



Joefiles 134

Cat & Dog Eyes Hold Your Hidden Truths

a rapture

in
the middle of
a moist bag
of pop rocks
goes
rocketing through
my mind
as
I see all
The little
Candy
Coated
Bits
Of left over
Explosion
Left behind
Because
They weren't sweet enough
For whatever
Diet
You
Feel
Works
For
Now.

All the metal lamps

along

The

Streets and

In the parking

Lots and in front of

Suburban homes look like

Teams and teams

Of metal birds grazing temporarily before

They

Acting on the big migration they

Want to make across the southern skies

Straight to a future where the future

Is where it's at

An all the flesh and bone

Have been replaced with

Perfect,

Yet slightly flawless

Life that will

Never die

In some nirvana

Version of heaven

That little bald men

In

Lightless rooms imagined

And

Accidentally created

For us to take

A

Big

Long

Windless flight

Across

Yet another idea

That

Will never

Happen.

Best Brit Gift Dream

if the british really
want to give the US
a gift
that will echo through the ages
of age,
then
Sir Richard Branson
Should build a virgin rocket that
Would reach all the way to the
Moon and
Load it up with each and
Every member of congress
For a trip of a forever
That will give
Each American the
Gift they always
Dreamed of in
The science fiction ether
Of impossibility ..

And with that,
A new book can be opened
And
Each night we can take
A pause to view
The tiny crooks dancing
On the man
In the moon.

bits of that Bob Dylan

song are
floating around like
butterflies in the puppeteers hand
as the snow of Christmas melts into
Dali puddles of water
That
Huddle around the house like
Inruders ready to storm the castle
And get drunk on tea
As the Toronto mayor
Threatens his housekeeper with
Sex and more drugs,
This as
The news anchors tips the last of his paper
Cup of vodka just before
The red Rudolph nose on the camera
Goes 'ppfft'
And we get
Another political face
Reciting the play of a lifetime
Making sure that we all
Stay snug in our velveteen dreams
And
Sycamore past
With the
Notes of that Bob Dylan song
Slipping
Right in between the mortar like it
Was always supposed
To
Happen,
Yet
Never did.

Cabby dreams

in my middle of
the night
REM sleeps,
The cabs of the world follow me around.

Streaks of yellow,
Horns,
Loud words in Arabic
And I walk faster or run.

When I lose the energy
And curiosity takes over,
I stop and wait for an answer.

I never get one that I can understand.

Just a long set of mumbles.

Then,
I begin moving forward again.

And with that,
More cabs join in the hunt
And I become the envy of all those
Hungry headlights
Seeking something I can never understand.

And it's only when I wake,
Turn on the TV
And see a silent cab ambling down the street
In some Hollywood movie
As a frenetic blond woman waves to catch the cab
That I know
Either I'm onto something

Or
The
World
Is
Really
After me with all
Those cab dreams
Hustling me

Down
Down
Down.

Cat speak

when you finally
throw off those
ailing,
sweat socks from your body,
tip your tired eye lashes back
and gulp in that one dose of needed air,
rear forward as
loud as you can
and scream like a lion
so that you
can finally
purr like a fucking
bobcat
just before
falling
into a feline
sleep fulla
cat
dreams.

Cold Funeral March

once the spray of
horns
became to murmur beneath
the regular hum of the
urban streets,
i stop at the
orange halt guy on the corner with my
son
as a funeral procession
is about a quarter into their
trek across the clogged intersection,
I see see a man
with twin 2 year olds
in winter jumpers
hurrying across the street ..

the frenzied father looks like he
lost all of his money at the casino
with his suburban football glare
and he begins telling folks
on the other side of the street
saying 'you are never going to make it'
that his kids are too cold ..

at that
a man in a car with a twirling yellow light
from the funeral parlor
pokes his body from the car to yell at
this man
and
at this,
the father stops
in the middle of the road
and screams that his kids are cold.

the whole time,
my boy and I look on without
any warning,
and it a frenzy of wonder
as the script of then went
flying like an exploding pigeon of
feathers over the saturday morning cold

and just as quick
as it happened,
we were across the street
ready for the weather
to
plunge
some
more.

