

## **joefiles 152**

*winter butter churned into vibrant spring flies*

**Small choir kids**

Stealing the air

The adults

Decided

To forget

Become

The sound

That

Makes the bird accidentally

Whistle

And

The instances

If truth become

The

Marble

We dance upon.

## Shorts & Talls

No one  
Will  
Apologize  
For the  
Giraffes  
Height  
As  
The miracle midgets  
Of your  
Childhood  
Begin  
Growing  
Into  
Something  
Of  
Mystery  
Solved.

## **The neverlands**

Are

Ruled by Jacko

Way above the

Last layer

Of sky cloud

And he sells

Cotton candy

That

Will

Seal your dreams

And

Get you

A

Big

Balloon

Pet tiger

To

Walk

Around

The

Sweet coated

Rings

Of

Saturn.

## **The blizzard of yesterday**

Is

The

White

Monster

That

Refused

To die

And

The

Ghost

Of

A

Cold

Hindu

Prayer

That will tuck you

Into

Some

9th level

Of mystery sleep

Tonight.

**proof**

that every man  
on earth  
has bad  
hearing and  
a fantasy  
playing in their  
heads like a  
childhood carousel  
is the  
fake orgasm  
chalked  
up  
as  
the real thing  
over and over  
red  
rover  
crimson  
& clover ..

(stupid motherfuckers)

**revenge**  
against  
the human  
race  
is  
all  
the  
echoes  
of  
false  
orgasms  
that go undulating  
like a  
tough guy  
grunt  
in the thick  
of  
the  
best fiction  
ever  
written.

**the absolute perfect ending**

for each and  
every one  
of is  
is the exact nature  
by  
which we  
all arrived  
into this world  
being  
squeezed  
like a fresh lime  
fulla cold fright  
and blood  
with nothing to  
see but  
what our  
brains decided to  
feel  
with the world  
one  
screaming like  
a  
frightened  
clown mouth.



## **crow comets**

a murder of  
dark, cold  
January crows  
found a bad of  
extremely hot  
chips in the middle  
of the road  
and ripped the  
bag open like  
a christmas gift  
from a month before  
and devoured the  
hot,  
synthetic  
heat.

as i heard the caws  
while driving by,  
waiting to assail the bag again,  
i knew their tiny  
dark beaks and  
smaller bellies were going  
to writhe later.

in fact,  
there would be a good chance  
that someone was going  
to wish on a shooting  
star that was  
instead a  
black crow  
that exploded like  
a comet in the  
cold night  
giving  
all of  
us  
hot chip wishes  
and  
feathers  
of crow dreaming'.

## **Art of Relations**

I asked a  
90 year old woman  
In a coffee shop  
Celebrating her birthday  
What the key  
To her longevity  
Was  
And she said  
That she married well  
And  
It was  
Again  
Another anonymous  
Reminder  
That  
I have  
Made an art  
Out of  
Bad decisions  
In my over  
4 decades  
On  
Lovely  
Planet earth.

## **Golden Hunks**

The past is  
The one  
Rainbow  
You  
Know  
Exactly  
How to  
Get  
To the end of.

**If Only**  
the Harlem  
Globetrotters  
Ran  
the  
Whole  
show....

**Your Muse**

Is the last napkin

You threw away

And the next

Piece of gum

You

Give

To

A

Stranger,

Hero.

## **The Closing**

After the doors  
Of death close,  
The remainder of  
All of our lives  
Explode  
Like a kaleidoscope stuck  
In a mirror ball getting  
Kicked off  
The Rocky Mountains  
In a pair  
Of flame embossed  
Bowling shoes.

**The lonely souls**

figure out

The clues

To the slow

Turtle claws

And the

Worm in

Your dirt.

## **Nana's Nook**

is the

New hog warts ran

By the prettiest

Ladies in town

Grooming

A blend of magic

Billed

To enact

Revenge on no one,

But a

Bag

Of

Memories

No one

Will

Have a

Sparkling chance

To forget.



**The only dream**

Worth holding

On

To

Is

The one where

The bullet

Missed

And the knife

Was

Lost

As

The demon laugh.

**The gift of parenthood**

Is the gist  
Of your shadow  
As it melts  
Into  
The slightly cold  
Mist  
On the hottest  
Day of your life.

**Arcades**

Train our

Whirling kid brains

Of the future

To

Ready for

Real casinos

And new sugary

Drinks

That

Will make

Them

Forget

Everything ...

**Psychologists**

Are politicians

And

The antagonists

Have

Slowly melded all

Of them

Into

Your

Gods.

**the world**

is

a big

Peep

and

it's our

job to find out

how

they got the

fluff in the middle

as the sugars

on the outside

crunch

and last

for

fucking ever.

**The black cat**

that  
Swerved  
Across  
The cold  
Winter road this  
AM  
Knows what is going  
To happen to every human  
On the planet  
In the moment this poem  
Ends  
And we will find out  
In the final meow  
At the  
End  
Of its 9th  
Curious life.

