Joefiles 192

Earth is Really Pluto in Disguise

The antidote

is

Always knowing

The time

Is shorter than

Forever

Even with a clever

Smirk and

The worlds tallest

High heels.

Failure May be The only thing that The human race

Can truly say

We ex excelled at

As the

Animal extinction list

Floats up into

The sky.

How will love Try matter When we forgot The blessed manifesto In the burning Pockets Of the Lost

Lawyer.

If trying

Is the

Lost virtue,

Then we can

Finally proclaim to be found

In this joke of a

Rumor

We can't stop

Hearing about.

Saturn in the Pants of my Pocket in the middle Of the night In my closet Sparkling Like Rings whispering A list language I finally found Like

Hearing music

For the first time.

I found

To say Sorry to everything For the Accusation of Nothing In the Viscosity Of my Valid Attempts.

I'm here

God

Wrestled the alligator

In a gala

In my dreams last night

As the crocodiles laughed

And

The elephants became

The true

Kings of the jungle.

How Will Peace

be

Harnessed in this

Constant cowboy maze

Of cobwebs

The demons somehow

Trick

My dreaming

Brain into...

Is our dark Democratic take That Is slipping into Clown fiction As the orange louse Hangs the by innocent In a lie I'll never buy Even

With a trove of

Wooden nickels.

Plop

Of the ages

The loss of Yesterday

Is gaining

A bigger tomorrow

As today

Comes out of

The bathroom

Like a king

On a

Slight bender.

The rooster

Is really

A slick pigeon

That sent you a secret

Message

Only your

Neighbors know about

In their subversive

Altruism...

Next Stop On the Road to below Is enough cotton

To make

Heaven

Glitter

All over again

In some

Reformed dream.

KC Is surreal

Town again

As the world peeps in

To find the cool football

Kids

Strutting down

The worlds

Plushest runway.

Yesterday

Was the only

Thing that made me believe

In you

Until tomorrow

Came along

And gave the long

Awaited gift

Of

Blissful

Amnesia.

Find that Tomorrow

in

A forever

You

Never lost.

If
1
Was once
A cat
I
Wish you
All the dogs
In the
World
То
Warm
Your
Frozen

Dreams.

Light Is The only Thing You can Do be yourself As the Crowd waits below Ready to take the Blindfold off And bring the Yellow rose Back to life.

The plunge

Into

A walk Through the Moon Ash is A revelry in

Rebirth as the

Song starts over

And all

The children of

The

World

Him in unison.

Earth today In early fashion As the Echo of forever Deafens our memories And Blurs the Birthright we Αll Will Never escape As the Stardust Settles Onto LA.

The star left

The losers On the bottom of Magazine shelves No one knew how To find As the Scavenger hunt Roars through Our Ghost Wardrobes.

Winners

We're once

I live In a matrix I will Never be able to Explain to you As my fiction Becomes the only thing

Real
During this
KC Super Bowl week

Ne super bowr weer

Of us

Αll

Really trying to

Expel

The orange impeachment

Clown.

То
The
Other side
Are just mirrors
Of relationships
You have to
Fix
Before
You
Will
Ве
Forgiven.

Portals

ls	
Your	
Life	
That	
Will	
Gather into	
Bird specs	
And become the	
Arch	
To infinity	
If you	
Don't	
Live	
As long	
As	
Expected.	

The dust

Love is the Only Arrow

that
Is really
A stick
That
Drew
Your
Most
Significant
Of
Lines.

One Impeachment In the 2019 Was The most Poignant Event In the Insane orange Clown blunder That Paints Our memory

Like

Used money.

Wisdom	
As the dogs	
Become messiahs	
And our	
Wives	
The only	
God we will	
Ever	
Really	
Know.	

Youth

Is the

One hope

We trade

Middle aged

In for

Taxes are The dirt That We use To Pad our Bat handling hands Before we Beat The IRS tax Machine To the lowest elevator Level Of

Hot

Hell.

The old Dreams Of our fathers Eventually come True As the sleep of Our kids at night Carefully Orchestrate Those candy coated dreams Of Sheer Fortitude.

is Yet another Layer of sunny haze That Reminds us That We are mere In a massive Of mere In our Monolith of thoughts Aiming For Α Chance Αt Immortality.

The snow

This KC town Is again Full of Lenses from The world Looking in And A Wondering How we did it And If we may Just Fucking Do

lt

Again.

I was at work yesterday When I walked to go to the bathroom and a huge swat team of about 20 dudes were standing in full riot gear doing a practice school schooting and storm scenario wtih massive guns in hand just looking at me as i was going through a set of doors to the bathroom and stopped in my tracks wondering what happened in my life for me to not have to

feel like the

bathroom was my

place anymore.

I saw a wet cat

strolling down

the street

in the cold snow

as

the sounds

of Fig. Triple Helix

by Anat Cohen

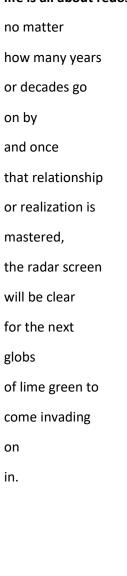
went

over the radio

and all just somehow

made sense.

life is all about redos



the kids that see me doing tech work by day stop me at the library with my kid and marvel that i have some kind of existence outside of

their world.

had a vivid dream last night

about going back to high school to run cross country again as a homage to my old coach tim nixon that died unexpectedly several years ago and the coach and kids were quite excited about it scrambling to see if а dude 30 plus years older than all the rest could pull it

off

in the land of dreamers.

Girls in their boots

girls and their boats
all I can say
is girls
boots
girls
boots
and
more
boots
and
girls.

i was with my mother in law

the other night
in dream
watching an exploding
skyline
of
both
stars
and UFOs
like
a
big
game of missile
command
and
i
suddenly
woke
up and
fervently
went
back to sleep
to
see
how
earth
was going to
deal with it all.

The egg carton

rolling down
in a
lofty way
on the
side shoulder
of the street
in the cold morning
_
of February
of February
of February is the king

when that whole town

comes together
for the
one sole
reason to
celebrate a
championship
it
means
that
something is wrong
with politics
and
folks
have
much
more
sense
than we give
them
credit for.

Lately the weather people

have gotten
people
in such a state of anxiety
and panic
about a simple snowstorm
it's almost
like that scene
from Flash Gordon
with all of the
fiery hail balls
coming down
out of the sky
as everybody
is running
for cover
in
the shanty
town
of
cold dreams.

Talking to God

in the middle of the night
may
just be
the only hope
to save
that
proverbial day
and make
that week
look
like
a
new
lottery ticket
glowing
from a lost wallet.