



# **Joefiles 132**

*Lost in the Ire of Finding Irony*

## **The biggest fireworks display**

Just ended  
And I caught  
Tiny dots of  
What looked like wandering  
Planets and  
Lonely stars  
Poking over the  
Dark black broccoli limbs of night ..

Rifling with an intensity on this 7th day of  
July  
Trying to make up for the  
Holiday that  
Can never quite capture how  
Badly we disliked the brits  
And thought Hitler invented poison  
For rats.

And here in the cricket calm of night,  
The dark slips around my fingers like  
A blanket I can never buy  
And the ladybugs of day hide  
A little tighter under their dirtied  
Rock thinking the end is here  
While us  
People just  
Felt our hearts slow  
Down a bit  
In a dash of  
9:40ish  
adrenaline ..

## **my hand**

hit the side of  
the golden plastic  
of the mirror and I  
felt the  
hard swish of seven years  
soar through  
my other hands  
fingertips  
and as I walked away slowly  
pondering luck  
and destruction on  
both halves of my  
brain,  
I touched the large  
Ears of our mixed basenji  
With that queenly snout  
And matter of fact air  
That says no matter  
How many mirrors  
Die today,  
The myth is never  
Stronger than flesh  
And  
Maroon red blood.

**for the first time**

in a month  
I woke to a home  
That my mother was not in.

Nearing 70,  
She needed  
Some help and  
A storied transition  
Into the next painful phases of  
Her life.

And on this first morning,  
I didn't hesitate to  
Go into the bathroom for as long  
As I wanted  
As I glanced at the  
Dark curtains in her  
Attic room  
And felt  
I am overwhelmed by  
How life  
Can teeter totter in ways  
Fiction,  
Literature,  
Hollywood,  
Columbia records,  
Teachers,  
Dieties,  
Devils  
And the like  
Could  
Never  
Ever  
Explain  
No matter  
How  
Hard  
They  
Tried.

## No dreaming

I believe  
I have lost the ability  
To dream  
At  
Night.

Nothing for months.

Maybe slivers here  
And there of  
Faint,  
Quashed memory that will  
Evaporate like the last cloud  
In my warming water.

But,  
All the conquests,  
Emporers,  
Collapses,  
Rises,  
Flying,  
Diving,  
Thriving  
And clown parades have  
Left the head  
And  
Instead have given way to  
An atheist death march  
Where the eyes close forever  
And there is just unremembered dark.

And I miss all of those images,  
And fictitious runs through the subconscious valleys  
Of unfulfilled dreams and deed.

So,  
As the cold white wine slips easy over my tongue  
And I imagine the pre-prequel to the hobbit coming  
To life in my head from the fresh cigar smoke  
Of a Tolkein visit to my head,  
I hold hopeful wisdom and  
The  
Chance that this is out there

That tonight ..

This very night ..

I will once again rise

Triumphant like a frog in a silver jewel encrusted frog

Naked on the best lilly pad in the world

To

Once

Again

Enter that

Glorious realm

Of

Dream.

## **The Dr. Kitty**

our fantasy named cat,  
dr. kitty,  
is the thirstiest creature I have ever  
been around.

Always scavenging for water and ignoring  
His own bowl,  
He hops on counters and  
Shoves his head under drips from  
The silver spigot to get  
Some tiny spokes  
Of water to keep him moving.

And even when the water  
Tarnishes his  
hard licked fur,  
he's in a land of nirvana  
knowing that his  
mouth is tasting the miracle ..

those drops of soul  
that keep the cat cooler  
than a fucking  
pack of ice cubes in a flame encrusted  
ice tray.

## **Bulldog**

we are in the process of  
getting my mother's 8 year old bulldog  
either placed in our home or  
adopted.

Either way,  
This big slobbering,  
Lumbering,  
Burping,  
Snorthing,  
Sneezing,  
Gagging,  
Farting,  
Warbling  
Mass of genetic wonder  
Has our other dogs and cat  
In a perpetual state of  
Shock  
And fear.

It's bad enough  
That I have dubbed  
The English bulldog known as lulu  
As the Bullblob.

The mass of meat with  
Thick pork ribbed legs  
Is the most charm,  
Personality fueled bulldog  
I have ever been around  
And fight to  
Wonder if I can get rid of it.

But,  
As the dry nose comes forth  
And licks my hand  
And dances around my shadow,  
I feel the blob is becoming  
More than a mass of flesh  
And something  
That either way  
We decide  
Will never leave



The memory  
Or  
Fade from  
The ether of now.

