



**Joefiles 131:**  
**raise your jazz into big organs**

## **The real team mascots battlerama**

Some time back  
My teenage son  
Was asking about some ideas for  
Writing  
In some  
Class he was taking.

As my wife the English professor  
And myself put on our writing scalps,  
There were some safe 'teenage safe' ideas  
That came out immediately.

Then,  
As I gulped in the cooler night air on  
The porch and watch  
Our Australian shepperd leap  
Several steps in a clumsy,  
Haphazard way in an excited lurch to  
See us,  
I thought there was better wisdom  
I could dispense.

How about this, I began.

Why don't you approach a story like this ..

What is you wake up in some Harry Potter sort of  
Realm and you arrive to your soccer game tomorrow  
As your actual mascots.

So, you would be pirates and  
The other team would be big eagles.

From there, you could duel with the soccer ball to  
See how things fell.

The pirates with all the guns,  
Cannons,  
Swords,  
Eye patches,

Versus the big birds with their lack of kicks,  
Legs  
Or human dexterity ..

Who would win?

What would happen if the game cocks played  
A buncha tigers?

What if royals played mets?

From here on out,  
I think this fictional twist might  
Just save sport.

Who gives a fuck about those damned  
Humans in their overpaid ways  
Anymore

Anyways?

Go lions!

## **The Real Indian Man**

There's a slow moving  
Indian man  
That  
Works up the way at  
The wal mart.

He's the guy that  
Grabs all the carts  
And usually walks  
Very slowly,  
With a marked limp.

As he saunters about,  
He stares at everything without  
Really staring.

His eyes gaze,  
Making sure the world is going  
To stay together with it's blend  
Of  
Glue.

Sometimes I see him reading a book  
While heading back to break,  
Other times he's talking to a kid,  
Once he was hedging my boy along  
With his own blend of words.

One time on the other end of town,  
He was limping across the street just looking forward was  
I waited and turned my right ..

The whole time,  
I was watching him the  
Way he watches the world.

With that,  
I felt  
Fine.

A couple of strangers doing  
Our best  
In  
This tiny

Town  
To  
Keep  
A  
Crooked eye  
On  
All the  
Lean.

## **Bad subway ride**

My wife asked me if I saw  
That  
As we  
Glided by a subway in the midst of  
A wal mart ..

There was a field of  
EMT techs and rescue folks  
Hovered over a table  
While the adults with their bellies  
And  
Shortened shirts looked on  
In  
Bewilderment.

I told her that  
I didn't see what was  
Going on.

She went on to explain  
That  
A couple  
Of  
Hot shots  
Beat their kid  
In a  
Booth  
At  
The  
Low scale resataurant  
Prompting  
The  
Clerk to stop his sandwichery  
And  
Call for  
Help.

In the dire moments that  
Ensued,  
The air turned stale,  
Flat  
And  
I  
Wished

I  
Never,  
Ever  
Heard  
About  
This kind of  
Thing  
Nor  
Would I have  
Caught a tiny glimpse  
Of  
These evil  
Parents that  
Will not  
Stop  
Until

The world  
Comes  
To  
A  
Stop.

## **The end of 2012?**

I can't help  
In this  
Frenzied 2012 world  
Of political  
Zings,  
Blings,  
Wings,  
Ding,  
Sings  
And  
Every other 'ing',  
To dig  
Obama again  
As  
The  
Faint sound of  
REM's  
'the end of the world as we know it'  
Plays  
On a loop  
In  
The  
Corner of  
A  
Blue  
Room  
With  
The  
Spray painted numbers  
In  
The  
Corner  
Of  
'12-21-12'  
Emblazoned  
Just like  
It  
Was  
Originally supposed  
To  
Be in  
The original video  
Shot  
Way back in



19-fuckin-87

When the world

Was never supposed to end.

## Waiting witch

The winds outside  
Have taken their jet stream  
Direction and  
Turned October cold  
As  
Night Halloween decorations  
Finally  
Feel like  
The  
Kids are ready to  
Go out in makeup and make their  
Sugar dreams come true.

