

Joefiles 194

Being Alive May Not Be Enough

The vice
Of now
Is the grip
That will
Choke like a lion
In your front yard as
You
Wait for the Jell-Oh to
Cool
Off and
For tomorrow
To finally
Be
Yesterday
Again.

Your
Past has
Never been
A reason
To
Be a piece
Of
My puzzled
Future full
Of unused knives
And
Hidden
Frosting.

The world
Is now truly
Mad in a
Way only
The animals can recognize
As we all
Ride the ribbons
Of uncertainty
Before a sun
That might even
Be a lie
As the moon
Conspires to save us
All in
A nightmare that
Might be
The finest film we
Ever watch
But may wavy our money
Back on.

America is
Out of toilet paper
As the liquor shelves
Remain shiny
And stocked
While orange man
Berates the media
As the
Crud of
Quarantine 2020
Gets
More
Surreal
Unreal.

One person's
Guilt
Is not the
Flag pole you
Need to manage
As
The banners
Of your past fly
Like
Missiles
In
The middle
Of
A
Peace rally.

Shutting the
World down
Is a lesson
We say is
Possible to the children
As we watch
Murphy's Law
Prance
Around
Like a naked
Verb
Told
To
Never
Pro-create.

Earth
Is
The
Grand
Equalizer
As
The virus beats
Everyone
Into
A
Metaphor
We
May
Never
Be able to define.

Quarantine
Donuts
May
Prove to be
The best
Defense
Against
A realty
That
We have
Been
Ignorant
Of
In
The
BC
(Before Conoronavirus)
Of
Yore.

Bad weather
Is a wish
We would die for
As we are told
To stay inside and
Possibly tell on
Our neighbors
As the director
Hides behind the
PM mailbox ready
To yell
'CUT!'

Daily newspapers
Look like the
ID
Of Orson Welles
Running through a
River of ink
With no socks
And
Shoes untied.

The disease
Is
Not the
Thing
That
Will
Get us
As the 20
Seconds run
The tap
And the clean hands
Contemplate
The
Jive.

One day
There will
Be the COVID-kid
Generation that
May be fulla brilliance
And resilient grace
After all the rumors
Are proven wrong
And reality
Is the tough
Nail to
Hold us
All together.

Trump
Is the only
True
Crisis this planet
Has ever
Had to deal with
As the
Game swivels
Around in
A confusion
Of dips
And twirls
And corona
Spikes.

The next
Wish
Will
Be
A living
Comma
To keep the period
From
Tagging
The last line
Ending
With
The
Word
Cure.

All
Your
Theologies
Finally became
The
Quarantine
God
Is
Also
Confused
About.

Find your
Light
And
Give darkness
The sleep
It
Never
Deserved.

As we sit
On the ledge looking
At the
End of the world,
We can finally
Fish without
Worms
And read each other's
Eyes as to what we are
Thankful
For
And
How our yesterday
Was perfection.

The drunk
Quarantiners
Will
Make movies
That
Will
Feel
Like earth shall
Begin
Anew
In a rusty pair
Of
Wise boots.

Anything
We believe is simply
Not possible
All came true in
March 2020
As the world
Stops
And the birds
Reign
Utterly
Supreme.

The BC
Of our post 2020
Lives
Will
Be dubbed
The
(Before Coronavirus)

The Man smoking
outside
The
funeral home
during the Corona
quarantine
Of
Spring
2020
Is the
Only
True irony
Of
This
Long
Life span.

The guts of
Social
Distancing
Is a bag
Of empty
Liquor bottles
Getting
Burned into
A cure
For
Being
Infected
With
Now.

Our
Politicians
Are the farm
That Mills
In loud
Sounds as
We all
Quietly
Toil
A
Grand escape
Plan.

All
The folks outside in
March 2020 America
Will
Never be
Seen again
Outside a year from
Now
As
The shock
Of
Living
Becomes
The next
Normalcy.

Checks in the
Mail
Are the
Next
Of
Every
Kin
Of
Quarantine
Hope
In
A
Dream
Of lucid
Confusion.

Taking
Away baseball
Is
The only
Punishment
That
Most
Will
Never
Forget
As we are told
To
Keep
On
remembering.

AM sips
Of
Coffee
As
The world sleeps
Makes this all
A dream
That
May be
Worth
Waking for.

The necessity
Of
Your
Narcissism
Is how war
Will never
Be forgotten
In the ease
Of
Our collective never.

The collective
Human
Fear
Is the strain
Scientists
Won't fix
As the
Physicists
Sit in
Break rooms
Smoking
Our courage down
Like
Nirvana
Is close.

Bits of
Music
Squeeze all
Around is
Like a necessary
Force field
As we tip toe blindly
Into
Another day
That lost
The glue
To
It's
Shiny
Bright
Label.

The tower of
Childhood
Gets farther
And farther
Away
As we
Shake another hand
And
Finally fall
In love with
A destiny
No one could
Have ever
Explained.