## **Our miles**

one of the more  
wondrous levels of  
my son miles who is  
clinically dubbed 'autism spectrum'  
is that he trots at a pace through life  
that is void of  
so many barriers that will allow him  
to let go on a joke  
or puke when his body cannot handle enough laughter ..

his level of being aware of what a typical 8 year old  
would be worried about is low  
and he  
rips about in an abandon that  
gives me hope for the way his future  
will flicker  
like a gaggle of lighting bugs in a  
clear glass jar..

and when his laugh goes  
and he wants more ..

I know he has it figured out better  
Than the most of us in  
Our presumptuous romp through  
The half grown daisies and full  
Lurching tulips.

## **There should be a tech superhero Called iPhoner ..**

It will never die.

It only requires a few hours of charging.

It knows everything.

Has a warranty.

Can go to any spot on earth in an instant.

It's the one thing the tech industry hasn't cracked yet.

Being a superhero.

And once this becomes a reality,  
We may just  
Question the real power of a phone  
And the microprocessor  
That inches us along like  
Lost ants in  
The rhine of a watermelon.

It's one more step to drunk  
On a waltz to nirvana  
Trying to find the best technological fix  
In a world with few  
Heros  
And  
Too many writers.

## Minimalism

the best,  
minimalist artist  
ever  
is  
simply called the  
Invisible water artist

They only come out in the  
Middle of the hot blazing day.

Using nothing but  
Skin and bone, a bit of nail,  
They etch along hot wood  
With drips and blobs of water  
To get the head,  
Hair,  
Torso,  
Arms,  
Sky,  
Grass,  
Birds  
And the like just so.

And as they get the outline,  
The details emerge and  
The outline disappears.

Soon,  
The painting is complete,  
Yet it's gone in the evaporated  
Sun flakes that  
Lift the work into vapor.

Soon,  
It is in the lungs,  
Forgotten,  
Yet breathable by all that encountered it.

And once this thought is ingested,  
The artist himself is gone ..

Evaporated like everything else.

## **Warning!**

the guys and gals  
that write the warning labels on the back  
of pool chemicals  
are the real  
hidden craft warriors out there.

Memorizing and warning all of  
The glorious advantages of clean,  
Clear  
Water,  
Yet what can happen  
When the experiment goes  
Awry  
And the poison control center is  
Closed.

So,  
With all their chemistry  
And physics figured out,  
They let the world know  
Their smarts,  
Yet skim on the medicine they always  
Ingested and loved.

After you heave over a good  
Long label of  
Instructives on either pool chemicals  
Or the poison of your choice,  
Know that the real  
Antidote writers out there  
Are the label warners  
Ready to  
Give you  
The fix of  
Your  
Life.

## **everytime**

I see

a subway bag my kid treasures

or a squishy ball he needs to sleep with

or a stack of wrestling cards he needs to have before a car ride,

I smile knowing I really will never know it all ..

I have no powers to predict the next

Kid fad

And that is so good on my brains.

Like a soft joke I smile at,

And don't have to laugh out loud,

Lest I wake my boy from his slumber

And somehow disrupt

His flow of Lynchian dreams

And unhinge the next

Big thing

That will become

The toy of choice

In the coming

Days,

Weeks,

Years ..

Lifetime.

## **the other night**

I entered the room

And it was so fulla butterflies

That I couldn't sleep,

But when I finally did fall asleep,

I awoke

And was trying to fall asleep on the couch

Downstairs that

Was really my bed upstairs

In a story I was

Telling my

Pretty wife about.

## **I'm not sure**

That I can  
Keep going along  
With all the  
Stories,  
Theories and  
Suppositions from  
The astrological folks  
That say the moon is  
Either made of ash  
Or space rock ..

I'm certain in the pang of summer  
And the realized dream of fall  
That the moon above following us all  
Is really just a group of  
well choreographed fireflies.



## **Glorious**

the  
one  
thing in  
each and  
every home  
that deserves  
the most  
respect,  
yet gets  
defiled  
and  
vilified  
every moment  
it has contact  
with a human  
is  
that  
god damned  
glorious  
fucking  
toilet in  
the  
corner.

### **about a month ago**

I got a dire call from my brother  
That my mom was getting rushed to  
The emergency room  
Because she told her boss  
That she didn't want to live anymore.

In a frenzy,  
I left work and went to see her.

In tears,  
The docs said she ingested enough medication  
To knock out a horse.

From there,  
She went into a psych ward for a week,  
Then,  
She pleaded to not go back to her home.

