

Joefiles 227

Covid-19 Vs. World War III on Pay Poetry View

The procrastinators

Carried off the

King into a land of

Used rebel causes

And rewrote the script of

Trying to

Include helping those that

Help all the time

&

It was hailed as

The doctrine to fix

American idiocy.

Memory lane

Is a clogged set

Of pipes that

The angels unclog when

You are so asleep

You

Feel like you may not

Ever be alive

Again.

The sunset arm wrestled

The devils hangnail moon

And the winner was a lion

Drinking moonshine

Out

Of

Gods very

Own

Favorite bowl.

The road to my soul

Is full of

Orange cones

As the sun shines

Hard and

The petal is melted to the

Floor

As earthlings

Scream

In silent

Unison.

The random moment

before

This town wins a

National Kansas sports trophy

As the bombs go off far, far away

And

The tiny

Fictional Jayhawk

Birds

Dart

And dive

Across your

Very

Existentialism.

Night cats

Scratch the bed next

To me

In a kneading

Ritual hoping to

Wake up the mice

And have human

Hands

Scratch away

All their

Worry

As the stars above this

Enclosed roof

Attempt

A whist wish-filled

Fall.

As my dad

Aged he would talk

About wanting to be

Simply

Left alone

And in my youth

I never understood

And now as an old guy

I feel the apple of

His fall

In my own

Quiet

Backyard

Of simple

Need.

Earth warriors

Made butter

That the

Underworld

Would eat in spoonfuls

To ward off the future

And

Make paradise

But a thing

Attainable

In the feeble

Wobble of our

Dance.

Insufficient worry

Has made Covid

The war we will

Never forget

As we

Begin the celebration

Of a human

Amnesia

That will

Delete the good work

Of free will bent

And appreciation

Fully achieved.

Pandemic comforts rage

as the bosses plead
for workers and
wages rise,
yet everyone is home
and conditioned in code netflix
as the excuses hit
an epic peak
as the nurse
falls asleep after consecutive shifts
and the fries grow cold
as the diner closes up early
and handshakes are forbidden
in this new post-pandemic conundrum
of America 2022.

i am the character

that was killed out of

the dimino

script because my

spouse is their villian

and it took way to look for

this character to find out

that unconditional love and true feeling

is a grit

i was lied about

as the white and black horse collide

and the burn pages of my old

script become recycled miracles

hustling into the

next great screenplay i

signed up for.

Having the reoccurring dream

of going into

my old house

to get something

and no one

is there

and I am trying

As fast as

I can

to get away with it

While

The water runs

And one of the kids

Stands across

The street

With a puzzled

Look on the phone

As

The

Gaggle of

Birds circle the roof.

My son's friend

said in the backseat

the other day

that he has

Hasn' listened

To regular music

In years and

there was a

Silence made by

Music

Over my soft brain

As my

Boy looked confused

As if the origin

Of the world

Never happened.

I feel like I want to apologize

To Miles for
sending him
into this spiral
of patchwork families
and picking memories
so folks don't get upset
So much
As the easing
Bleeds on
And hope is the
Meal we slowly
Eat
Each and every
Night.

My wife asked me

the other day

on a car ride

back from St. Louis

what genuinely

makes me happy

and I had

to think hard

for a minute

because

I think there's a mixture

of so many things

that I have to do

for duty

That they get minced up

In the fun

That my parent brain

Pants

Trying to keep

The

Whole timeline

Straight.

Now that they're lifting the mask mandate

everywhere

I'm starting

to see people

wearing masks

In weird places

&

At odd times

like the guy

on the

7:27 AM highway

In late March 2022

wearing a mask walking down

the road briskly

looking around

As if he is

Awfully futuristic,

yet temporary.

The amazing thing

about the
connectivity of
human beings
and the way
we all interact
is that you can
walk into a room
or a place
where you look at strangers
and think
you're never gonna
get to know them
or talk to them
or why they are there
and later as you leave
you realize
you made friends
and you laughed
and this is been happening
lately
during these Covid times
at funerals
and I realize
the truth
behind the fact
that we all really
one community trying
to help each other out

and have a good experience^[1]_{SEP}

during this

confusion of a ride

on earth.

Now that the remaining members of my immediate family

have essentially

cast me off

and put me

away for good

I realize that

I'm no longer

the youngest son,

but I am just me

with my name

and my Social Security number

and my memories

and all of the harvested friendships

and lives that I have

cultivated in my life

up to this point,

but I think if I look back

on things

and wonder

how things

got to this point

i think

it's a pretty

happy place

even though on paper it looks

it's rather tragic or unfortunate

with all of the flowers

growing and

birds whizzing on by.

There's an old wet mattress

very used

on the side

of the highway

leaning against

the median

and it's taken

on a human form

as it

looks like a person

all slouched

over like

they didn't really

sleep well last night

or stephen king woke them

early

with the coldest cup of

water

on earth.

If I could string together

every single

burp

that I've made

throughout my life

into one song,

I think it would

be a fascinating

&

intriguing thing

that someone

might want to

listen to

but only once

& only once.