Divine stew

I leaned back

From

A

Pot

Of

Stew

Recently

And

Couldn't

Help

Thinking,

"Fucking

Abraham Lincoln

would have loved this

god damned bowl of

goodness."

Eatime

The only real

Meat in the middle of

The bone

Or

The substance

Of any conversation

Or the part

Love making

Or

The section of the journey

That matters

The most

Is

The smack

Dab

Middle

Of

Any

Good

Damn

Book.

Fake Mountain

How

can all

these

celebrity magazines

have

'secret wedding'

photo

spreads

if

we

are

all

looking

at it?

Fam Status

After enough time
Has gone by
I figure
The best
Way to love
Is to do it
Hard enough,
Strong enough
To bring blood to the
Tooth gums
And
Heal something
Back
To
Bein'.

Walking through the fires
Of familial relations will
Either
Bring
You closer
To the cosmos of
Theology
Or
Remove you
From
Thinking anything
Exists
In the random chance of
Hate
Finding love
And nothing ever
Changing ..

.. ever.

Formations of 5 planes in huddles,

Coming in multiple groups
At several intervals during
Today's bright October sun
Had us looking in the air
Wondering if Red Dawn was upon us
Or the ghost of Kennedy had
Finally said fuck Castro
And lets get a real war cookin',
While on the other hand
I remembered that we are in
A 21st century reality where
The government is shut
Down and
The mood on the streets
Is akin to
A hot piece of gum stuck to the bottom of
A shoe and as the proverbial you tries to get it off
It keeps spidering out in
Webs of sticky goo that multiplies and makes
All feel more and more silly as the charade
Marches forward
And for all the sound, sight and mini fury of the pockets of
Aircraft inching forward in a might of speed,
It sure sounded
Like something majestic
And that works
For
Now.

from now on

I think

It would be wise

Of all us

Humans

To end calling the

Artist of toe and

Fingernails

A

Manicurist ..

Instead,

I believe the

Womancurist

Would be more

Logical

In the gender

Confusion

Of

Logic.

In a town

Bled by
The ghosts
And echoes
Of
Jazz,
The feds have
Shut everything down.

Government is not around,
But congress is cutting into
A
Newly bled,
New fangled cooked piece of
Meat laughing
Over
Fresh scotch
As us ants out here
Slowly trudge from
One fruit rhine to the next.

With no grudge about
To
Be slayed,
The earth
Stands still,
Yet rotates in
Coherence with the sun
As we wait ..

Bathing in the moonlight
The same way
As we would the sun ..

Feeling the same rays.

So,
The only real thing do to now
Is to not vote on election day,
Yet show up with
Petition in hand
To start firing
The
Upper crust
That have no
Real flavor
In this
American meat pot pie.

Indomitable plastic waters

in two
years
the plastic
bottles of water
gaining cold in the
lower ice box
will go out of style ..

even spoil.

But, if
They are around
I plan on defying this warning
And crack that little
Plastic top like a
Crispy bottle of new year's eve
Champagne
And let
The
Watery goodness
Rinse my mouth
Clean of
Any
Restrictions
Or
Labels

That may
Stare us down all
Our days without
Fail.

Juvenile news

I feel like I'm in the
5th grade when cooking
a meal of pasta
and I hear the
echoed lurch of the newsmaker
on the TV utter,
'scientists have determined that too much alcohol
can kill brain cells, impair driving ability and hurt your human liver.'

With this,
I turn the heat down on the raging noodles and
Look at the images on the TV of 20'ers shooting whiskey shots
And couples gurgling beers and
It says they have concluded this after an exhaustive 16-month
Research project.