I picked her up from the hospital and  
She lived with my wife and two boys for  
A month.

Over that time,  
I lived the fragility of how life  
Is.

Giving the love that was always given to me,  
I peered each night into a set of wandering eyes  
That were always a source of strength,  
Resilience,  
That in turn needed her son to be that.

And as we went through one of the longest months  
Of my life  
And the most painful decisions I could ever watch a human make,  
Let alone my mother,  
It came to the final night.

In hours of tears over a bulldog she has to  
Watch get adopted,  
I helped her with her will.

Then,  
I spent the last hour of the night

Watching a reality TV show  
That was so horrific,  
I couldn't speak.

It was a show about husbands and wives  
That were lying in caskets confessing their love and sins  
For a hungry gaggle of audience and producers.

At this point,  
I knew the fear in these reality show sheeps and told her  
A story from a time when my wife and I were about  
To have my son  
And a birth class we went to over a weekend.

In this class there was a woman that was terrified that  
She was going to poop during birth.

She mentioned it several times and in the rapt attention of  
Her eyes and husband's wrinkled forehead,  
The instructor said not to worry.

If it happened, it happened.

At this,  
My mom nodded and had a strange look in her eye.

After a minute or so of watching the bad  
Reality show,  
She stopped and said,  
'Well you know .. '

and went on to tell me that prior to my birth,  
she pooped and it was so profound that  
he remembers it hitting the big metal cylinder on  
the ground.

And at this,  
I thought  
About the road over the last month I had traveled came  
Down to this story.

For all the revelations about her life,  
Mom,  
My father,  
Her family  
And the

Lunatics she was around in the mental ward,  
That she had come to this healing land and  
It all ended in

A

Story about

A

Good

Solid

Poop that

Was the moment

Before I entered

This

Earth

And

My

Existence as

We know it.

## **I was thinking**

The best thing

For a bird

Lover

That really

Needs a

Solid

Acupuncture punch

To the back

Would be to have

About 74

Tame robin birds

Waltz along

Their backs while

They coo

Like spring is

Coming

And back

Is the

Brand new

Forward.

## **It's Christmas eve 2012 and**

after  
surviving  
the end  
of  
the  
world  
and  
another school  
shooting massacre,  
I'm beginning  
To  
Believe  
That  
Time  
Has  
Slowed  
To  
The  
Sound of molasses  
In  
The middle of a  
A tunnel  
Just tinged with a bit  
Of  
Wind  
And  
The  
Smell  
Of  
1952.  
In the peace of  
An aging night,  
While mixing a cup of  
Ice,  
Whiskey,  
Orange juice  
And cranberry together,  
I  
Stop to watch the  
Dark shapes of two trees  
Morph small to large  
On the side of a big white house  
Next door  
Mesmorized by the

Calming effects of  
Nature  
And machine  
Coming together in  
The most  
Memorable  
Of  
Forgettable  
Moments  
As  
The  
First swig of  
Oranged whiskey  
Hits my tonsils,  
While  
The  
Hint of cranberry  
Lingers like  
A  
Good  
Dance  
Lovers  
Will need tonight.

## **Kids**

Are

The epitome

Of cat cool

In the games,

And interludes between

Adult times

To

Make

Time slip on by

As if the

Clocks and watches of the world

Vanished.



## **This afternoon**

While my boy Miles  
Grew tired of a Hobbit tale,  
He wanted to wet down  
Some superhero towels  
And wipe all  
The posters of coming  
Movies  
In  
The  
Halls  
Of  
Hollywood in  
Smalltown America.

Then,  
While waiting for the bus  
The other morning,  
He got some squishy angry birds  
And began  
Tossing them  
Wildly down the  
Newly frozen iced sidewalks  
In  
A  
Game only he has ever made up.

And on  
And on  
With these kinds of scenarios  
Like counting the twinkling lights on all  
My electronic devices  
And writing down little  
Notes that look like split totem poles,  
I know that it makes clear  
Sense in his head  
And that he has become  
The innovator  
In  
All  
The ways I  
Wished he may be  
As  
The most  
Original think

I could ever imagine  
Is  
Next to me each and  
Every  
Day.

## Reminders

I have  
Grown to realize  
That if  
Anyone  
In my life  
Can explain to me  
How  
They  
Reminded themselves  
To do something  
Several times  
Before not doing it  
And  
Calling 3 weeks later  
To explain how  
Important  
Missing  
This event was  
And how they just felt  
So badly about it  
That they didn't know what to do,  
I  
Know they knew what to do  
And to give a shit  
About it  
Would be such a waste  
Of  
Time...

