

joefiles 148:

everything is eternity in the 80% of our dormant brain

a dog
silently
walking
curiously
across
your
darkened room
is
the
closest
you
will
ever
feel
the
pang
of
an
invisible
guardian
angel.

as soon as
i passed the
'falling rock'
warning road sign
i immediately
began thinking
of
the Journey
through the Styx
and the Rush
of the hiding deaf Leopards
held back by the Loverboy
transfixed by a Kiss
as the Ratt
scurries
to
hear
the falling
heavy metal,
baby ...

i may
know
the
truth
of it
all
and
won't
stop
till
i can
change
it
a
bit.

the
best
script
you
can
produce
or direct
is
the one
you
stomp
and
save
from
the fire
that
will
later
smell
like
every childhood
moment
jammed
into
a
dryer sheet.

you're
not
stuck
in
all
the debts
of
money
and
karma
like
donald trump
is,
motherfuckers.

the penny
seeker
in wal-mart
worked
with
a timeless
precision
if
on that
may
be
a millionaire
queen
someday
or
another
dreamer
in
a
cheap universe
hiding
all
the
decent
valuables.

the
summer
tornado
sirens
with
our
cat,
two dogs,
sleepy boy
and
checkered floor
reminded
me that
even
in
tragedy
somehow
childhood
will
heal
the
scar
like
something barely
happened
as a cricket
rubs its legs together
and my boy currently
snores
on the
calmest
night
of the century.

the best
proof
that
gay marriage
is the best idea
in decades
is that
the heterosexual
world
has a high
failure rate
at
marriage
and
avoiding
basic
levels
of
judgement ...

... mothetfuckers.

several
hot afternoons in
this summer
i
saw
the kids
of summer
ripping down
a large
slide as the
adults squirted
a hose
behind an odd
corporate strip
mall structure
as the
kids
glossed
about
in pur joy
while
everyone but
a few
saw
the
real
meaning
of
being

alive.

he ripped
through
the muggy, summered
air
with a crisp white shirt,
loudly colored tie,
jet black pants,
and hair
getting grayed by
the end of his 30's
and the steeples of fatherhood
as he reached
for the handle
of his cloud white
hearse sitting
in mute silence
before
the post office
and
as the door swung shut
i noticed
tiny lines
of black
in the street poles
ahead
as the angel
of death
pushed the key
into his living car
and
began
again
to pursue
the
end
of
everything.

the
best
person
in the
world
is
likely
someone
you
have
never
met,
but
know
real
well.

the quiet dogs
and loud cat...

every old
moment
is
another
used
bed to
leap
off
of.

two kids
summer drenched
with a worn red and blue
basketball
waltz up the
suburban street
waiting for the
sky
to open up a
little bit more
so they can tell
every single one
about their preschool dreams
and know everything
is going to be
alright
when they're 30,
but they can't see past
the tree at the
end of the block
I suppose
the dreams of making

a two pointer
is about
all they're going to
bank on in
the
dreamy
kid daze.

an old-timer woman
by the two
big trash barrels
in the middle of
a hot summer day
waving her arms
frantically,
muttering
at the bees
around her
all the while
calling them
names
that her grandkids
would
never forget
as the
insect world
have no inkling
of our human
anxiety and suffering ..
and with all the
chasing,

buzzing and flying,
the bugs will
always outnumber us

and

outwit

our

fears.

the Kawasaki
four wheeler sits perched
a bit askew
facing downhill
like a little lotto sign
telling the world
that the next
millionaire
is
the
second to last kid
you
will
meet today
that will
offer
you
a
bright
red
tootsie pop.

in the
eclipsing summer sky
i thought
about the
unique singularity
that all fingerprints are
different as
a
massive moment
of déjà vu
hit me
reminding me that
every sliver of cloud
is like
some tiny
sack of mirrored glass
shards that
have been somewhere along
my
subliminal path.