Then, up next
A story on government waste is being previewed and
I become a 40 year old man again
Wanting to drink
To forget both of those stories
As I know
That I will never ever
Forget
As long
As
Forever
Is long.

Marketing the NSA

Just in time for the holiday's we have the perfect way to get to the bottom of how any said family member feels about other family and friends. The NSA has hired a private firm to partner up in the greatest gift giving sting operation possible. Through the recorded tape of the NSA on your life, they will edit down tape to give to family during the holiday's to dispel any myths as to how one feels.

Finally, families and friends all over can get the honest, unbiased, raw, unedited way they feel about each other. The NSA will become a hero again and we can finally forge ahead with some real, honest relationships. It will only be a matter of time before the fabric of our unions really share the test of true time.

Pre-Facebook Spray

I'm planning on making a new marketable spray that will take anyone back to that time before the stench of Facebook leaked into their lives. When the past was a myth and the future was exciting. It's going to be called 'The Pre-Facebook Spray Solution' and one will bomb their house with it much like an aerosol of bug bombing. Essentially, one will spray every corner of their house the night before the day they want it to end. As they sleep, the last of their social media anxiety will be going away. As they wake, there will be no Facebook account. Nothing but a cup of coffee, a newspaper and the bright, hot sun winking like the best answer on the Ouiji board came true. You're welcome.

Spiritual Road Accident

I pulled the newly poured
hot afternoon coffee from my mouth
And stopped the car,
Yanking into reverse,
I rolled over a hunk of unknown rock,
Stopped, opened the door
And reached down to pick up the book lying with in a splice opposite of its
Spine in the road like an old triangular tepee with secrets.
I pulled the book up, slapped it down in the passenger seat
And wondered what kind of journal I found in the middle of the sun on
A Wednesday in October.
At a stop sign,
I flipped open the pages to see what color the ink would be and it
Was the exact opposite of what I had thought ..
The tan leather cover emblazoned with yellow and raspberry swoops of shape
Made it look like some kind of Laura Palmer journal David Lynch would have planted
On accident in the middle of a Missouri road.
Instead, it was a child's bible with a name etched on the blank white inside
Empty page
I took the book into the elementary school work at and said I found something outside.
With this,
The secretary beamed and said 'oh, they're going to be so happy.'
And with the glow of god in the coffee I continued to drink,
I was good with everything
As all the words around me in print punched a bit
More punctual.

Sometimes you
Are lucky,
And other times the order of the cosmos
Finds you and puts you in that
Scenario that will
Remind you why

There is luck
And how it's going
To be random like
The parents you were born to or
The accident you are going to have some
Fine day in one random moment
Like the dinosaurs dying in one
Comet story
Or the apple of eden,
Either way,
Ready yourself to take in what is
Out of your control
In a life constantly out of reach,
Yet right in front of your face like
The most
Cerebral, friendly skeleton you have ever fuckin' met.

The 2013 prayer

if there is anything
that is shouted

and cleanly understood

in any theological document
worth it's pulp,
it would be that we should
all try our damndest with the
small human brain usage we have
to love unconditionally as hard as we can
and without judging each other ..

the rest of it is just bullshit.

without the bones,
there are muscles or skin.

fuckin' good night.

& amen.

The 40th or so question

the
anatomy
of a
cliff pushing
mid life
crisis of
the
40 year
old
brain
is
that
you
cannot
stop that
internal,
biological
brain slip
into thinking more
about
endings than
beginnings
and
with
that
I find the letter
A flashing in
My temples like
A psychological study
About to near it's
End
While
The
Letter

Y goes running
Naked up the street
Past my window
And as I lean up out
Of my chair,
A pain hits my ankle
While I try to determine
Whether it was a male
Or
Female running by
But all I see is a
Z etched on
The back of
Their
Ass.

The cosmic lottery

Of being alive is enough
Of a lucky ticket each day that
Brings it's own host of
Trickery and
Dreamy imagery
That I will
Never ever
Have to
Buy another lottery ticket
Ever again.