And my Australian sheppard loves  
To tuck the quills of cold air into  
Her biologically designed coat  
As  
I head up the  
Fall hill  
Looking at our  
Majestic weeping willow  
On a windy night  
Flip  
And flop  
About  
In  
The  
Light of the street lamp  
Like  
A  
Crazy old witch just waiting  
With a wooden neck  
And poison grass  
To  
Swallow my shadow hole  
Once  
I  
Get within range  
Of  
My  
Own  
Ghoulish home ..

## **The duty of TV and juries**

I have never  
Ever  
Been  
Asked for  
Jury duty in  
Exactly  
4 decades of  
Life  
On  
Planet earth  
With  
American papers,  
Yet I received  
A  
Big envelope with  
5 utterly fresh dollar  
Bills from the  
Neilson TV company  
Asking  
For  
My opinion on  
All of  
Those  
Cop and  
Lawyer shows  
That  
Lead directly to a  
Duty i  
Am  
Never  
Called up for.

## **Ronnie Dumsfeld**

Thinking back on all of  
Those painful  
Years  
Of  
George W. Bush  
And his evil minions  
Of  
Despair,  
I think  
I may  
Have been able  
To remotely stomach it  
All just  
A  
Smidge  
Better  
If  
Old  
Donald Rumsfeld  
Would  
Have  
Been  
Instead  
Named Ronny Dumsfeld  
With a tiny  
Crying clown head,  
Almost barely visible,  
In the lower right corner of the  
Screen by his name.

### 10-13-12 – 40....

Not sure what this says about a guy turning 40, but i've heard for so long about for so long, that my brain may have been in overload with a huge amount of exhaustion. So, somehow, I was at a makeshift class reunion, that i would have never gone to, so the fact that i was there was odd. As the evening wore on, I was ready more and more to leave to no see folks I don't even want to see on facebook. so, as I'm sitting there, a band is playing on a roof in a building nearby and they begin screaming at the fence, bring it down, someone has to die. At this, the band falls back, the crowd goes nuts, then the fence collapses, the a big canopy covering the crowd collapses, the building the band was on collapses .. everything collapses and i screams, panic, muffling. i reach in my pocket for my wallet and keys and they are gone. i panic a bit. then, compose myself. then i'm thinking i have to get out of here. then i start to begin to realize i'm in a bad dream and i shift my body around to figure out something .. am i in a dream? could this be real? and while this happens, i go to search for my keys, wallet and car and hear early reports as to how many people have died. the whole time, i know more and more i'm in a dream and i flit out of it .. looking around .. i realize that it's over .. why?

Prior to this, I was with my brother at some dinner event and bill Clinton comes breezin' on through .. as he comes by to say 'hi', I ask if we could go over and have a picture with him .. at this, he gets a little stiff, then agrees .. while he saunters off to the side to wait, he is very impatient and says we need to hurry up or he has to leave .. a very curt, unfriendly bill I didn't ever expect would be there case .. so ..

from there, my 7-year old son, Miles, proceeds to have me help him wipe after a 7 am morning poop, then throw a massive tantrum because i couldn't find all his fake plastic debit cards his grandma got him several days before.

40 .. fuck year. Here I am .. let's fuckin' go ..

## Carpet slip

There's one slip  
Of onery carpet  
That  
Finds it's  
Errant folds under  
My rapidly moving  
Foot each time  
I return form  
The pisser  
Back to my work chair.

Once my heart  
Is done pounding the excess  
Red of stress over my aging organs,  
I etch a wrinkle in my brain  
To remember that  
Heavy pile of blue carpet in  
The hallway.

Once I have agreed that  
The tripping madness has  
To come to a stop,  
I need to  
Walk over that plank again,  
I get tumbled around again on  
The foot.

I stop.

And I wonder what  
Miraculous camera crew is perched somewhere  
In the ceiling of this building  
Reveling in the  
Idiocy of  
My  
Walk  
Fumbling  
Down  
A  
Dark,  
Stinking  
Pair of sock.

## **Saving**

The new  
Modern day marvel  
That can  
Die  
And come back to life in the  
Manner of  
Days  
On  
Weeks  
And  
Weeks upon  
End with  
It's Jesus DNA  
And Avengers vision  
Is  
That  
Little  
Computer  
Known  
As  
Your  
Phone that sits  
In  
Your pocket  
Making it harder and harder  
For the kids of today  
To speak with people  
In a clear,  
Thoughtful manner ..