The only real church
that exists within each
and everyone of us
are the little things
that run through
our
tiny beating
blood hearts
as the meat,
veins and
biology
create the racket
and metaphor for us
to understand church
and in that,
we can only
treat our theology
as well as we
treat our bodies
and when you
glance
over the human

landscape,
it's no wonder
that the erosion
of body and religion
is so
epic
as
the
metaphors run
fast to
hide behind the
trees
that are just
barely
large enough
to create a shadow
for
the
godless to
blend in.

Teen drug drama
is the real act
of
absolute brazen
stupidity
and remains
the antithesis of wisdom.
it's the moment
you are forced to
look at youth
and wonder how
you personally
survived and
how you're sitting
in front of somebody
so young
that yo wonder
how they
could put a live radio on
the edge of a summer swimming pool.
and it's a stack of miraculous ways
like the morning after a spider spins

a web catching the bugs
that are stuck delicately
and almost like some superhero fairytale
woven in front of you
but in all reality it's like everything
is waiting
snap or
just evaporate.

Every time
my life of parenting
and being family guy gets
a little sloppy,
i have a dream of that
very first apartment and
my first roommate
but it's his girlfriend now
and all their cats
and everything
that he has now
and I wander through
the halls looking
and seeing things
as they were and
as they have remained
in their own way ..
then suddenly,
I'm snapped out of the dream
when we start talking about
who the current president is
and
once

that first hot

cuppa coffee

burns

my

modern,

pink tongue.

The older you get
the more you realize
families
just implode
as the nuclear bomb falls in
slow motion
and we all
go through
the moments
changes that your parents
told you they never wanted
to see you go through,
yet it's inevitable
vortex
was to
crash upon your soul
and in the end
you will
find the answer to
the friend vs. family
question
in that one
tiny bird twirling around
your scalp,

yet

they have no voice

to

clear

the

smog.

The construction dudes
halfway in the ground
off the highway
hoist
big blazers that say rock and dirt crew
and they
look around wondering how
did this life happen
to them
and why are they not
famous,
or a
professional baseball player
or why my not an actor
or why are people not having people taking
their picture
as they realize
that the same
picture that
may be taken is
the mirror
answering
their
last

question,

like it may be their

first one.

The dude

toddles away

from

his ice cream truck out in

front of the discount

smoke/cell shop

and all i can

wonder is how

someone gets

to become an ice

cream truck

driver and if they dreamed of

this sort of reality.

and as he hosits his

muscles through

the humid heat

into the cold of

another

tinted window,

i'm certain

he's the coolest
man in the block
when he comes
down the street
bangning
his bell
like
it's the only
thing he was born to do.

there is
one bird on the high wire
sitting calm as all the
communication between
human mouths goes on
and on and on
as thousands of words
of conversation
provide coveted heat
searing through
the fiber optics
and as the
bird head
tilts a bit to the north,
we all wonder
if the next phone
call
will
heal all
the controversy
we will
lucklily
never hear about.

Those homes
in the borderline
economically impoverished neighborhoods
with those no trespassing
private property signs
do nothing but
invite people
to try to see
if that attaché case from pulp fiction
or gold watch hanging on the kangaroo arm
is swinging
on
the indoor
of some bizarre fiction
that
will
probably
never,
ever happen.

the ultimate misnomer shirt
was waltzing about
walk mart the other day.
it said,
don't ban guns,
ban the morons that use them.
and i realized that
a person that buys a shirt
with that message
i probably
the very one
that
needs
to
get
a
proverbial silence
landed upon them.

There's one house
that I pass on a
regular basis
and in the backyard
there is a fake deer
and every single time
I double take
and I think why the fuck do you
have a fake deer in your backyard
and simultaneously I realize
it's enough for me to double take
and that's what they want to see
whether it's fake or
real.

and o dear,
it's deer
and it's there in
your back yard ..
so load the film
cannister
and
let's just
keep on pretending ..

Apologies are
the one
real way
that we separate
ourselves from
the animals
so if you're
going to learn
to do something well,
then
apologize well.

If life really
is a
boomerang,
you had better
watch your
fucking neck kids,
because that
shit bag
is fast
and
it's probably
not made
out of plastic.