The dreamery

the tiny
steam pipes poke up into
the cold blue sky like
spires bringing in
a convoy of planes,
but
the truth is that they
are pushing stacks of
bright white mist into
the air
containing
the fresh new
clean of
clothes
that will soon parade
around the world
to get a cup of coffee,
fetch a scalpel,
find a dog,
rescue a grandma,
and all the other
acts of human mingling ..

the converted skating rink
turned
dry cleaner haven
is the cloud in my
windshield
and the hope
of
all the clean people
waiting for
the starch clean
that will

wipe away all their dirt
and
make them into something
they will
always be.

The everywhere monster mania

no need
to slip into the hot
winter movie theater to see
that film about a monster
running
around
creating chaos,
you just need to make
it to work on time every day
to see the boss
that runs your outfit
with the
smiles and thank you's
to see the real American monster
trudging from room to room
looking for another free cup of
coffee and a golf resort bathroom
to masterbate in as
they plan
a
big steak dinner with a hooker
ready to do
a
bag of blow
off a golden toilet.

The first time I heard Lou

I realized that music genius
Is not what everyone listens to.
Rambling like a good
Dylan sketch,
It had the grit of a town I
Knew briefly,
But loved forever .. NYC.
And on this day
Of his death 71 years after he
Arrived,
The sadness is equaled by the
Music
He gave
And with that
We can find our beds warm tonight
With the fucking cool Lou Reed left behind for all
The rest of us trying to
Meet the apex of cool
He did even while he stamped out a cigarette
Starving
And sleep deprived.
Thanks Lou.
You were the fuckin' missing link
And that's how it's going to feel for now.

The gods

dogs are the only
real dieties on
earth
and since
the world
is
backwards
our dyslexic thoughts
make
dogs
into
gods.

**the longest day of the entire year
was yesterday.**

And it was Christmas.

From the giggled trample of
Small 9-year old legs,
To the string of
Ooohs and yes
And later and now,
The holiday gun was
Loaded chalk fulla
Christmas confetti
After it's slow motion blast in the
AM,
I watch the thousands of tiny
Colored papers
Shimmy,
Ram,
Run
And glide
In slow motion
Right back down to the
Simple carpet
That brought us here
Waiting for us to
Clean
Up all the laughter
And
Sushi eggs
That lifted us
To
The peak
Of
Holiday
Victory.

The Midwest theologians

around here
predict
that there just
may not
be any chance
to remember yesterday
as
the
man on the stilts
with
mime makeup
walks by with
huge,
exhausting strides
to
smash the wasp on the ground
next to your palm
ready to
sting
your left cheek
and it's in
this moment
that
the
church
melts like a wax
book into
any form of
fiction you
can imagine

while
yesterday
becomes tomorrow
and

the
sound
of
Your
Childhood
Comes through all
Warm
And silk padded through
A radio
The priest
Bought
The
Devil
Himself.

Wagging tale

when my lovely
wife gets
excited,
her leg shakes,

when my cat
gets riled,
the tail swishes about
like an arm on a clock.

The dogs,
When the sound of 'walk' or
Food comes about,
The tails go searching like
They are separate animals on
A journey to the truth.

And when all three of these
Worlds
Come together with tails wagging,
I get a smidge dizzy
And my
Leg starts
Shaking
So
I can
Feel what it's like
To
Wag
A

Tale of
My own.

What Is so funny?

Everything.

All the smalls

In the bigs

And the serious in the

Deadpan.

It's all funny.

& we should always remember

that like the papercut that

takes

weeks to heal.

Everything can produce a smile

And all of it can be followed with

Radical hot, wet breath

Called

The sprig of laugh.

And there's nothing to worry about

If humans keep that going.

Nothing.

It will be when

The people

Stop laughing

That

Comedy will become

The

Seriousness

Of
Our
Era.