

Breezed through a

Minute ago

To

Unscrew you're peanut butter lids

As the jelly

Looked on

In sheer

Jealousy

While

The stars

Decided to

Stay

Hidden

In the

Deepest of

Dark nights.

## **The sequence**

That saved your

Life won't

Be revealed

Until

Your

Child

Is born again

In another

Hip

Little galaxy

Out of our

Meager

Human

Views.

**I held the truth**

Like a

Tiny pack

Of doves

Only

To

Let them

Go

When

An angel

Said that

From here on out

That no

One

Would lie

Again.

**All the world's colors**

Come together

In a rare

Display of

Decadence

To

Serenade you

Into

A

Crowd of

Ignorant

Wonder

And

Music.

**On this final day of 2019**

everybody

is running

the red lights

like

the world

is tinted

in

green

and

will

never view

another

color

again.

## **Just dropped**

off the  
another  
grand load  
of stuff  
to the thrift store  
and there was a  
hipster girl  
working the intake IS EP door  
in a vintage KISS sweatshirt  
and  
when I told her  
that I had an autographed  
Pearl Jam CD  
in a box  
of CDs about 20 years old  
I thought I had given  
her the best Christmas  
on the planet  
on this december 27th or so  
2019.



**On this January 6, 2020**

it's a special day

as

I finally

get to

wake up

with my wife

and a

brand new home

as this

sunrise is

a pure

shade

of

glorious.

## **Trying to get over**

on the highway

as early morning clouds

on an uncommonly warm winter morning

& this guy

just won't let me over

as I just uttered spoiler alert

as low and behold

the turbo dude

had a spoiler

slapped

on the back

of his Volkswagen

as he loudly

sped by with

his tinted windows

and his thoughts

of the future

that are just

as cloudy

as this morning

we all dive

on

a

drive through.