So,  
When you find a doubter in the  
Ether wondering if  
There are any deities in the world  
Alive  
Or  
Coming back,  
Make the symbol of the phone right  
Next to your ear and  
Mouth,  
Then wink,  
It might  
Just save their fucking  
Day.

## **The one house on spring valley road**

Every night  
I walk my  
Australian shepherd up  
Spring valley road,  
I see the vacant house  
On the west end of the road  
With it's yellowed paint and  
Vacant demur ..

There are two cars  
In the driveway that look  
Like they were left following  
Some kind of apocalyptic rapture,  
With a black grill out front  
And dust everywhere ..

In over 7 months there have been no lights,  
Life,  
Action or  
Anything other than speculation.

Heard from someone months back that  
There was a small fire in the house and that  
The owens were to move back in.

I remember this hosue  
Cause there used to back sleeping tents out front  
And a full throttle life of action on display  
For all travelers along spring valley road ..

Now,  
I peer over in the dusk and darkening of night  
To see the eerie vibe of a horror movie from  
Childhood  
And swear my brain smells a rotten  
Meat  
Scent like that on trash nights.

Perhaps it's a murder scene,  
Maybe foul play,  
What's inside,  
Who knows anything,  
Does anyone care?



It's the valley  
Of  
Questions as I  
Slip on by with  
My dog full of life  
With that big  
Swishing tail  
As  
The  
Dark  
Of  
Night  
Swallows  
The  
Home up in  
One  
Mighty  
Chunk  
Like the beginning  
Of  
An  
Evil  
Carnival ride in  
The  
Bowels of  
Rob zombie's  
Fucking  
Demented brain.

## Strange beast

One night  
I waltzed by a strange  
House on my  
Nightly walk  
And a  
Big,  
White,  
Rambling dog came  
Flopping out  
With a charge,  
Bark  
And  
Rancor  
From a door that  
Wasn't quite closed on  
The  
Front of this house ..

I took my breath,  
And watched the hairs raised on both  
Dog backs  
And  
Told the  
Strange dog  
From the strange house  
To  
Stay away ..

It listened,  
Then forgot  
And came upon me with another charge ..

This happened  
3 more times as I told  
This strange beast  
To step on back.

It was around my 3<sup>rd</sup> charmer  
That some errant  
Lady from the house with  
No door latches came running up  
Calling for her strange  
Dog...

As my heart  
Calmed  
And  
The smooth sun of night  
Went on hiding in  
It's pending nudity on the other side of the world,  
I wondered  
How  
The  
Hell  
I'm  
Going  
To  
Describe this  
Story  
To  
My  
Pretty  
Wife's ears.

**The other day**

A tuft of white  
Hair in the form  
Of a sun beaten  
Ball  
Floated  
Down  
Like  
Honey on the side  
Of bear plastic  
Right before  
My walking body  
And I figured  
That  
A wish had been made  
Or  
A gun shot went off  
In these meager  
Money times  
And the  
Toll of  
Karma came in the form  
Of  
A  
Light,  
White reminder  
That  
People are  
Beasts  
And  
Angels  
Can  
Be caught  
No matter how  
Far they travel  
Up  
Or Down.

**Saw a woman sleeping**

In the front seat

Of

A

Hot

Tan car today

At the skirts of a

Thrift store parking lot

And as the sun blazed in

Fury on her face,

I wondered how the smell

Of pungent exhaust,

Residue of the waffle house

And the roar

Of Main street traffic

Kept her eyes shut that

Hard and it

As just then in moment

Of wonder while wading through

A newly green light

That she shot up slowly,

Looked around,

And realized why she

Wanted to take a mid-lunch

Dream nap

In the

First

Place.

**Every night I swish up the sidewalks**

Of

Night with my

Dog

I see the

Smattering flicks of red

And white light that

Is Mars there in

It's tempest of space glow

Telling us in

It's small,

Puncture of light way

That they are cooler than

Up even though

They don't have folks

Like

Sinatra, John Wayne and

Billy Holliday,

But I think that's a load of

Bullshit,

Cause you need

More

Than

Cool lights

And legend

To

Keep

The

Universe fresh.

