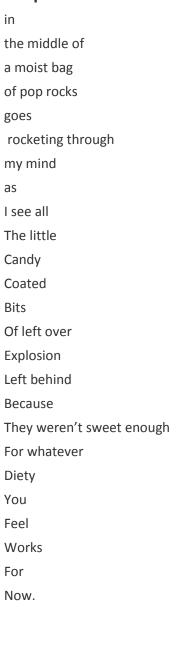


Joefiles 134
Cat & Dog Eyes Hold Your Hidden Truths

## a rapture



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 velveeta 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 frentic blond woman waves to catch the cab
That I know
Either I'm onto something

Or

The

World

ls

Really

After me with all

Those cab dreams

Hustling me

Down

Down

Down.

# Cat speak

dreams.

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

#### **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

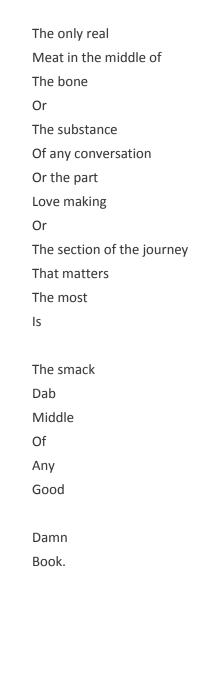
and just as quick
as it happened,
we were across the street
ready for the weather
to
plunge
some

more.

#### **Divine stew**

I leaned back From Α Pot Of Stew Recently And Couldn't Help Thinking, "Fucking Abraham Lincoln would have loved this god damned bowl of goodness."

## **Eatime**

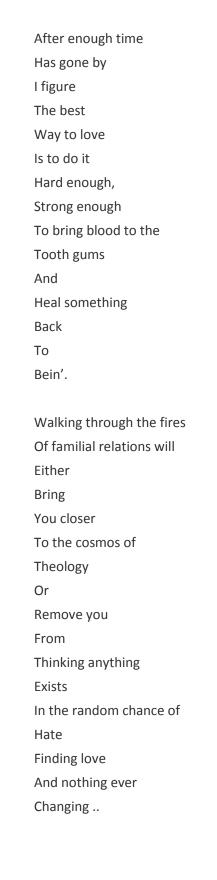


## **Fake Mountain**



looking at it?

#### **Fam Status**



.. 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 21<sup>st</sup> 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



It would be wise

Of all us

Humans

To end calling the

Artist of toe and

Fingernails

Α

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 Α 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 То 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

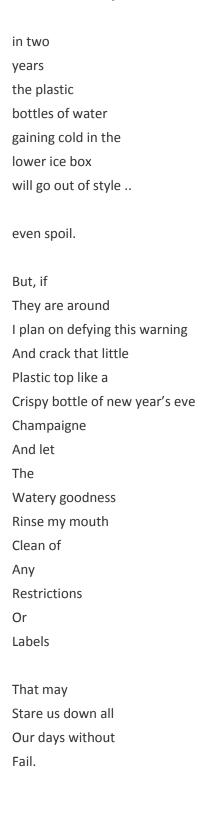
That have no

Real flavor

In this

American meat pot pie.

# Indomitable plastic waters



#### Juvenile news

I feel like I'm in the

5<sup>th</sup> 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 heart 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 unkown 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 ..

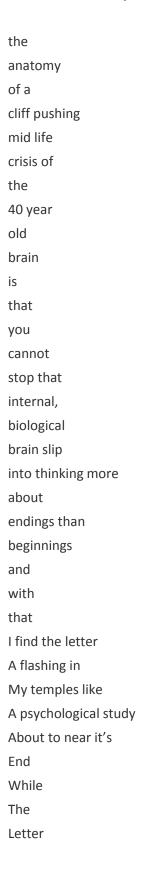
the rest of it is just bullshit.

without the bones, there are muscles or skin.

fuckin' good night.

& amen.

# The 40<sup>th</sup> or so question



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 big steak dinner with a hooker ready to do 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

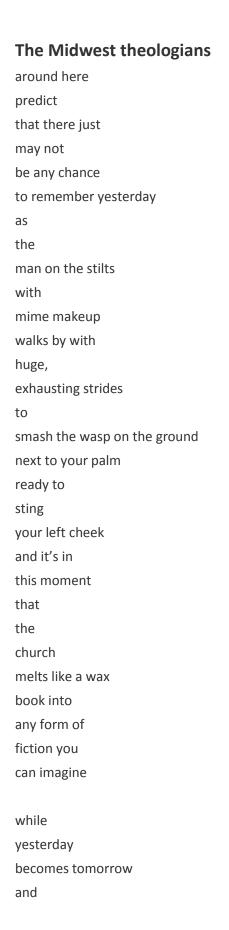
To

The peak

Of

Holiday

Victory.



the

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 То Wag Α Tale of

My own.

# What Is so funny?

Everything.

The

Seriousness

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

Of

Our

Era.