

Joefiles 226

The world finally drank the last of the Russian Vodka

Rand and file

Lines stream down the
Sunshine strip
As the two year anniversary
Of the viral shutdown
Becomes a vodka boycott
And no more
Culture to cancel
Just yet
As the time jumps
Forward
And the cats conspire
To finally walk
Backwards.

The big tech

Companies are the
Cyclops giants that
Ward over your very dreams
As the languid
Wishes run like digital
Birds with no borders
And the
Earth becomes another planet
With
Security questions
And a tomorrow
That is
But
A
Mirage.

The glide

Into yesterday
Is a dream
The refugees are
Sleeping on
While you
Run into
The blinding
Flash of light.

We are a promise

To something

Or someone we never

Met before

As we slosh around

Like a bag of grapes

Hoping the fermenting

Goes well

And we

Eventually get

Guzzled down.

The old men

Pedal fast

While staying in place

Within a sunlit

Gym room

On a March 2022 afternoon

And I realize

I'm one of the old timers

As the youth of my shadow

Licks a lollipop

In silence

A few paces away.

For the last year

Or so

I have consistently

Spelled the word

pandemic

wrong ..

as

My cerebral

Refuses

To

Change

Or

get used to it.

Thinking back

to when
I was in
grade school
and heard
all of the ominous
predictions
about the future
and running out
of water
and having natural gas
and petroleum issues
and the possibility of war

...

I shouldn't be surprised
and neither
should I should
I wonder much
As we are going
through a two-year pandemic
and now Russia
is finally waking up
It's red fist
& itching to
start World War III
&
As we finally
Yearn for things
to go back
to where
it should be

...

it shouldn't be
any surprise
That the tilted axis
If Nostradamus thought
Is
On fire and looking
For more
Gasoline.

Helping the cool kids

understand
movies like
Donnie Darko
& cult classics
that they should
Ingest
is one of the
best things
that you can do
as an adult
and your day
of Adulting.

The cold early morning

Geese

crawl along

the seventh hole

of the golf course

full of snow

& desolation

As they look

to see

what kind of birdie

they can get

As the day

moves

Very forward.

The big sunny hole

over the lake

opens up

like a portal

into another land

or dimension

As everyone alive

Is wishing

for spring

and warmth

and love

and

Utter fucking

death to Covid-nineteen.

The only true way

to live forever

is to

write something

that someone

will remember

Almost forget,

But years later remember

As the orgasm

keeps them

alive and

Stalin becomes the

Ghost

We never had.

The simple act of driving my son to school

after dropping off

my stepdaughter's friend

ma be

the biggest highlight

Of his

entire day

or week

or month

& that's the beauty

of the simplicity

of my life

In his.

The story of my life

Is that

If I talk about something,

It will

Change or leave or die

&

I think

That had earned me

Deserved silence.

Perseverate

Is the teen
And thing
My boy does
That never
Ever
Stops
And I would trade my
Pleasure in
To help end it
And
Allow him
To float
In pure peace
Like the fountains
That save his
Buoyant soul.

It was Nation Woman's Day

At the Dairy Queen

And a woman

Approached me with big eyes

And smile

Saying I look like

Robert Downey Jr.

And I said I got that

Tony Stark thing

Before as we

Grab the hot fudge sundae

As I contemplate writing

Him a letter

To say

I know what

'The look'

From another

Looks like.

Big man

driving the
CRV
has a
license plate
that says
'the CRV'
and now
I'm really confused
about everything
in life
& the world
we live in.

Ducks dipping

under

the cold waters

From my upper

Window on the

Exercise bike

Is the

Best TV

Around as they

Hold their duck breath

A mighty long while

As

Earth goes

Into

Retrograde slow.

For pretty much the last 2 1/2 weeks

since Russia

invaded Ukraine,

I feel like

I am

a citizen of Ukraine

with all of my

social media accounts

getting hacked

and things getting stolen

Or withdrawn

and fuck the West

Is happening to me

As Putin throws

His personal

hot vodka

on my

Very brain.

Took me a few minutes

to figure it out

but there was a

small sticker

on the back

of a car

that said

'oh yeah, actually maybe today Satan'

And I

Switched lanes

As the

Thrown pebbles from

Nowhere were

Brewing.

Cathartic mini symphonies

Is what

Michael Boos

Has always served

On his

Sonic

Cocktail list

Ready to save us all.

Today's newsstand

Magazine covers

Are

Jesus

Aliens

Tom Brady

Doris Day

And

The gray matter

That

Becomes your

Past & future

Colliding into

An unimaginable

Explosion

Of every

Bright

Fucking

Color

Ever.

The ease of which my Facebook account

was hacked
and will be
permanently deleted
with all of my 4800 followers
and thousands of pictures
on Instagram
is a lot like

A government hatching wars
for population control
& Seems an awful lot
like it's pretty easy
to get yourself
completely extinct
and executed
on this digital platform

Of earth now
without getting any
real recourse

As I slowly
watch
my digital funeral
Begin

&
Slowly fade

Out
Into

A
Inaudible sizzle.

I just caught a glimpse
of a long live Ebenezer
donkey
Bumper sticker
I made about nine years ago
& it was so faded
on the back
of a car
&
it just made
me smile one as
I saw one
of those little creations
that I made
still lingering
Without end.