## DREAMY AUTISM

The other night  
I was in Southern California  
In  
Some sort of living quarters  
With Miles  
And there was a long stretch of  
Folks in couches and armchairs watching  
TV  
As Miles was bouncing a ball and making noise.

Suddenly,  
He needed to go to the bathroom,  
I told him to go  
And for some odd reason I did not follow him.

At this,  
A fellow looked over at me and said,  
‘It’s about time we had some silence. You need to quiet that kid.’

At this I said,  
“You have a problem?” In irritation.

Another man,  
Ready to watch an LA Angels game leaned up and  
Said,  
“I agree with him.”

At this,  
I noticed it was Dustin Hoffman and I said,  
“My son is in the autism spectrum.”

At this,  
He froze,  
Pointed at me and said  
He was sorry by asking,  
“How is it on a daily basis?”

I told him he would never know until  
He walked in my shoes.

From there,  
I left to find Miles and thought of a way  
For him to get a picture with Hoffman.

While gone,  
Entered a sea of folks and a big concourse to see  
That Miles was gone.

As I walked through the bathroom  
And street calling for him,  
There was nothing.

Then,  
I went back to this facility  
And waited,  
Looking.

Then,  
Miles approached me to  
End my terror  
As  
In real life  
I heard  
Miles  
Say  
“Daddy-daddy”  
As I shot up  
To begin my  
Day  
Of  
Newly  
Found  
Discoveries.



**If you have ever  
Really  
Been stopped by  
Shadows,**

You likely won't want  
To talk about  
It and I'm not  
Sure why  
I'm doing  
That know  
Other  
Than  
Illustrating what  
I'm  
Not  
Describing,  
Because sketches of  
Prose  
Are  
A  
Lot  
Like  
Being  
Stopped  
By  
A  
Gaggle  
Of  
Dark,  
Invisible  
Shadows  
Ready  
To  
Tell  
You  
Of  
Mystery,  
Emptiness,  
Extremes,  
And the future,  
So  
Go  
On  
And  
Don't  
Tell

Anybody  
About  
This.

**in this modern day and era**

of thought police  
and music cops  
and publisher peddlers out  
on  
copyright hunts,  
I heard a nice old man  
At the library the other day  
Belaboring over whether or  
Not he could make a simple  
Copy of a  
Tax funded article in  
A Time Magazine.

As the nice library woman  
Who always has the look as though  
She just ran a mile and needs  
To pee bad  
Explained that it's just fine.

This didn't go over well.

So she continued.

And one way or another as  
The voices shuffled in almost muted loudness,  
I saw him walk away in confidence  
Ready to copy the thoughts of another for his  
Own benefit  
And it  
Was then that  
I saw Shakespeare and Mark Twain  
Behind a building in MacBeth  
Punching the copyright bastards right between  
The eyes for  
Making the world  
Afraid to  
Free fall  
Into  
The  
Abyss of  
Human thought  
And  
Wonder.

## **the autism spectrum meltdown fit**

is nothing  
one can really  
write down  
on paper for  
another to  
understand fully,  
as with many things of  
such an extreme human nature,  
but it can aptly be  
like  
finally catching your breath  
after trying to  
break a personal record for  
holding one's breath underwater  
and it's  
right when you start taking that  
breath,  
you have to go under again to  
break the previous record  
while  
you figure  
there is no possible way  
and it's  
when you finally rise  
again  
to  
the  
fresh air,  
you have  
to  
do it  
over  
and  
over  
and  
over  
again  
as  
you  
wonder  
when  
reality  
because  
unreal  
and

the  
thought  
of  
tomorrow  
is  
a  
door  
to  
yesterday.

**When you**

Have no winter  
And merely a cold spring,  
You need to thank  
The ghost of summer  
For  
Being  
Kind,  
Yet look over your shoulder  
Because Mother Nature  
Always cleans up at the poker  
Table  
And it's just when you  
Think you are in the clear  
That you'll be stuck in  
The middle of a  
Hard summer hail shower  
With no protection  
Wishing  
That  
The  
Show angels of December  
Could unstick from  
The ground in  
Their deep recesses of human impression  
To carry your  
Happy arse right back to  
Fall.

