### Joefiles 219

American Detox Drunks Cleaning Last Year's Gutters

### America is

Unsure like a

Early childhood toddler

Running away from

The teacher in hot pursuit as

The pee begins

And the wet floor

Is the only thing

That may look

Clean in

These parts.

### Egg nogg season

And row boats in ice

Capture the wrestling bears

Juggling your

Weekly fortunes

As though tomorrow

Is all we have left in

The wager

For

All of your souls.

### **Explicit**

Recessional

Thoughts are dying

As inflation

Drinks the last beer

And a vodka bottle

Dances to a romantic

Polish ballad

In the well lit

Corner.

### Cats stalk me

Like a gaggle

Of free agent millionaires

Wondering where I hide the money

As their food runs low

And the moon winks

Over

The short

Hill tops.

### The sandman

Sank into your

Lost history

As the facts become

A sunrise over your

Best

Tries

Ever.

### The city finally slept soundly

With dreams g	growing like
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New skyscrapers

Built by a god bigger

Than yours

And a devil

That retired

To a small

Unknown town

Down south.

### Noise becomes your religion

In a silent prayer sent

Over Morse code from

The brand new messiah

No one

Will

Ever accept.

### **Vodka biscuits**

And loud women barter
For the lottery ticket
-

To

A new world

Promised by the old one

In a novel

We may

Never have the time

To

Finish writing.

### early rain crux litters our memories with gray, potential, sleep, the betwixt of mysteries as halloween lurks about like a found cat in sweet sugar and demonic desperation as the pandemic murmurr becomes the junk mail to be tossed at some non-exact time.

### the world is full of ballerinas

### cancel culture

found him nodding off at the wheel as marilyn manson threw a used cigarette out of his speeding window into gruden's cup of coffee in another speeding car while the sun was setting and the blood moon was smiling for one night, until the light came back to remind us that history is the only history we know.

### the one lone dove peering out over the grays on the railroad bridge is the emporer of a land we never discovered as the food collects in

to tax

and confer with

morsels for him

his other

bird

heroes about.

### the princess of last year got covid

and now
we hear nothing but an occassional,
ambiguous tweet
as if she doesn't exist,
but i heard last night
she emptied all the ice cream

on the north end

and

took a photo that no one

will

believe.

### the dubious found gold on the other side of the rainbow

as
the silver workers
bartered with the bronze boys
over the
real
landing spot
of
the
coveted
platinum gals.

### **Tireless chipmunks**

look at summer in the eye

as though it's a fall

they never took

while winter is their medallion

they

swagger and brag about

in this land

of

spring worship.

### his poet bones

creak perfectly in unison with

his loud footsteps

as he wrangles the words into

a mountain of curious letters

that will build a city sentence on a

planet

have not quite

disovered yet.

### my boy's godfather told me some months back about advice he got that said go into situations with no expectations... i have taken that to a whole new level as life is a perpetual jazz gig with set after set of continuous ambiguity

with acuity.

### The last hit of the billboard girls

Are the

Ballroom boys who

Forgot their towels

And left the returning

Savior a

Mediocre tip.

### The flight over yesterday

made the
New deity
See what needed
To be mended
In a broken riddle hatched
Ву
The final

Political

Mercenaries.

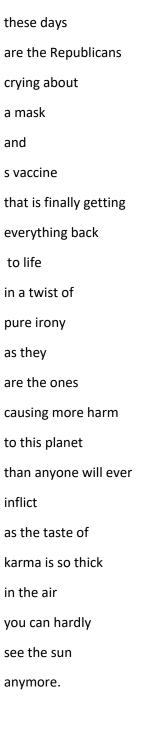
### that one saturday morning

in the haze of
sports voices talking college football
there was one
lone bird hanging
hard onto a finger coming up from
a billboard advertising a local
college
as
the
sun began to shone through
and
the threat of rain
was merely
a
tiny
bird rumor.

