

## **Joefiles 215**

*Return of the COVID Jedi*

**Waving at**

Yesterday like

It was here

Once before

Is the French film

We are trapped in

As the alarm bell

Wakes the

Sleepy turkey.

**The crisp young**

White dude was

In the late night

Car washing bay

Spraying down

His ghost for the upcoming

Prom

That was

Pandemic postponed.

**Liquid glaciers**

Of youth

Melt in the catacombs

If you lost relatives dreams

As the demons finally die

And

Our Jesus

Takes in another

Cup of

The best

Coffee

Ever.

**Reams of gleeful**

Insects rave on

In the bright August sunshine

Like the future

Can only be on

Way.

**A rampant optimism**

is brewing  
Under a land of  
Music here  
As the ears turn  
Into hands,  
We hold the moon  
Before it sneezes  
A gaggle of stars  
Perfectly into  
Forever.

**They found my paintings**

And called

To deliver as the dust hung thick

And the truth is

Always the best karma

To defeat a once bad story of

Theft

Into a

Triumph of

The found.

**The panic surges**

About the hillbilly

Stomp

As the orange glow

Dissipates into

The ghosts of morning

That swallowed the moths

And gave birth

To the

Majestic

Chrysalis.



**America is**  
Finally seen  
As the  
Sentimental  
Selfish bully  
That bore Steel Magnolias  
In the Stephen King fires  
Of a Trump nightmare  
Blamed on a black man  
And solved by  
An Asian Scientist.

**The alpha**

Of your final wish

Will

Be the only

Movie

You will ever

Star in

And the whole world

Will

Eventually

Script.

## **Prehistoric bird sounds**

When

The massive recycled

glass bucket

is dumped

Reminds me that that

The meek

And smart give

Birth to

Science fantasy

Whenever we wish

With

Eyes closed

Extra tight.

### **3rd base coaches**

Are the real

Rebels

As they

never

ever stand

within the

lined confines

As their bodies are

All juttred askew down the

Baselines like

Lost geese

Searching

For the

Arrow of

Meaning.

**If there's anything**

that I have

gotten

to the point

where I have

very little patience

for my older age

it is

Unevolved

Dumbery

That rules

Sleeping families

&

Brand newly born

Big screen

TVs.

**The old orange cat**

named Franny  
Glowers hungrily  
Over her bowl  
meowing frantically  
in the AM as she lives out  
the last of her life  
wondering when  
She will get all the food  
that she wants  
so her belly is plenty full  
& she can have dreams  
About her next life being  
so damned full of food  
that she may  
Never  
ever  
need to meow  
again.

## **Why do the slovenly construction workers**

that do rehab jobs  
in reconstruction  
always look like  
they have a hard time spelling  
the word something

As everything  
in the beginning  
Of their huge job

is so dusty  
and dirty  
and fucked up

That I am always amazed  
at the end of the said job  
when it's clean  
and flush

And clean  
and beautiful

Looking nothing like it was before  
as the magic

Of the miracle of these  
Construction workers  
flop around  
like something we can  
only imagine  
in far away  
Dusty dream.

### **Summer baseball**

under the old big tree  
in the park  
that's just a field  
is full of green  
As the kids hit  
the baseball  
and I sweat healthily  
in my once clean  
work clothes  
wondering  
how many more  
home runs will  
Be hit  
and how the dragonflies dot about  
In such precision  
As the voices of the walkers on the trail beyond  
meet perfectly  
all of the good memories of  
My fading childhood  
While my adulthood  
continues to spiral  
On disparate levels of  
Pre-50 confusion and wonder  
As to how  
did I ever end up here  
In  
A  
Minute pocket  
Of  
Manic  
miracle.



### **The ghost of Billy Collins**

follows you around  
whether you know it  
or not  
taking down notes  
& making  
whimsical assessments  
of your existence  
As his own  
Elusive ghosts hide  
because  
they don't want  
to bother  
the poem who has a  
Trace of a beard  
As every single thing  
down here  
on earth  
Including each little shadow  
around the periods  
that will end this  
Very  
sentence.

**The Saturday morning clouds**

are going away

& the rains

Are a distant memory

As all of the disheveled leaves

lie around while

the hot hot sunshine

Contemplates a return

To suck all of the moisture

out of everything that once was and

may never be again

In this land

That may never

See another

Rain drop again.

**The end was never near**

As

Rumors

And suppositions

From the orange man's mouth

Die down

To a silence

That all are

Smiling over

Like a judge presiding

Over a fraud

Ignored by

Us working

Class Lenon héros.