Much like  
This  
Shelf of words  
I'm  
Constructing,  
But if I didn't  
Do  
This,  
It may fester in some hidden  
Way that would implode and  
Upset the ghost of my father  
Enough  
To  
Make déjà vu

Something I would  
Rather not  
Revisit.

## **The end, my friends**

It's approximately  
Three hours towards  
The end of the doomed day of  
12-21-12 and  
the worst thing  
I saw  
All  
Day  
Long  
Was our new basenji puppy  
Limp on the floor after  
Spending too long on  
The newly snowed,  
Cold  
Ground waiting  
To  
Piss out all  
The rumors  
Fed  
By us humans  
In  
Silver bowls  
And  
Bags of jingles.

Here's to 12-22-12,  
All you lucky  
Fuckers.

## **AM Horror**

The morning  
Is littered  
With horror show  
Faces from  
AM  
Chins  
And eyes  
And mouths  
That are  
Squeezing all they can  
To clench the sun  
Away from their  
Sweet tides of dark  
Night  
As  
The  
Mailman  
Crunches  
His  
Gum for the 701st time  
At the red light  
While  
The  
Hipster  
Presses the gas extra hard  
As  
The orange ash  
Hits  
His check for  
As  
If  
The  
Sun  
Is at  
The  
End of  
His man made  
Tobacco sword ..

## **Shadowy Tale**

I believe  
That most of your own  
Shadows  
Are  
Angered  
Or  
Annoyed versions of yourself  
That  
Follow your body around  
Mocking in mirrored precision  
In dark cloaks  
Just waiting for your  
Next move  
To be the best of  
Copy cats  
Just following you around  
Like  
Mad parents that  
Can't shake an ex lover.

## **A gaggle of Geese overhead**

As

The dog

Stops with me

To

Sieze

Silence

As we

Peer into

The night sky

With blind eye

As

Blind eye blinks back

And

The sound of cold

Is felt on the face

As

The

Arrow

Slips past us high

In the airplane's trajectory

Right out

Of

Our

Ear's

Earnest sniffing.



## Grand exit

I was  
Just exiting  
The work bathroom  
When a nameless  
Fellow I knew  
A bit  
With his big grin  
And donut sugar  
Hellos  
As I say,  
'how you doin'?'

with the largest grin  
I have ever seen him  
Bestow,  
He said  
That he would be a  
Lot  
Better  
Real soon  
As  
The  
Door close with  
A  
Large bang,  
While  
I  
Laughed,  
And left through  
The big plank of dirty wood  
As  
My  
Door  
Lightly made a thud  
On  
Another chapter  
Of  
Shitty  
Bathroom  
Lore.

## **Eggy**

If you can  
Ever tame  
That pile  
Of  
Scrambled eggs in  
Your brain,  
Go ahead and  
Tell  
The  
Devil that the angel  
Ran off  
With the  
Sinner  
And  
The pastor  
Cured  
The  
Fake drought ..

## A COMPLETELY SERIOUS CLOWN POEM

for about  
four decades  
of living  
i  
have had  
to  
watch my  
sister  
give  
me  
the  
sideways  
glance  
as  
if i was  
the clown  
in  
the room  
and  
as she approaches 50,  
i find  
out  
that  
she is going  
to  
attend an actual  
clown school one  
time  
a  
week  
and it  
the  
waters of this realization  
i  
realize  
there  
is  
a  
wide gulf between  
perception  
and  
reality.

(HONK - SQUIRT!)

## **Dreamy ..**

I enter the dream on a soccer field with my 14-year old Zen and 7-year old Miles to kicking around the soccer ball on a fairly mild day. Then, suddenly, we hear the sound of a huge, long, terrifying screech several streets away and then BOOM! Then, we hear another screech, another and a long line of screeching as I finally cover my 7-year old's ears. This is the kind of dream I can usually take myself out of and when I finally do wake, I hear that the window is opened about 12 inches in our room. It's relatively cool out and I can hear the sound of traffic from Highway 71. In my slumber and ambling feet sleepwalking to the bathroom, I pass my wife that just finished and tell her to listen for a shitpot of sirens to start flaring up the soundpipes. I was convinced that at least one of those pops may have been from the window and fueled my dreams. As I crawled my cold body back under the bed to hold my wife, I waited .. and waited for the sirens. Must have been a minute or two as my heart beat loud and then .. I was back to sleep in the midst of yet another forgettable, misty dream about something that is totally unclear now.

the one cold robin in the bird ..