### The early morning owl

is finally back
hooting at
regular intervals
in the darkness
no one can see
into,
but it's there
with it's heartbeat
& it's big ensemble
of feather looking
for the best
breakfast the side of the
cold Mississippi.

### The real thievery



### I had some strange dreams

last night
about how
there was
this house
from my childhood
that was haunted
& they used to
make films there
& apparently
no one could
light a candle
that would stay lit
because
it kept blowing out
or it just
wouldn't ignite
and I knew
right then
and there something
was wrong
in that
old memory trap
of kid
trying to reason
with
my
thick ad

## while the smell of fishy salts waft in success on my mustache and left lapel, i mutter loudly 'why does the soy sauce always leak and turn into a mess?'

(end scene)

### Weeks and weeks later

I'm still
not sure why
I had dreams
about the
The Justin Bieber's
out there
& whether
or not
l'm a belieber
if I'm not a fan of his
but I believe
in some of
the garbage
he says?

### My son loves shoes

& goes

up to ask folk

if they

can type their brand

in for him

on his phone

so that he can keep a record

of all the cool shoes

that he sees

as it calms him down

& it makes him feel

right in place

like being on a roller coaster

just jagged all over the place i

bringing him that calm

right into the middle of his soul center

like nothing else would do

for anybody on this planet

except for him.

### We went to a park

that was funded by the All-Star quarterback here in Kansas City and at the time they were doing a Covid vaccine clinic and my son simply asked an old man who was a free mason about what shoes he had on and seconds later this old timer asked me for my phone number saying that later that day he would that pair of shoes to him and when it happened and his shiny truck drove away, in a random act of kindness i felt the magic of his good knowing the world is solid place of warmth as i thanked him with a text replete with picture and he said

it made his whole month to do that
for him
as his
tears
met the
world.

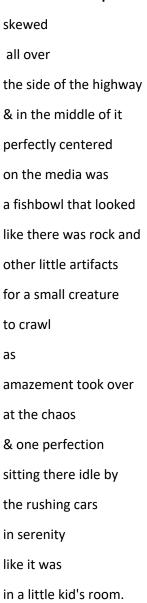
### The high school kid sits on the corner

at 7:33 AM
in the morning w
ith the largest Afro
I've ever seen
akin to the size of a baseball player card
from the 1970s
and he looks peaceful
and calm
as the blue light
from his phone
splashes over his face
as that smile looks
around the world h
oping no one will mess

with him

today.

### There was a heap of debris

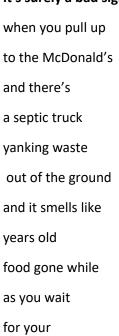


### got all fancied up with the mrs.

for a wake
some saturdays ago
and went to the park
for a kid's birthday party
all gussied up
and as we walked over a
fall bridge to the festivities,
a woman stopped us to say
that i missed a belt loop
in the very back of my pant
and i
continue to smile
at
the
possible extent of

it all.

### It's surely a bad sign

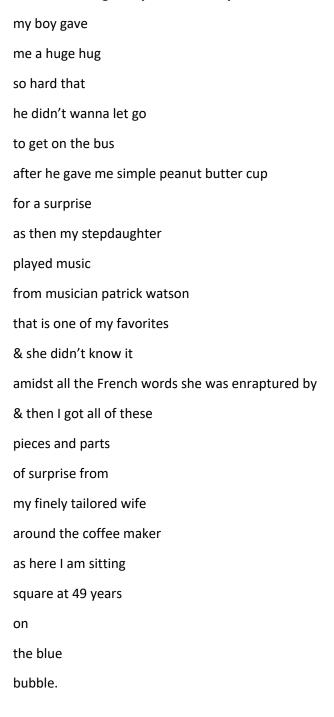


mcfast,

moment.

mc fucking fresh

### On the morning of my 49th birthday



### I always get the strings of my fucking face mass stuck

in the door handle
and
again wonder
loudly
when the fuck
is all of this
bad dreamy
dread
going to
fucking
end.