**Political anarchists**

are only  
preachers  
in tattered clothing  
Wishing  
For  
A  
Sleeping  
Lepercaun  
In  
A  
Fictional cave.

**Musician revival roars**

Forward here

In this

Strange 2021

Of ambiguity

in a world

of jokers

& part time comics.

**I believe in my body's biology response**

As the world  
Waits to get poked and  
Prodded into  
Beliefs  
That long ago left  
Their driveway  
And  
Secret potions  
That will  
Take away  
The memory  
Of pinnochio.

**The AM California corvette**

Swished

Up the street

Like a dream my boy

Miles had last

Night

As

It's replaced by a bunch

Of birds

Flying over

All the new Teslas

With no one

Really at the wheel

As

The

Gas guzzles

Your

Yesterday loose.

**Cars are like the Life spans of dogs or cats**

As we step aside their swerve

But

They will eventually

Run you down in the

Life of a human

Going through many cars

And

Pets

Like we know

Whats going to

Happen next

In the heartbreaking movie

With no name,

But think with

Plot

And the best animals

ever.



### **The perils of cancel culture**

Bear down on you like  
The trucker that won't let you  
On the road  
And flips you off  
In aggressive reflux,  
But  
If you adjust the mirror,  
Smile on into the sunshine  
And ignore the cheddar,  
It will all eventually  
Go away into yet  
Another American social invention  
That  
We may never want  
To see again.

**A couple of fruits**

Living all quick

And

Ready to

Get married in

A

Rash

would be called

kideloupoes.

**I've spent the last year & a half**

Watching the  
Pandemic from a donut line  
On weekend morning  
S  
As the lines  
Snake outside  
Of the shop,  
Full of masks,  
Then everyone snaked in,  
Then no masks,  
Then masks,  
And not lines outside again  
As the chatter has ranged fro  
No one knowing anyone with COVID  
To too many dying  
As all the while each one leaving the shop  
Living their lives smile  
At the prize of  
A box  
Of sugar  
To hold back  
The  
Scourge of  
The world  
COVID  
March.

**The garage TV watching Fox News neighbor man**

Across the way in my

Back yard

Really loves his

TV

And political signs

And I

Know noting more than that,

But I

Think I may know him better

Than most

Folks I see daily

And

That's about all

I really want to know,

You dig?

**Never fool yourself**

because  
the dirtiest place  
on your body  
is always going to be  
behind your ears  
For all the words  
Your ear drums have to  
Churn through,  
The residue lands  
There  
And festers like  
Lonely nouns  
And outcast verbs  
In the back of  
That  
Seedy bar  
You only  
Go to once  
In a lifetime.

**There is always going to be that one guy**

who actually ran

over the skunk

That festers like

Fiction in the middle of the road

As

He slinks off to the

Car wash to

Hose down the

Defeated car

In bright

Red tomato

Juice

As the land

Of wive's tails swish

About

Like a French cartoon.

**I was going to the local Quiktrip convenience store**

to get a couple cups of ice here

in this warm weather

we are sweating through

and this afternoon I

I walked into the store

& saw a dude

with a big picture of

The rapper Ice Cube

On his big shirt

And

My brain stopped,

By body slowed as

I pondered

The enormity

Of

Our paths.

**Seeing people take a quick & curious look**

at the artwork

I drop off t

In front of some random

Place

May

Be the

Stranger highlight of

My

Whole life.

\*\*



**Doing the morning therapy drive**

thinking about  
how those that aren't  
in your life anymore  
And how they could be  
creating a void or  
making you miss them  
As the sound of a  
95-year-old jazz cat  
By the name of George W.  
left the planet means  
More  
Than  
The prior notion  
Is where  
This kid is at  
today.

**The one yellow balloon**

sitting

Peacefully

in the lukewarm grass

off the side of the road

Is

The

Theme of today.

## **The myriad of things under the sun visor**

In my  
Wife's van  
During a splash of unexpected sun  
Rain down on me like  
I am in a game show  
and thousands of money dollars  
Are raining down on me  
As triumphant horns shriek,  
But in reality  
It is used receipts,  
old maps  
and expired coupons  
Flopping into my lap  
As I swerve to avoid the middle  
Painted line in  
Confusion while  
The sun  
Gets hotter,  
Louder  
While  
Drew on the  
Price is Right  
Shouts if \$1 is  
My final answer.