

joefiles 142:

hundreds of imaginary footsteps toward the moon

anonymous?

rumor  
has  
it  
that  
the internet  
heroes  
of  
covert binary  
are  
chugging  
further down  
the  
deep,  
dark web  
selling  
the sweat  
of  
jesus  
&  
the devil's  
chewed woad  
of black gum.

dying tech

you'll  
never  
quite shake  
that  
first  
dead ipod  
you had  
and what you  
listened  
on it last.

the year was  
2005  
&  
it was  
steve martin's  
audio book  
shop girl

&  
steve just  
hasn't  
been  
that fuckin'  
funny  
since.

eyeless house

our  
idle jawed dogs  
find  
my 9-year olds  
stuffed animals  
and  
do their version  
of demented dental work.

the only chew the  
eyes out of the owls,  
midgety baseball boys,  
snakes and such.

but we cannot  
throw them away  
otherwise we would  
smash our boys soul.

instead,  
we have amassed a  
horror fiction  
painting in every room  
to  
keep  
our  
pulses  
good  
& maroon  
red.

bleak homes

the  
exposed  
masses of  
brilliant  
half circles  
of  
hay hut  
bird houses  
in the  
bare trees  
of of gray backdrops  
is the  
small reminder  
for  
all hungover  
souls in cold  
weather purgatory  
that  
the  
spring  
is closer  
than  
a crows  
deliberate  
caw.

iron

the  
irony  
if the  
new  
tampon  
is that  
it looks  
like a sperm  
that  
flunked  
english  
for  
lack of understanding  
punctuation  
and use  
of  
periods.

the tremors

he jutted his  
lip out  
with a sparse bag  
of chips in hand  
as  
he entered  
the safe yellow doors  
of the  
school bus  
after unsuccessfully  
looking  
for the superhero  
bracelet  
and it  
was another  
mild panic  
in my aorta  
as if  
the plane was entering  
the second tower on  
that serene september NYC AM.

but,  
it will be found  
as the autism radio  
blares in my ears  
and  
the  
towers  
of our living  
metaphor  
get rebuilt  
again  
and  
again.

wanderer of morning

the AM wanderer  
is always  
wearing a hood  
approaching  
traffic head on  
in the highway  
entrance lane  
likely  
hiding  
his  
magic  
scythe  
as  
the spirits  
collide  
into each other  
our  
of my  
poor vision  
while  
the unbeknownst plan  
rages  
off  
the off ramp.



transmission foreign

our  
dog  
sits  
in a gulch by  
the fence  
next to  
the cable box  
and phone monolith  
coming  
out of the  
ground with  
ears roving like  
hype antennas  
picking  
up alien transmissions  
from space  
and exerting  
extreme dog  
focus  
in  
a wish  
to speak  
to her owners one day  
to  
open the marvels  
of  
the world  
in ways  
animals  
fall  
short.

the secret

a woman parked  
her  
car  
at the  
mouth  
of the gas  
stations  
entrance  
with the  
car  
idling  
squatting  
on  
old  
knees  
to see  
if  
the  
genie skidded of  
his carpet  
and  
she could  
get het two  
remaining  
wishes.

the rumored

my boy  
Miles  
is  
the  
king  
of  
the  
west  
end

and  
one  
day  
the world  
will  
know  
why.

past kaput

a salesman  
came to  
my door  
the other  
day  
trying  
to  
sell  
me my  
childhood  
&  
after  
i kindly declined,  
i closed the heavy  
door  
and  
walked  
up the steps  
tossing  
new gobs  
of  
color  
on  
my today  
man  
dreams.

jazzy living

the  
best thing  
about  
interviewing  
jazz  
legends  
is that  
you  
know  
the answer  
already  
when  
you ask them  
what  
the coolest thing is  
about being them  
and knowing  
each time  
maslow's hierarchy  
is  
tripping  
every  
music  
light  
in  
the universe.

tough kids

if  
all  
the kids  
of  
the  
world  
learned  
karate,  
we  
would  
finally  
be able  
to  
claim  
rightfully  
that  
each &  
every one  
of us  
kicks  
ass.

wifetiming

this wife loves a night  
time talk about poetry.

she hand holds like  
a

this wife is my favorite lover.  
pink girl skin driven mad

by boys and girldogs.

this wife is my only.

ps i dont like this app cause i cant see the whole page!!!

birdlover

this husband loves Bird  
s. of every flavor



AM fog lifting

sometimes  
i walk down  
the steps  
in  
my AM house  
towards  
the coffee maker  
into a thick  
bank of  
moist  
indoor fog  
&  
in  
that  
blindness  
i keep moving  
because  
that  
song  
in my  
head  
is  
better  
than caffeine.

