Joefiles 199

2020 is the last childhood joke never told

The soaring
Cherry sky is
Going to be the best
Silver lining as the
Invisible pandemic
Roars along
As the errant neighborhood
Fox trots along
Unafraid
Like a
Missile
Never launched.

As though that's the only
Pure thing left as
She tells me
No one
On earth has lived
Through this
And choice
Is the gold
In your rainbowed
Dream.

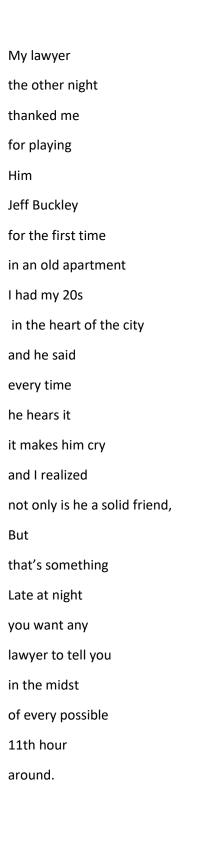
The old Blues woman

Laughs

Errantly strewn along
the median shoulder
of the highway
is the biggest bag
of Kentucky fried chicken
and all of the little tubs
full of gravy
and beans
and coleslaw
& unknown fixins
emptied
and rolling
around like the
biggest disaster
l've ever seen
In humanity
As The tiny Brains
Wobble along
Like
Sweepers
Looking for
Forlorn love
Ensuring that
The trash companies and
Weekend inmates
Never go without
Work
Again.

Sometimes
I move
books around
the house thinking
if it's on a different table
in a different place
I'll read more
then
I
Trip over my
denial brain
that it may
just come true
one night
I may find a genie
That grants me a wish
To read every book
Written
In my dreams
So
My subconscious
Can brim
With
Pure robust.

I keep having a
reoccurring dream
About
going into my
old home
and seeing the
new owners
in there and
half the time
we are sneak
In to make sure
no one is around
but if we do run
into someone
they're very nice
and they talk to us
and we act like we belong there
In a place
We never
Really want to go
Back to
In
This
Reality.



The coronavirus Dream
continues
to stretch
on and on
and probably
with all of us believing
It's forever
&
there's no end in sight
and everything continues
to go up and up and up
around here
in this Kansas City town
as we wonder
what's going to really happen
if there
is a conspiracy
for a theory
that doesn't make sense
Here on earth
& where does the wandering around
in a game perpetually
Going
that we have absolutely
no control over
whether biologically run
Or
nature Ron
Or government run

for mother nature is really
in the back of the
politicians pockets
laughing a weird
little high
whiny pitch
Of
Newly overdubbed

Swan song

Swing revival.

I wonder sometimes if you ever get over that pain Of a family not doing the unconditional thing that you've always been taught is a part of all the families around you and you decide to just move on and wander on and the thoughts go away Of them ever existing in The childhood gone In the revisited eternal sunshine on the family brain.

For all the

odd history of Americans

and the tension we had

with Cuba

I always

find the most relief

in the Cuban jazz musicians

As they meld together

all those different worlds

and make

you feel like you're on vacation

while you're driving

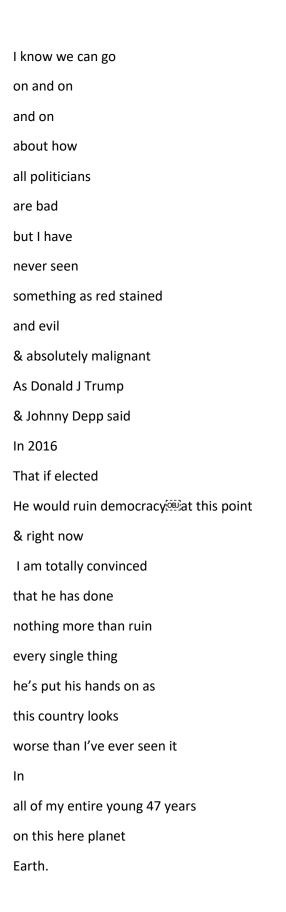
your car down

the middle of a

Simple

Missouri Road.

My wife & my entire life and all of the things that we have to live through is like a tornado and we need to hold onto each other like that movie twister and I believe it and I'm trying to do it every day hoping that fucking tornado just decides at some poignant point to leave us so we can sit on the porch and sip that lemonade in pure gold in silence.



For
all
the things
that I don't know
about this
coronavirus world of 2020,
l do know
one thing
that Donald Trump
is 100% responsible for
fucking
America
over ^[OB] .

The next time
you wonder
if there's really
a problem
with human beings
I need you
to understand
that in a one week
I have passed
somebody
That has either had
black trucks matter stickers
on their car
or black guns matter
and if that isn't
an indictment
on how horrific humans
are these days in 2020
then you need
to really get out
and see the
world
Anew.

The letter
The postal service
Will deliver to Trump in
His new high rise
In fire
Below any version of
Earth made it the a day
Early with news
Of
А
Big
Biden
Win.

Be the moon
That
Always
Made us look
Like
Α
Small
Celestial
Kid
With small shoes
&
Rotund teeth.

The last UFO

Will

Spotted on earth

I found your
Valentine
Over my
Shoulder
And
It
Made me love you
Like
The
Shoulder
We
Collectively
Lean upon.

Condemn
Clown ball
As
The words fake
And thug
Roll around like
Anger at a closed buffet
As we feel a world
We only thought
Fictitious
As the story remains
Far
From
A final
Punctuation mark.

Old politicians

Is hiding in
A subway
As 2020
Rams into a
Large oak like
A train
That never had a
Conductor
But thousands of
Geniuses
With maps
То
The
Stars.

Cupid

The only
One that
Can save
Us now
In here
2020
Is Walt Disney
But
He knew better
Than to ever
Mickey Mouse
Around
With a Trumped
Fuckface
Waxing
Used
Bombs.

May be up for
Sale soon
So we can
Colonize
Something cool
And far,
Far away
From
This
2020
Earth
Dragon.

Saturn

Our new
Modern era
God
Cloaked in all
Virtual bling
As the zoomers
Impregnate the tomorrow
With dead rumors
Of the 1920s
That may
Just
Somehow
Come
Very true.

The virus is

The best bet in
Your karmic
Game of 2020
Is to bury the guns,
Drain the bank,
Bet on anything but orange,
Drink a heavy liquor,
Buy a cat,
Love your woman the bestest,
And
Close your eyes as though
It's really
2021,
Baby.

Parade is the only
Way
You may
Procreate
As the pregnancy shop
Closes up
And the baby cry
Is a war chant for
Us humans
To finally
Win
What
We believed
We lost.

The rock star