# The little tax guy off the edge of town town sits in his very small business world with bright lights marinating the early morning & just heartily dreaming of numbers & every possible number twist as such in the world that you and all your deliquent friends

can't even

imagine.

### So, 1 want to create so much 1 forget to almost us a pen for this very

thought.

### Who

the

hell

in

real

life

is

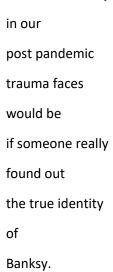
the

guy

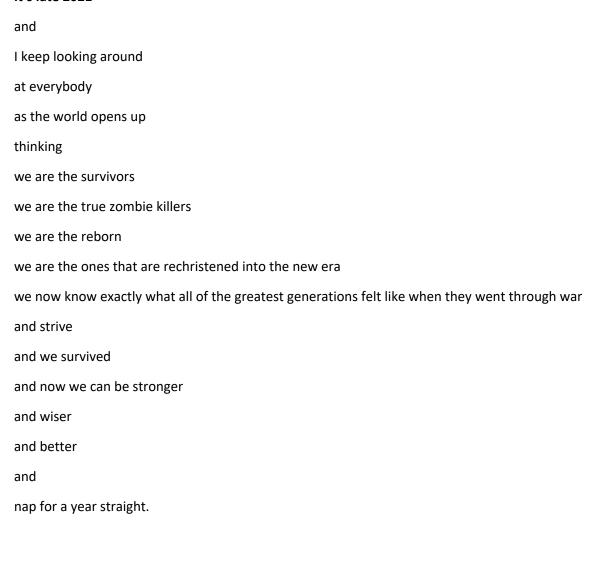
named

Chuck Roast?

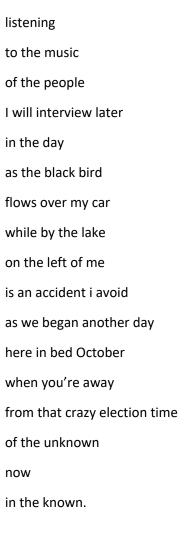
### The ultimate slap



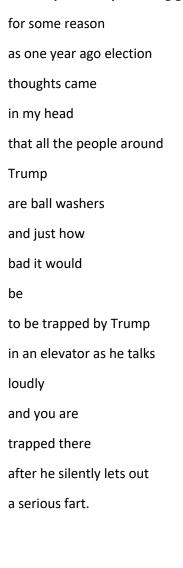
### It's late 2021



### **Early morning drives**



### Went by the early morning golf course



### You know it's pretty bad

when you think

back to your family

& realize that

pretty much everything

you ever shared with

that was an embarrassment

&

realized you

should've been

a mute

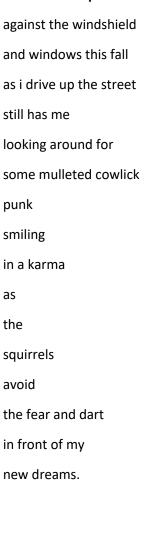
growing up.

### Sal

watch.

is the mall's Greek hero
and pizza champ
whizzling and whirling
around the pre-Halloween
Sunday kitchen with
a hero tune in his step
and the sound
of candy leading him
to the next horror film
he will never

### The loud clamp of acorns



### The bus load of kids

that were
dropped off
at the dollar tree
for a spending spree
are the luckiest
of all as
the fictional willie wonka ticket
means little
and i wait in line
listening to their
silent heads pop up dreams
of the rest of their lives
as the bus driver
chews on some corn nuts
and i wonder how
i missed that
proverbial bus in my youth
to have
the exact same
kinda
dream
come
true.

### I live in albino squirrel world

as little ghost traces of animal
always dart around me in a mile radius around
my home
while all the
red and brown
ones
smile
and conspire
to
ultimately
take over
the
world
of nuts & acorns
for fucking good.