battle clown money

watching  
squirrels  
fighting in  
the thick  
tops  
of busy autumn trees  
looks  
like  
demonic  
dark  
shadows  
wrestling  
over  
who  
is going  
to steal  
the  
clown's  
lunch money  
today.

foxxynesia

every  
moment  
that any  
of us  
absolutely  
forgets  
in the halls  
of deep amnesia  
that  
FoxNews exists  
is a tiny  
miracle  
of  
humanity.

galapogos in hiding

i believe  
they do make  
them like they  
used to  
as  
the wiry dude  
on a modified  
mountain bike  
with sunglasses  
on a cloudy day  
weaved on the  
shoulder of the  
highway  
towards  
the cold  
zags of  
traffic  
while the cops  
of the world  
brushed their teeth  
clean  
of a  
morning  
of  
blaring donuts.

real santa

a  
one eyed mailman  
passed my  
car with  
a huge  
knowing  
smile  
as his  
santa beard  
and dark eye  
patch  
twinkled in the  
mid December  
sun  
because  
he  
knew what  
the whole  
world  
was  
getting  
for  
Christmas.

nostradamos jr.

some  
kid in a second  
grade Missouri  
classroom  
on an unseasnably  
warm Missouri day  
unfolded an old  
tattered piece of paper  
and silently  
read Nostodamases  
last prophecy  
as the kid in  
the back room  
nodded  
his head down  
as  
the windows burst  
with bright light  
while the teacher  
screamed  
on  
not  
one ear  
heard  
it.

social strangles the media

when facebook  
genetically  
modified  
flowering  
bulbs  
to grow thier  
logo  
in the bright  
hot  
of  
bird spring,  
it will  
be then  
that  
humanity  
will  
have  
all the court proof  
needed  
to indict  
for  
commercial  
crimes  
against  
humanity.

mouth of beginnings

every year  
there is an  
Xmas house  
on the corner  
of Greenwald  
and  
Greenwald  
that  
is  
most  
certainly  
the mouth  
of  
the south pole  
and  
the real nexus  
of the holiday  
universe  
with  
the thousands  
of  
bright  
bulbs  
looking  
for  
a  
tiny  
savior.



chia life

i knew  
a cat  
once  
that  
would  
only  
shave  
his chia pet  
face  
with  
dollar razors  
and always knew  
what was going  
to happen  
next  
except  
for the end of this  
poem  
that  
has a few  
specs of blood  
at the bottom  
and a riddle  
to  
the fortune  
buried  
behind  
the dollar  
shoppe.

magic moles

i have  
a deep brown  
mole  
on my  
neck  
much  
like my old  
man  
had in a long line of  
successful  
mole growers  
and this special blob  
is an oracle of  
truisms  
that  
whispers  
tiny truisms  
to  
me  
as it  
cosmetically  
stangles  
me  
gently  
every  
day.

guilt in liver cloak

our  
liver red dog  
always  
knows the  
weight  
of  
her  
home sabotage sins  
and  
when i  
talk to her  
about it in  
a low  
stern voice  
she  
transforms  
into  
a bow legged  
shadow slacked  
bag  
of  
guilt  
to  
smash  
her soul  
under  
our  
forgiving  
mattress.

red and edibles

two red pears  
sit  
in the  
cold  
middle  
of  
our  
worn  
refrigerator  
glowing  
like  
Eve  
put  
the  
there  
to tell  
the  
man ribs  
to  
fuck  
with  
the  
back  
of the bus.

last rights

if i go  
down  
as the push over  
guy  
then  
just  
tell  
them  
punishment  
is  
for  
jacklegs  
and  
love  
is  
for  
the  
cool.

sweet battles

the  
three muskateers  
lie  
on the  
ground  
in a sheath  
of  
used,  
tarnished  
and tattered way  
as the tough guys  
of night  
blare by  
in loud  
stares  
and bigger  
muscles.

but  
the real silver lining  
is that  
some kids  
sleeve has a bit  
of sweet brown  
as an eduring  
legacy  
to the muskateer heroes  
that  
saved another  
kids ordinary  
saturday.

the soccer fears

a suburb  
man got  
extra  
anxious after an  
indoor  
soccer match  
after my boy  
got a buncha autographs  
from the players  
and started playing with  
the ball  
and  
gruffed  
that  
he couldn't believe it.

i muttered  
loudly  
that  
he was a real  
multi-purpose  
kid.

music summarized

for the 1/2  
decade  
of the  
80's  
it took  
to  
exploit  
the  
idiocy  
of butt rock,  
about  
20 minutes or  
so  
is  
all it  
needed  
to  
sum  
it  
all  
up.



