

Joefiles 200

Epiphany realized as the world stops in hindsight 2020

The path

To your nirvana

Was

A birth made of pearls

Over fires that

Waged bets over

Water

In the oily future.

Age is the mountain

You never knew would grow

As your shoes

Look tired

And your socks

Are young

In a hike

The

Angels

Wait to predict.

The young cat

With the

'Not not worth stealing'

bumper sticker

Is the 2020 hero

Walking into the

Dollar shop

Hiding his cape

And whistling the

Bat Man theme....

I saw a sign

on the

Shop window dollar

that said

no bills

over \$50

and I know plenty of

Bills

that are worth

millions in

My tattered

General ledger....

The cat Lords over me

Like a rumored politician

With a vendetta

On my soul

As she curls up by

My midnight head

Licking her

Paws like she is

Shining

Gun barrels as

Pet her tail

And promise you get

Her the best badge this

Side of 9 lives.

I dream

Of collecting all the

Strewn mattresses and love seats

And wooden chairs

Smashed and smitten

On the side of the road into

And outdoor living

Parlor for the

Broken and unfound

To drink

Free

And sleep

It away

Like

Every broken dream

Will finally

Come

Very

True.

The spiritual litany

Is the

Logical byproduct of

What has been used

And renewed in

The Phoenix that

May just save us all

As we Americans

Shuffle hard

To replace the

Missing

Multi toned

Parachute.

Stood with my son looking at Mars

the other

Morning wondering

How good it must

Be that

There are no elections

Up there

& how a

Cup of orange juice

On the red rock

Might make you

Feel

Like a

Resident of

Jupiter.

Discarded 2020 masks

dot

The parking lots

And errant

Strips of concrete like

Mythical creatures

Waiting to come back to life and

Lead us into

The past

As though its the

Golden future

That

The best

Novels

Promised.

I would like to impose a US policy

Change immediately

That would guarantee

We stuff Trump

Into the space force

So that he could test

Planetary colonization

On say Mars or

Even Venus

And give us back

The 3 immediate years

And the decades we

Need back

As outer space

Winces

Like a gaggle of

Diamonds stick

On the coldest

Black

Ice.

Honor fit for a king

Is the leftovers

Waiting to teach you

Thrifty culinary

Lessons

And the true

Value of

A dime

On this

9 cent rock

Ready to

Cash in

For the

Brandished queen.

The bullseye of history

is

Shimmering around us like

A jewel the Indians

Buried as the angels

Invisibly swish around

With breath held

Until the

Orange devil is

Finally

Silenced

&

Earth exhales.

The only lover

I

Need

Is the one

I sleep

Next to

Every night

In the rampant

Vortex

Of that

Stillness

Only

Designed

For

The

Lovers.

The old blues legend

Called me

Honey

As the interview

Began

And in that

I knew

Jazz

Blues

Rock

Folk

History

And

Truth

As if

It was all

Just

Invented.

The prophet is coming back

And none of us will

Know it

Much the same

Way

MTV was our

God of visual music

That would

Finally die

And maybe

Get

Resurrected.

The ladder into the sky

is

The invisible man

Hoisting the

Tarnished souls out

Of the 2020 show

Fur a bit of

Fictional shine

In the real show

That

Never pretends to end.

The surge of today

is yesterday's rumor

That came true in

A prank the future will

Fix

Because humanity

Is the cherry swimming

In the top

Of your anthem.

He uses the rain

As a pillow

To become the

King of his dreams

As all us serfs toil

As though we may not

Finish last as the

Finish line dissolves

In a joke that

Has

The angels

Flying once again.

The jazz custodians

Sift and sweep all the old

Music crumbs into the corner

Everyone ignores

But when you

Accidentally saunter over it

with

Scotch in hand,

You leave changed

& knowing

There is

Meaning

To

This

Once

anonymous

Earth dance.

Love is the sole reminder

We need as

The alarms of AM sound

Amidst the sirens of

Titan attending

To replace the

Lullaby's of yore.

The shifty wave of Sunday AM BBQ

in the air

Is always a firm

Reminder of where

I came

From

And where

We are heading

On this flavor

Grade

Bending into

The last rainbow

Left on earth.

Some kid at the amusement park

yesterday

drinking a tall aluminum can

Of Bud Light with a loud red cast

on his other hand

tried to tell me that

Joe Biden was creepy

because he smelled

The girls hair and then he asked me

if I was going to vote for Trump

and I told him fuck no

And stared him down

As the silence of mine

made him backpedal in

A silent kinda fear

As he slipped out of view

And Started His

Drunken script with Others

Know The Trump cult is still

Alive and well,

But the truth

Is going to

Burn that

Script into

A Yesterday we will

All Thankfully forget.