I sometimes wonder how much money

in one day is raised

by all the

pan handlers on

earth and what that dollar amount

would mean

in some larger sense of the word

as we battle all of these things

that haze earth

& sometimes forget

that there's a genuine generosity

in the world like

when my son wants to reach

his hand out the

car window

at any given time

to put change

into a strangers palm

food not knowing

the truth behind t

he world other than

he just wants to help

and that somewhere in the

clouds above

all of his pals and family

who have died are

angels

taking naps at

odd times.

All of the bags of trash

that hang out

in front of

your house

are probably

one of the

most telling tales

& frank stories

of who you are

& what you are

about to become.

One of the coolest earliest memories

of being with my son

in the car was

when I would get

him excited to

drive down

one certain country road

by where he grew up

& I would smash into

the biggest puddle i could find

after a massive rainstorm

& in retrospect

it was the finest roller coaster ride

for me as

the memory stretches

on more and the more

than

anything

i'll ever remember

on this grand

thrillride.

My boy Miles loves to take pictures

in front of old

colorful

vintage cars

& have them

sent to him

& I think there's such a

vibrant catalog of things

that he loves

throughout his life

and they all

zoom about

in the loudest

color cars

dripping

pure,

clean memories.

My friend through multiple interviews

is a saxophone cat

from Denver

& before

we interviewed yesterday

he stopped and

told me how much

he loves our conversations

& that I have nailed

the art of interview

& of all the times I can talk,

I wasn't quite sure

what to say at the end

of our interview

as he said that he wanted

to get an MP3 of

our conversation

so that he could properly

burn it to CD

because I'm one of the

only interviews

that he ever saves

to listen to again on CD

and

the

speechlessness

hurtled forward.

Sometimes in the midst

of a swirling storm

as one side of the sky

is dark

& the other is light,

I see the classic battle

of heaven and hell

coming together in some

tiny fictional

story of cataclysmic

gnashing of weather miracle

playing out for

each of us.

Of all the levels of political and social defiance

that has gone into living

in this 2022 world,

I think the most loud,

yet silent scream

is that

I have noticed

most black folks

are continuing

to wear their masks

when mandates are

being lifted and

you don't have

to wear them

& it's because

of that mistrust

they have of white people

that have lied

& infiltrated their neighborhoods

with crime

and drugs

and goop

and lies

for so long

that they

just don't believe that this virus

isn't something that will be safe around them

without a god damn mask.

There is a young black woman

that looked totally
disinterested in most things
as she was looking down
at her phone
at a red light
as she was driving
a vehicle with a huge blue dog
on the back of it
dubbed the Hydro Pup
as the man behind
this painted monstrosity
was an older fella
with a mustache
& you couldn't quite tell
if he was smiling
or had his mouth open on purpose
& he looked fascinated
as that little one act play
was one of the most interesting things
that I've seen
in a long time
as I was on the phone
& I could not have a
guttural laugh
like I should have.

a few weeks back

i dug a plastic spoon

into a tiny white potato

i just heated up in some

extra nuclear microwave

we have at work

and it exploded into my face

like a tiny idaho terrorist

was somewhere

hatching more

for other eye balls

that needed to be reminded

of culinary possibilities

as

bits of potato are still being

discovered

in the aftermath of

the starch salmon incident.

I woke up in the middle of the night

last night

after a pretty

intense dream

that was rather vivid

where I was

with my wife

in what would be a kin to

a KC sandstone theater

or some kind of

big field at a concert venue

& as we looked up

in the sky

we saw deep

deep up

in the darkness,

but not too far up

almost like an

international space station

that was a replica

of a tiny bowl stadium

and Coldplay

was playing live in space

and there were only a few

kind of folk on that

and it was special needs children

and very wealthy coiffers that donated

as we all stood down

on the ground

not exactly sure
what was going on in the concert
because it was not being simulcast
and all we could get was snippets of sound residue,
cheering,
lights flashing
and the ambiance of knowing
that it was the most unique NFT ever
as we all looked up in wonder
and I waited for my boy Miles to get off
and tell me
all
about it.

Lately I've been really into the Lo Fi

chill out

kind of music

driving around

because

it makes me feel

like I'm in

some kind

of souped up

cool Miami

TV show

with the villains not far

behind,

but I could give a shit

because I'm

in that inepenetrable

cool world mode

where the

atmosphere is

made in the

fuckin' shade.

it was official in early april 2022

when

Facebook finally killed

off my character

because apparently

i was asking

too

much

per

fucking

episode.

as we all toddle about in America 2022

i find

that

this whole reality we

are living

is

the

best sorta

April Fools Day

joke.

I just went by a sign I saw for months and months

and months

during the 2022 election

and it is a

Trump/Pence sign

nailed on a wood pole across from the

KC airport in a field

with another sign below that says

'clean fill dirt' sign

and realize it's the

best placed signs

together in

the history of folk.

In the waning days of this pandemic

I always pass
this special-needs girl
with curly hair
and she always has a mask on
outside
as she tiptoes around
the end
of the driveway
in a dance
to a song
that no one
can hear
but her
as everyone
runs around
trying to figure
out what happened
in the last two years
as she is
defying this moment right now
& knows exactly
who she is
& that might be
the most
comforting thing
that I've seen
all pandemic long
save for the

bald eagle

in april 2020

randomly dipping

in a nature preserve

with my special needs son

as

the metaphors now mingle.