santa list

i have  
only  
two  
real  
christmas  
gift  
requests  
this 42nd year  
of my existence.

first on is  
to turn  
my living room  
into  
a Family Feud game show set  
and transform  
my office  
into a Matrix  
portal.

its  
gonna take  
multi dimensions  
to  
solve  
all those  
silly  
family  
games.

frozen now

the  
electric  
still  
of the 11:18 pm  
fan hums,  
snores  
and kid dreams  
weaving  
around the halls  
is the true  
still  
of  
deep  
space  
and our  
puncture  
in the  
tightly  
wound  
sheath  
covering  
our  
lightly  
watered  
human  
universe.

the anti world

the  
weathered,  
wanderer  
hero  
of  
the  
dilapidated  
novel  
you will  
forget  
in  
a month  
from  
now  
is the son  
you never had  
on  
the  
planet  
your  
daughter dreamed  
she  
lived on  
last night.

court tv fantasy

the fairy  
tale court  
trial  
of the lifetime  
is santa claus kidnapping  
the easter bunny  
who  
just  
threw  
great  
pumpkin  
off a bridge  
as the toothless  
child  
wakes  
early  
in  
the AM  
with  
no money  
under  
the pillow  
and the faint sounds  
of siren  
in the distance  
getting  
closer and  
nearer  
with  
increasingly  
blunt  
colors.

modern drips

each drip  
from  
the  
shower head  
the plumbers  
cannot  
fix  
compounds  
the genius of the  
Chinese  
and their  
water torture  
feeding  
the bright  
red  
beanstalk  
that gets watered in  
my head  
each night  
as the  
tiny  
incessant splashes  
tosses  
the stalk  
skyward  
to  
a cloud  
where ill  
never  
have  
to  
hear  
any  
drips

again.

cosby bombs

the  
sad  
reality  
of  
bill cosby  
guilty  
or  
innocent  
is  
the  
his old man  
karma  
fulla  
sweat & shadow  
has  
already  
raped  
the entire  
earth.

the fiction realized

the mighty  
Flarp  
conforms to  
fresh  
safety  
requirements  
of  
ASTM F963  
and if  
you  
ignore  
this  
then  
your  
soul  
may  
varnish  
forever  
or  
your  
dog  
will forget  
to  
love you  
and  
your  
cat  
will  
be the  
only  
chalice  
of  
continuity.

strange toes

after  
my  
dad  
died  
we found  
a tape  
where  
he recounted  
his life  
&  
i heard the pained  
disenfranchisement  
of him  
explaining how my  
mom  
almost  
hemorrhaged  
and was killed  
by my  
birth  
and  
it  
was after  
3 plus decades on  
this planet  
why i always  
felt  
like  
i was  
adopted.



the 1st of the last blame

if  
you  
ever  
get  
blamed  
for  
being  
alive  
you  
are  
the  
luckiest  
of  
the  
fortunate  
because  
there  
is  
truly  
nothing  
to  
fucking  
lose.

GFY

The  
full  
list  
of  
go  
fuck  
yourselves  
is  
quickly  
emerging  
as  
congress  
readies  
to  
leave  
the  
hill  
to  
fuck  
the  
goose  
and  
pester  
the  
ducks.

new world demands

All  
the  
brand  
new  
kids  
born  
in  
the  
minute  
it  
took  
for  
me  
to  
inscribe  
this  
ink  
to  
page  
will  
one  
day  
grow  
to  
become  
the  
next  
king  
of  
the  
poets.

win/loss

The  
only  
real  
way  
flip  
those  
translucent  
karma dreams  
about  
is  
to  
completely  
lose  
in  
a  
way  
you  
will  
never be  
able  
to  
describe.

the succulent center

the  
middle  
of  
a  
delicious book  
is like  
the first  
long  
strip  
of  
caramel  
the  
turns into  
a spider web  
of string  
stuck  
to  
your chin  
after the first  
bite  
&  
no one tells  
you its hanging  
there  
because  
they  
want  
to  
see  
how  
the story  
will  
mushroom  
towards  
the  
guaranteed  
end.

the haze dream

on those  
clear  
winter dusk nights,  
all those  
swishes,  
lines,  
arcs,  
X's  
and part  
circles  
looks  
like  
playful  
aliens  
are  
squeezing  
out  
the most  
important  
game of  
tic tac toe  
as  
our meager  
human worries  
dissipate  
eventually  
like all those  
skyward  
scrawls  
of  
exhaust.