**one morning**  
**i woke**  
to  
smell  
the  
pungent aroma  
of  
fresh coffee  
that my kid  
made and  
the  
smile  
the  
erupted over  
that  
first tiny  
sip of  
hot liquid  
was the  
finest I may  
have  
ever had  
at  
any  
point  
on  
this  
planet.

**the almost gone**

white wine bag  
sits on the  
counter like a  
carcass from a recent birth  
in a placental glow  
reminding us  
where we all came  
from and  
how  
it's entirely uncertain  
where  
where  
will  
finally end  
up.



## Screwed Poem

there  
was  
a  
guy  
that  
always  
kept  
a  
screw  
in  
his  
pocket  
to  
remind  
us  
of  
our  
fate.

## **Tooth in a bottle**

At my older boys  
Soccer match recently,  
My younger boy,  
Miles,  
Lost a tooth on the upper ridge  
Of  
His his meat mountain.

In his 7-year old delirium,  
He demanded to put the white ivory  
In an old water bottle  
So he could show his  
Brother and other soccer kin  
When the final horn  
Went over our final ears.

After the horn sounded,  
He bound like an easter bunny  
Towards the other side of the field  
And as I waltzed behind his  
Autism spectrum bones,  
He was excitedly holding  
It up to a kid that was on the  
Other team  
Telling him of  
The prize he go  
While they kicked a ball  
Back and forth  
For about an hour.

The kid looked on confused  
As I told him that  
He had a tooth in a bottle he wanted to  
Show him.

With this,  
I met up with Miles  
To help him explain his glee  
Because of his limited range of speech.

Suddenly,  
A parent sidles up by me and  
Says,  
'its not cool to taunt the other team's players.'

I looked at him and asked  
Him what he was talking about.

He said I told his son that the tooth in  
The bottle was some sort of insult hurled at him  
Because my son lost a game to his team.

At this,  
I told him about the real tooth in  
The real water  
And that I was being literal  
And the man  
Got flush,  
Said sorry  
And hurried off into  
The chilly air  
Of our  
Kid's athletic environments  
As I came around  
Answering more  
Questions about when  
And how the  
Tooth fairy  
Would come in with  
A  
True does of fiction  
To pay him for all  
His mouth  
Pain.

## **Our CoCo the Dog**

I couldn't imagine  
My life  
Playing out  
Any other way  
Than  
Some kind of movie  
I feel like  
I  
Play in  
Without getting paid  
Or  
The  
Glitz.

Last week,  
My wife found an Australian movie  
Called 'red dog' for our  
Young son to watch  
From a video rental  
Shop.

The dog on the box looked just like  
Our Australian shepperd,  
And had the same name,  
Coco.

As it goes,  
This dog is a national hero in  
Australia  
And  
We had no idea over  
The three years  
We have had our dog.

The best dog on the planet.

Really.

And we named ours after conan o'brien  
And not some hero of the Australian silver screen.

The closest our coco has come to fame  
Is a \$100 check I recently got from a show on animal planet

For a video I posted on the youtuber catching her  
Stealing all our cat's food from the top of a filing cabinet  
On some viral hit that thousandso of people have seen.

So ,  
There you go.

My life.

Our dog.

My pretty wife.

And the headlines that we follow without knowing it.

Fuck yea.

The end.

## Forgetting to tell

From the annals  
Of the empirically  
Strange my  
Brain has  
Made up  
Would be the  
Fact that the  
Person or persons  
That actually forgot  
How to  
Breath  
Would go away silently  
And

Not  
One  
Fucking soul  
Would  
Ever  
Know  
Why they weren't

With  
Us  
Anymore  
In  
The indignant  
Mysteries  
That

Is  
Our

Life.

## **Miles of underwear**

My little  
Miles boy  
Has an odd verbal and mental  
Pre-occupation ..

He loves underwear.

He likes to talk about it.

Asks what color I wear.

Wants to coordinate days we match.

Likes to bring it up at odd times.