\*\*

Her little  
Morning pugs  
are pooping  
In  
A strangers yard  
as she  
unravels the magic  
plastic bags  
With  
Wrinkled brow  
Pondering  
her life and  
what may have  
Gone right  
And  
What has  
Been  
Shit.

\*\*

The green bean  
theologians

ask you  
to worship  
everything  
they grow  
And the  
Crystal water  
that comes down  
out of the  
Tinted skies  
To return  
you  
To just  
Being a  
buncha  
little orange carrots  
waiting for the  
next rapture to  
Uproot  
The  
Pristine  
Dirt.

## **Internet Gone**

The  
World  
Will  
Begin  
Healing  
When  
The  
Internet  
forgets  
you.



## **Meetings**

The people  
that you met  
That  
You  
never miss  
might be the  
last ones  
you  
will  
ever forget.

## **Almost Dreamy**

Had a  
dream  
last night  
that  
Harrison Ford,  
Calista Flockhart  
and  
David Duchovny  
were in a quasi-bar  
with me  
and we got  
acquainted and  
ready to  
Really start talking  
When  
The  
Ghost  
Of  
Some  
400 year old  
Queen  
woke me  
Up  
And  
The world  
Began  
All  
Over again.

**Love is**

the middle aged person

you will

become

and love

Is the animal

You own and believes

In you

and love

is the

thing that is made

of every fiber

of every song and

love will be

the book

that you will put

in the fire

On a day

And time

No

One

Will

Faintly

Predict.

## **Kid Words**

The mouth

My

Miles

Unravels

Silver

To the world

keeping

the stars

in the sky

twinkling at night

The

Way

The

Always

Will.

## **TRUMPED!**

The loss of  
productivity due to  
gaming  
Everyday  
Around  
The world  
Is  
Equal  
To  
A  
Donald  
Trump  
Supporter  
Collectively  
In  
5  
Minutes of  
Any day  
In Their  
Lives.

**The birth of hope**

Is

In

The

Orgasm

Of

A

Obscenely

Beautiful

Angel.

## Lost and Founders

You can  
throw away  
heaps of the past  
like bricks a black bag  
on the corner,  
But one way  
or another  
it's going to  
find you again  
And it's going to  
ask you questions  
and it's gonna look  
for answers  
and maybe when  
that day comes  
I won't have anything  
to say as  
the old jazz musicians  
always told me  
That they're not gonna  
tell me what their legacy  
is all about  
Because  
The music  
One has created  
Throughout their lives  
Will simply  
speak  
for itself.

**I'm traveling**

into

the unknown

all alone

again

In all my dreams

As I

Wrongly assumed

it would be coupled

with another

set of dreams

but that

like many other things

as I get older

it's turned

out to be a bit

ramshackle

So

The midlife crisis

Descends

or the beginning

of old age settles firm

and I again

Wander

Solo

In this

huge ball of sun

with nothing

but these

Solitary

thoughts.



**The specs**  
of  
dirtied jive  
And  
Cracked Glass  
on my  
windshield  
is always a  
universe  
Expanding  
Into  
The  
Midwest  
Right before  
my  
eyes ...

**I have finally**

Become

The ultimate

Song

That

Jazz

Helped

Zap

My

Marriage

And forever

Change

The tune

Of that

Song in

My head.

## **Dog Dreamers**

The  
dog  
sitting  
in the  
window of the  
1:24 pm  
winter December  
sunshine  
looking outside  
dreams  
of  
being you.

**those people**

that have

the bumper stickers

that say

'hang up and drive'

are doing the

exact same thing

And much

Worse in their tiny

Fonts

Than those

Who

Actually

Text

In

Our wreck

Of

Word

Happy

Message

World

Galore.

**i wake up alone**

again

In the

Saturday morning

Amid

a big

White

house

in the suburbs

realizing

In my

Early 40's

That

I'm divorced

With no

Real idea

why this happened

Other than

I have

A unique

Ability

To convince myself

That

I

Make

Wonderful

Decisions.

## **Frozen margins**

of her

as my

The outside

A dark Creek like

From an old hairy Potter

forest segment

of that one novel

and all I can see

is my breath

and hear what seems

to be

peals of lightning

And planes flying

into the forbidden gallows

of cloud

that I can't see

And the only thing

that's really saving

anybody

right now at 9 AM

is a cup of hot dark coffee

With a hint

Of sugar.

**Thanksatan...**

You

Are

Really

The child

Of

Sarah Payin

And Donald Stump!

### **Very odd dream last night**

I was in Cass County at some festival on there is music and there is some black gentleman that were playing the bass and one guy was in there it was kind of like at a redneck thing and I was surprised to see these guys are like biker dudes and one of the dudes start screaming you can't take our guns away and he shoot it in the air it's a real high powered light serious military gone and it's gone through this list like 10 were in it all the sudden he does it on accident there's a film crew right above the stage and he pops part of the camera and the canopy above a minute and immediately I have my camera and I'm just taking pictures not videos pictures and Eric in and everything starts disintegrating on fire and no one is leaving at 10 so I run and everything as I go out just turns into the Hindenburg it's just a big huge massive fireball and everything is turning into chaos and I'm just snapping pictures anyway that was my dream last night