december fantasy

wizards are  
happily crunching  
letters into  
an abysmal  
alphabet storm  
as the retired  
leprechauns  
are jamming  
clouds  
into  
a  
worn  
backpack  
ready  
to be shown  
to  
the meek of  
the world  
that  
will  
be powerless  
to  
undo  
what  
is easily  
once forgotten.

the birth of unicorns

i was approaching  
the  
shiny  
kid  
monolith  
standing upright  
on the  
side if  
the dirtied  
december  
highway shoulder  
blinking  
rapidly  
in wonder  
before  
i could  
fully believe  
the  
sight  
of  
a brand new rocking horse  
with  
its  
severed head 35 feet  
up the road  
in perfect  
unison

pointing  
in perfect  
trajectory  
to  
the  
moment  
unicorns  
became  
real for  
one of  
the  
unluckiest  
kids  
i  
will never  
know.



new age monkey dreams

this day  
in the  
life of monkeys  
a dude  
in Kentucky  
got a  
hunk of  
green banana  
stuck in his  
back right  
wisdom tooth  
and  
wished in a quick  
instant  
that  
he was  
an existential  
orangutang  
and  
woke  
the following  
morning  
on a bench  
in the local  
zoo  
feeling  
the best  
he had  
in  
decades.

the old man & RFK

the old man  
slapped the old  
plastic lid  
on the  
worn  
recycling  
bin  
&  
as he hobbled  
to his new Lincoln,  
lumbered  
inside,  
he looked over  
to  
see the ghost  
of  
robert kennedy  
reciting  
all the news  
headlines  
he missed since  
'68.

at this  
impossible  
reality,  
the  
simple  
old man  
just  
smiled.

hunks of sweet

when  
my  
small son  
finishes  
sucking  
the  
new sugar from  
a double bubble gum ball,  
he  
gives the wad  
to me  
when no  
trash can is  
near  
and as i pop  
that  
tooth tattooed  
emblem  
into my jaws,  
i feel like  
a foolish  
little kid  
again  
watching  
childhood  
from the  
upper bleachers  
of  
wrigley field  
with  
forever  
etched  
in  
my  
fingerprints.

k. park

there's  
a kid  
at  
my boys school  
that all the  
students say is  
a bully,  
but my son  
and his pal  
claim that he may be  
a friend  
and giggle.

the kid  
goes by  
kevin park  
and im sure  
its  
his TV  
name  
as the  
bandages  
of  
daily fiction  
get peeled  
away  
and thrown into  
the waste bin  
like  
a  
dream  
you'll  
never  
end.

sunday alarm

in a  
dream  
last  
night  
my  
deceased  
father told  
me in  
a phone  
call  
to  
be careful  
of Sunday  
and  
when  
i asked him  
why,  
the line  
was silent

&  
i woke  
thinking  
he must  
have  
just  
realized  
it was  
sabbath  
and  
couldn't  
answer  
me.

animal fantasy

we  
are only  
half way through  
this  
actual christmas  
day  
&  
the animals  
are splayed  
in dream addled  
slumbers  
as if  
the tore up  
some dog hooch  
the entire  
night  
before  
with slight  
smiles on their  
snouts  
because  
they ate all  
the reindeer food  
&  
still  
kind of  
believe  
that  
santa is real.

bankerly

the  
best financial  
metaphor of my  
life  
is driving  
by the first bankb  
i ever got  
a loan from  
for a  
car  
turned into  
some  
neon glowing,  
high interest,  
and  
overly dirtied  
pawn shop  
waiting  
patiently  
to inherit  
what  
you  
once  
took  
deadly  
serious.

at home in poem

several days  
before  
christmas  
waiting  
in deep suburban  
strip mall traffic  
with my  
boys next to  
me  
i  
notice a  
sad  
homeless woman  
with sign  
held up  
backwards  
in her plea  
for a moment  
of kind human  
financial  
clemency.

all we could see  
were deep  
unwritten fissures  
on tan cardboard  
without  
intended words  
that were playing  
mirror  
in her chess match  
and i couldn't point  
thus  
out  
to my boys ..

i could only properly  
angle this in the  
trajectory of poem.

nothing  
ever  
can  
escape the grayish  
yellow clatter  
of  
poetry.



flashy rip

during  
a recent  
family  
gathering  
i was fishing for a fistful  
of plastic eatware  
when my wife's  
eyes turned  
at  
special shade  
of urgency  
as her hands  
and body  
lunged at me in a  
blinding moment  
and during  
the next moment  
my outer shirt was  
ripped to tatters  
like a pirate flag  
after a long voyage.

the male complacency  
for holes in cloth  
and unkempt notions ended.