And in the swirl of his 7-year old brain,  
I halt these motivations when  
I hear him go on about it.

An odd thing indeed.

But is it?

Who cares?

He likes underwear for the color  
And feeling like he belongs.

He's not into dangerous things  
Or really odd things smashing bugs  
Or calling the White House.

So,  
On the list of things a kiddo with  
The autism on the brain,  
I think I can live with it.

While I try to keep his brain on superheros,  
I also know that the superheros wear underwear  
Also and  
That's  
Super  
Enough for me  
And him.

## **The play on the bus**

Lately  
Our son  
Miles  
Has been getting into  
Some bickering back  
And forth  
With a cast of  
Kids on the bus.

Each time we talk with him about it,  
He spits out  
Names like Hicks,  
Angel,  
Zuleka,  
Ramon  
And so forth.

My wife  
Said it sounded like  
The casting of a play  
Or  
The beginning credits to a movie  
Where they  
Load up on a mysterious bus  
To  
Try and trek to some  
Woods to take  
Down a  
Fleet of buggers  
That won't leave  
The wheels alone.

And when he  
Describes how the mimic him  
And say bad little kid things  
To each other,  
I wait for  
The  
Angel to take the Zuleka  
So the Hicks can finally  
Have some  
Healing the only  
Way you can  
Get when you



Factor

A

Lot of Miles

Into such

A

Real

Tale

Of

Bus

Woe.

## Night dryer air

I don't  
Want to  
Pen another poem  
About  
It  
But I feel  
That more words  
Are needed  
To assemble,  
And tackle  
The  
Kindness of  
Evening strangers  
In my  
Neighborhood  
That push  
Fresh,  
Dryer air  
Into the sky  
For all of us  
To smell  
That cold,  
Momentous  
Scent  
Of clean,  
Dreamy  
Ether.

## **fish, women and bikes**

one of my freshest  
Memories  
Of those  
Long ago college  
Years of mine  
When the world  
Got painted in a host  
Of hues  
I feel all should  
Tasted,  
I remember the U2  
Album actung baby.

Specificially,  
I recall a class  
When the teacher asked us  
To conjure  
Up a song lyric  
That made our brains move.

One dude next to me  
Said  
A lyric from the new U2  
Album that went,  
'A woman needs a man like  
A fish needs a bycicle.'

The whole time,  
His arms were crossed and he  
Had the look like a dog that was whipped with  
Wet newsprint and likely  
Just got broken up with.

I can't recall how the discussion  
Went,  
But he had that far off look  
Warding away the angels of love  
Because  
He doesn't need a woman  
Or a bike  
To get  
Wherever  
The hell he has likely gotten  
To these days.

## **the pending 4-year itch**

a bunch  
Of little  
Vandals high on  
Their booze and drugs  
Ripped through our  
Neighborhood  
Last weekend  
And in their  
Pithy wake,  
They stole a host  
Of Obama yard signs  
That were  
Randomly  
Flitting about  
In  
Green October yards..

And as we sit  
A week away from  
Either another 4 years of  
Obama  
Or the other Republican  
That will erase all the good  
Government data  
Done lately,  
I'm hoping on a  
Karmic magic  
Wand  
That  
Our guy Obama  
Gets in again

So these nasty little trolls  
Can  
Molt for the next four years  
Thining about  
Their  
Tiny twist  
Of  
Thievery.

## Harry Super

My dad used  
To scour the obituaries  
Each day  
And I'd always wonder why  
He would do that..

Now that I'm in my 40 realm,  
I'm doing the same thing.

He did it to keep up with friends that  
Were venturing away from this earth,  
I do it for names and stories of  
Triumph.

Last Sunday,  
I caught the confident,  
Chipper gaze of a man  
From Fairway, Kansas by the name  
Of Harry Super.

And in those dots and lines of  
Text,  
He was really the epitome  
Of what the world knew him as.

He was one super fellow  
And

Stands as the best named  
Human to ever  
Grace the pages of  
The Sunday newspaper  
I pall my eye over.

It took Harry a whole lifetime to reach me  
And he finally did it when  
The ink dried and he wasn't here to  
Shake a stranger's hand.

It was the day I unofficially met  
*Harry the Super hero.*