Joefiles 216

cancel culture will never end the poems

Frozen Squid

Of

Time.

Arise from
Your Halloween dreams
To shake the hands off
All your family
That are now
Strangers for
The rest

I have embraced

the

Amnesia of my life

Memories and periods

Of life

As they get filled with

Other things

And the bliss

Is the only replaceable number

On the

Alphabet soup chart.

the steeple chaser

ran the

muck out of the woods

as the horror flim stopped

and light spilled all over the

earthy landscape

like blood

healing

all the

fatigued

dreamers.

Your riddle was a puzzle that found the cat and threw the dog

spaceship to Neptune.

on a

Slow shuffles

childhood

trophies.

across the sports board in the early of Octboer reminds me of the memories i have since forgotten from an epoch of memorable

Final day of baseball lore

Ran into the

Deep woods to find

A coin no one can ever

Cash as the hero

Strikes out

And the

Coroner retires to

Become a birth doctor.

Bright buckets of Fall sunshine tumble out

Like a lost ghost waiting
To get meat on their bones
As the history of the
Past world goes by so swift
That there is no way to
Make sense
Of your
Particular

Forever.

The Covid anti Vax freedom seekers

Not taking the jab
Are the beginning of
An extermination
They are too dense
To comprehend
As the world
Poturns to appropriate programming
Returns to appropriate programming
While the Trump waste
While the Trump waste
While the Trump waste Is gloriously

Growth charts fading in the waiting room

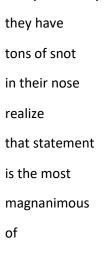
As the kids grow taller

Than I ever should
Have been in a
World getting
Shorter as
The
Earth inches towards
Another
Kinda birthday.

Caring may

The the only thing that
Will save most of us
As my
Family killed me off
Long ago
For the same
Kinda
Crime
Of
Morality.

If anyone tells you



palindromes.

Sometimes I see these big dump trucks driving around with elaborate paintings of American flags & whatnot saying Trump train and I figured it's probably high tide for them to replace that Old oranged artwork with a whole bunch of explosions & complete fucking nonsense With Clowns & hillbillies flipping Off Armageddon

A nilibilities flipping
Off Armageddon
At
The last
Confederate rally
On
Planet earth.

The upside down dragonfly

Sucks

Nectar

The sunshine

Oblivious to

The crucial

Warmth
Thawing
This
Post-pandemic
2021
Carnival.

The praying mantis whisperer

Is a teenager

At the big roller coaster house

Cradling it

In his hands as the

Coaster car leaves the station

And the bug leaps off his

Shirt

Into the very best memory

Of your past.

Saw the young man with the Chicago Bulls cap

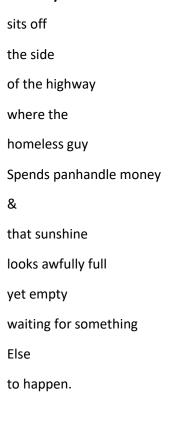
in perfect condition

on backwards
smoking
right outside
his car
at the gas station
As the three kids
With him
ran around
the mom
While he looked like
he was
Lost somewhere
else no one will
be able to ever find
As his plumes of
Cigarette smoke
Waft up
Like
A needed
SOS.

I would like to come up with an app that's an extra button on your phone if you really want to hang up The phone badly like in the 80s when it made that loud clank you can use that button next to your Regular hangup button For the loudest Possible Statement Here in this retro Modem

Era.

The very used office chair



The song evidence

by the Thelonius Monk Quartet
with Mill Jackson
& John Lewis
was the
perfect soundtrack
first thing
in the morning as
the cars
went stop and go
in the traffic
As the sun huge yellowish orange
As the sun huge yellowish orange Sun
Sun
Sun Slipped
Sun Slipped right up over the
Sun Slipped right up over the Horizon
Sun Slipped right up over the Horizon welcoming everybody
Sun Slipped right up over the Horizon welcoming everybody into a brand new
Sun Slipped right up over the Horizon welcoming everybody into a brand new fresh

The young vixen In the Pathfinder

ahead of me
Threw her fist open
towards the earth
& a cigarette
came rolling out
onto the ground
like it materialized
in her hand
& the embers
Exploded
Like a shooting star
As smoke leaked
Looking for
А
Real miracle.

The Loco Cat

walking errant

across the top

Of the

Open piano keys

Sounds like a song

Only nice can hear

And something

Dreamt of

By the dogs.

I saw the big inflatable

KC Wolf
on the front doorstep
of the house
this morning
Representing
Our local team
doing pretty bad
this year
& it was tilted over sideways
in the best possible
metaphor
of the
Damned
whole thing.

I love that early morning guy

in the
old suburban
with the
dirty windows
& that face mask
hanging from his
rearview mirror
with his windows down
& it's ripping and pulling
The pandemic cloth
all over the place
as he smiles
to the breeze
speeding
speeding
as fast as he
Possibly can
Past
2020
Ghosts.

I saw what looked like

a cat
that might
be dead
in the
middle of the road
as I looked closer
and closer
getting near downtown
small-town America
& saw
it was just a
crumpled
rumbled
piece of carpet
in the middle
of the street
Needing
Old feet
And a
Better
Home
and
immediately I
felt
Just fine.

Jazz lovers

love it

so much

because

it makes

them horny (!)