man = zero  
woman = won

hero kids

there  
are  
two  
little  
twin  
girls  
in  
my  
son's  
clasa  
named  
sophie & lupita  
who  
are  
tough,  
cute  
kids  
that  
love  
him  
providing  
that  
bubble shield  
all  
kids  
need  
to  
end the  
boogeymen  
hiding  
in the yellow  
light  
of  
every  
heroic  
day.

cold panic!

every  
december  
when  
we get that  
first  
real snow  
panic  
where weathermen  
look hungover,  
bosses whisper  
like its their last  
day on earth  
and  
most  
everyone else  
just  
repeats  
what their  
neighbors  
have said,  
i figure  
the only  
way things  
could  
get better  
is if we toss  
in some  
thunder rain  
to drown out  
all those  
predicted frozen  
tears

that  
may or may not be

clearly  
imminent.

the sex stir is always oporn

of  
all the joints  
that  
go under  
in this  
financially  
struggling red state  
town,  
its never  
the sex toy shop  
called cirilla's  
up the way.

hardware stores fold,  
sandwich shops shoot craps,  
sausage outfits are gone,  
but that  
hot  
tempest of  
sex

keeps on chugging  
through the dollars  
always proving  
that  
if you think  
you have a handle  
on economics & logic,

your wrong.

fucked.

jazz

The  
world  
according  
to  
Hank  
Mobley  
is  
simply  
none  
of  
your  
fucking  
business.

slider dreamer

i was  
on a marathon  
run  
and pickle juice was  
leaking  
from my pores  
while  
all around me smelled  
like glorious  
roasting  
onions  
while my  
body  
of meat  
seared  
as yellow cheese  
was stuck  
to my shoe heels  
as i  
flung my body  
out of  
a deep  
sleep slumber  
telling  
my wife  
that  
i almost  
caught  
the white castle crave mobile  
as i peered in  
a hypnagogic  
funk  
thinking  
it  
looked  
like a  
might  
fine castle  
around me  
as the dogs  
leaped into bed  
and  
sniffed  
me  
strangely.

dream savers

the  
only  
way to  
salvage  
those  
innocent  
dreams  
crammed  
in you  
tiny  
seed of  
subconscious  
is to  
baptize  
the world  
in bourbon  
and let  
the lions of last year  
leap through  
the gentle dream catcher  
as  
the one last  
vegabond  
lights  
a tiny  
desert fire  
in  
the  
black  
cold.

blameless blush

in all  
the naked rants  
of  
evaporated heroin  
and  
the end if cinnamon  
gum  
as the buddhist  
monk  
buys  
the kitten  
dubbed  
the 'chosen one'  
moments  
before  
the mushroom cloud  
comes thunderously  
from  
the devil's  
knuckles ...

promise  
me  
l  
thing -

don't  
go  
blaming  
god  
for  
any  
of it.



## 21st Century Confession

you've  
never  
gotten  
truly  
in  
touch  
with  
the  
digital  
age  
until  
you've  
ripped  
to  
shards  
a pair  
of iPod  
ear buds  
in a panicked  
fury  
like you  
are escaping  
the tight chains  
of  
shackles  
that  
could  
end  
beautiful sound  
forever.

blinged

after  
i shouted  
the words  
'brownie bling pothole concrete'  
into  
the tiny  
drive thru  
speaker box  
the other day  
to  
complete  
my teenage son's  
ice  
cream order,  
i apologized  
to the  
dude  
at  
the  
window  
for  
calling  
him  
such  
a  
name.

romances

i still  
have  
scant dreams  
that  
i pay rent  
for  
an apartment  
in the city  
and  
every time  
i wake up  
in  
confusion,  
i remember  
that  
locker  
combination  
i always  
forgot  
in  
my dreams  
as

a

kid.

12/27/14

the major  
taco chain  
laments  
a Roma tomato  
shortage  
as a small Korean man  
named kim  
calls our president  
a monkey  
as the Christmas  
hangover goes  
into  
day 3  
with  
the dogs sleeping  
like poster images  
as the soft lull  
of wayne shorter's  
juju  
whispers  
to  
my boy  
and i  
all the wisdom  
we'll  
need  
to  
know  
to survive  
the rest  
of  
today's  
predictions.

project pocket truth

any  
amount  
of  
unfiltered  
truth  
you  
need  
jammed  
into  
your  
ears  
comes  
from  
friends-bosses-family  
who  
accidentally  
pocket dial  
you in  
the middle  
if the night  
driving  
down the highway  
talking to  
themselves  
and  
the  
gods  
the disagree with  
and  
the demons  
they dance  
with.