The only way

to

appreciate driving in a car

is to have a dog

That loves it more

than you

and watch

their face as they

Peer over the rolled down

Glass

As that wind destroys

their hair like the

best animal hurricane

that ever existed.

Exchanging paper copies

of actual poems

in the mail

with a good friend of mine

that used to be the

poet laureate of Kansas

might be

one of the

most satisfying

21st-century things

I have ever done

And may

Just

Ever,

Ever

dew.

The monster in Washington

is trying
to destroy
the precious mail service
that brings me all of
my jazz CDs and surprises
and I figured that
would be
the one thing
that this maniac
would never
have the chance
to touch
As he continues
To hold sway
As a special sort of monster
That exists in the worst kind of Stephen King book
that we will all
one day forget
ever happened
As the ballot clicks
And
The
President Joe Biden
Stickers
Start
Staunch production.

Old men

driving RVs

with that

content look

on their faces

knowing that

nothing will ever affect them

the way it did

when they were younger

reminds me of

Han Solo piloting that

Old glorious ship

towards the best end

of any Star Wars movie

That's never been scripted

yet ..

That morning on 10th street

in

Middle America

I saw

Thousands of lottery tickets

Fluttering

Like

Butterflies

Through the warm wind

To hands

And minds

That

Were already

Plenty wealthy.

There is a full set of clothes

emptied

on the side of the road

And it looks

ghost was hit by a car

And as we all pass by

No one knows

Where to lie

The

Flowers

To properly

Say

Goodbye

When you fear the election season

It's

Really the people

that don't have

regular jobs

or don't read books

That

Scare all the rest of

Us

Humans into

Wanting

To

Remedy

Their

potential.

I would love

to be a

fly on the wall

for all of

those people

That chronically run out of gas

& are on the side of the road

Talking in

The self help groups

About how the

Almost get it

Or there

Or in

Or

On

But

Just

Fall

A chronic sliver

Short

Like a

Poem

Without

A

Period

Extreme quarantining

makes me think

of all

those people

that wear masks

in their cars

And how they

Likely

Wear them

When

They

Sleep or

Shower

As the hands of

The reality TV producers

Shake

To

Capture

That

Suffocating

Narrative.

I get one package every once in a while

from a fellow on Hollywood Boulevard

in downtown LA

& it's from Blue Note Records

and it's always a major artist

and the amount of shipping

on this little package

is always astronomical

and it brings a great smile

on my face

because the UPS driver

that brings it to the house

almost hit me one night

on my bike and every time

I see him

I give him a little side smile

and I know that

he's my personal

jazz delivery guardian angel

and somehow

all of that together

makes the world

proof that it is

an intricate maze of

Levers and no matter how

Much you accident along,

there's always sunshine.

I will never understand

A dead squirrel

When I know

H they invented cars

And moves

No human

Could ever dare.

In the early go of the pandemic

I saw cranes

Traversing the sky like

Lost storks

Unsure d where

To drop

Of the

New

Human babies.

I'm still waiting

to go by

a Johnny on the Spot

on a construction site

& see it

All supped up

In black fine polish

with big flames on the side

Like

The most

Blessed

Urinal

Ever hatched

For the

Adoring

Blue collar

King shits of fuck mountain.

That mattress on the side of the road

As a tapestry to

The speeding cars

And bolts of sunshine

Is the least restive

Spot

On

Earth.

The Jim Jones cult of Trump in 2020

Is mixing

A

Sugary cup

You will

Never

Survive....

& hopefully

Forget

Quickly.

sun shining

& I almost

hit a squirrel on

my birthday

as it squiggled away

in a bob ross

vision,

then in the rear view mirror

is was gone,

like i was

never there,

he was never there,

and the albino

in our dreams just

turned a technicolor

we would never believe.

I got a call from publishers clearing house

from

a Jamaica phone number

saying that I was a

big winner,

but when

they tried to verify my

name it

was

a Tim Zuber

character that had

or has

my same number

and I get calls all the time

to sell his property,

donate to sheriff departments

and big winning contests

wondering if

he might be

the

luckiest

guy

with my phone

number

in the whole wide world of

contests.

there's a great jazz singer

from california

that always calls me jim

and

i just don't have

the heart

to let her down

from this year or so

notion

of who

i am

and it's not

the name

and

i know

that going

from jim to

joe

won't sway

that much

and

sticking to an alias

is always so much cooler.

my job is to turn on the bright glaring lights of kansas city

via artificial tank tubes

to the sleeping

bearded dragon

and when he

tilts his head in wonder

towards my face,

i can see him

smiles

as i laugh

walking away from his cold blood

warming

as i now type.

I wonder if someone can pull Donny aside

and say he was

a nightmare

that the future concocted

and hope would

never come true

and one day

we will look back

and it will be all

be

his fault because

we were indeed

motherfuckin trumped.