Honey B. Louis
The dog
Has gone
Missing
As the collective
Hands of heaven
Reject
The devil's feeble
Back flips
While they twist
The reverse wheel just
A bit
To get Honey
Rightly
Back home.

They run
After you
In the rear view mirror
Like future agents
That need to know
If the
World will
Ever make just
One more
Back to the Future
Film.

When
Your history
Decides it
Has one
More
Question for
You to answer,
You better put
On some thick socks
And drink
The last of all
That warm whiskey
In your
Wooden cup.

Walt Disney
Is the author
Of that
Alternate childhood
You only run into
In your dreams
That are upside down
With all the extinct animals
You read about
In last week's
Science class.

The frozen food guy
Slipped by my
Front door
Hoping that maybe
we would
not forget
but we always
remember that either
there's something
in the freezer
that we want to eat
or something
in the refrigerator
that we have
to get rid of
on this little game
of chance we
dance with.

Spending
too much time
in front of the mirror
looking at yourself
provides
those little wheel visions
in your head to pop
and do things
that normally
would never
happen
if you just
walked away
and looked around
at the volume
that's out here
in this big
wide world
Thar sometimes
I look back
it doesn't
really need to
validate it all.

A little piece
of cigarette
still on fire
flies
out of the window
of her morning Car
bouncing
along the highway
like a lifestream
that needed
somewhere
come to rest
as it becomes
cold
and dies
in the middle
of the sunlight
while the metaphor
rages forward
for us humans
& our
little feeble acts
of letting things
slip out of our fingers.

It took some time
being around the
jazz cats to
understand
that the thrill
they garner
from every moment
being uniquely
unique
and realizing
that more now
as I'm out and about
looking at life
& every single scenario
no matter how much
you try to
re-create it
it will never ever happen again
& everything we do
in the myriad of things
that we all do as
human beings
will happen once
and that's the beauty
of every single thing
we do every day
each
day
that is unique
no matter
how much
we think it's routine
or cookie cutter
or just the same
& that's the gist
of it all from the
brilliant
ears and minds
of a jazz cat.

As I drive away
from the sun
I look at all the
morning faces
of those
that are driving
into the
blasting rays
going
hard into their faces
and
it's like they see
the final life tunnel
and they're getting
ready to go when
into
their final heave
as we keep all
just
keep
on driving in
separate directions.

If I
could
read minds
I wouldn't
want to know
which direction
you are
going
to
turn
your car.

that
early morning
painter on
the side of the
cold march
highway
is
creating
our collective
sunset
and it
finally
is feeling
quite
warm.

i was
sitting behind
my friend,
the former kansas poet laureate,
as we
went up the
roller coaster incline
and
just before
we crested the top of
the
hill
towards the
triumphant moment
we
have
all
waited for,
i told
him that
i
would have
his back.

the morning
ducks
on the tiny
lake rivulet
bob around
like
they are
fake,
yet
stand
as
the
realest
thing
between
here
and
neptune.

the brain
of
Jacob Appel
is
the
scientific
miracle
that
will
save
our
new
century
from
the
fears
of
the
old
one
as
courage
reigns
in
the
surface
of
a
new moon.

teen girls
reminds us
daily
that
sweating
the
small stuff
will
only
make
the gray whiter
and
the
future
cloudy.

my wife
holds a
love
for me
that
will be
the hero
of
every story
i will
ever
see
&
hear.

tiny afternoon
tubs of
Vienna sausages
may
just
bee
the
link
between
mystery
and
reality
as
we
tip toe
through the
gray fields
between the
new of
all
the
blacks and
whites abound.

i stopped
to
peer closer into
the empty monday afternoon
donut
shop
up here on
main street
and it may
have
been the most
quiet i have
ever witnessed
anything in
my sweet
life.

The early morning painter
stands still
on the hill
looking
at the
marmalade sky dripping with
unreal colors
as
he
tries to mime it
to
canvass
as
our pre-rain
mother nature
moment
wins slightly
against
the
brushed man
with
dreams bigger than
ours.

The spread
of the global
corona pandemic
is on
and everything
is getting canceled
and everybody's looking around
wondering if they should
shake hands
and if they should be out
and what we should all be doing
as the movie
becomes our life
and we think about
all of the fun things
we do
and probably
take advantage of
or take for granted
as all the parades
for St. Patrick's Day
are silenced
and the sports
escapes
and jazz shows are shut down
as
and the only thing
that we will
not be
able to escape
is the reality of now as
our collective reality goes nowhere
while
we hold our collective breath
for
the
celebration
of living
to
begin
again
in
pure earnest.

march 12, 2020,
i had to escape the
global flu
shut down for
one more
public outing
and
it was
to see dexter gordon's
wife
maxine
at
a
community college that was miraculously
open
to
hear
the
world
breath
and
jazz live
in
that
timeless
venture
of
us
hurtling now into
the
pure
unknown.
hopee

I accept
That
I will
Always be
Accused
Of
The
Death
You
Avoid.