There's one
tall frothy cola lid
on top of a light gray
concrete embankment
off the highway
with a straw poking
out in the deep part
of the AM sunshine of a 100+ degree day
here in middle America
and no one's around
to drink it.

it's simply abandoned
and I fleetingly wonder
what happened
to that person
and
how did that drink
simply sit there sweating,
turning into murky water
all alone
with so
much
potential

for pure,
temporal
human love.

My son 16-year-old
has a pal
that got caught
making out
with his girlfriend
in the grocery store
during the overnight
stocker shift
and instead of
getting fired,
they were told
to go home.
and with that,
all they probably
when they went home
was make out for
the rest of the night
and that's simply
all i have in
this tiny poem
that i made out.

Donald Trump is
every negative thing
that everybody has
ever said about him,
but at the end of the day
he's the one
holding the cards
and we're talking
about them.
in the proverbial end,
no one's going to
remember that deck of cards
bought by that little
angry red wig
that will one day sit
alone
on the ground
as the kids wonder
who once
owned that
red clown
hairpiece.

The skinny
little man
of small-town America
jets that huge
brownie arm
and fondles the air
hoping that
another dream
will come by his
cracked windshield
as he picks up
cases of beer
and young girls
as his mind wanders
around small town
shadows
in the deep
summer sunshine
towards your
first dream
that none of us can
ever even imagine.

The 2015
KC Royals season
consistently
holds
the ghost
of
Game 7
Alex Gordon
90 feet away
as George Brett
remains
hidden
like
the
only
ghost
we
will ever
understand
from that Field of Dream
cornfield of
fiction.

While waiting
for the tall
waterslide in the middle
of Kansas
I sat on
the heels of my
feet dazed
as a few dark dots
of bird
swished in
and out of think
while banks of cloud
like
i was still asleep
dreaming
that I was
getting
ready to climb into a big
dark
tunneled
water slide

waiting

to

be

born

once again.

the pinks,
oranges
and bright reds
mingled in the
blues and purples
and
violets
of my sons obsession
with bracelets
that climb up his arm
like late summer vines
climbing up an
sturdy
telephone pole
is a testament
to the fact
that we
have always
taught
our boy
to never
discriminate
against any
colors

life

has

to

offer.

If you
avoid
stepping on
a piece
of gum
on the sidewalk
with a couple of dogs
in tow
as you drag your
heavy soul along
in the hot, hot
heat of the
midday,
then there may
just
be
something
to be said
about your lucky
karma
that some buried
prophesy
has
no idea about.

if you try
to catch
up with yourself,
you have to pass yourself
and later
you find yourself
as you run into yourself
accidentally
and fall to the ground
and right
before you pass out
a glimpse of
david lynch will
appear in a
brand new world
he
has finally
figured out a
way to create.

Had an
intense dream
last week
about going
to Germany
to see a good friend
of mine.
it was a very vivid dream
about him
and his wife
that just had a baby
and it was almost
as though we were
in the middle of some
kind of world war three
scenario or some kind
of tension
on a reoccurring loop
through train stations
with no real
middle
or end,
but the beginning

held some

mystical

truism

i

found

later when

i

interviewed a man from

munich

who said

that

new york city

is simply

nothing

like you

could

ever have imagined.

My two dogs
refuse to
bark in a
world gallery
of
canines that yelp
every time we go on a walk
and as the cacophony of sound
comes at us like a loud arsenal of
anti-silence,
we all act like
nothing is ever going
to defeat the best remedy
for being alive
which is
that quiet stroll around
the world
you
decided to
live in.

On a recent trip
to the
white castle
because we don't
have one
here in Kansas City,
I got a huge suitcase 30
golden,
delicious sliders
and all those little burgers
almost killed me on
in a fit of body shock as
i coast on a non-fast food diet
the fume onions and pickles
kept me up at night
and as i watched the dark fan
twirl above me,
i swore to the burger gods
that
I may never pick up another
beautiful,
fresh white castle ever again
as

the hot dogs

of the

world

sniggered

loudly.

There's one stretch
out by the nursery
where they
cut all the big lots
and sticks
down to nubs of
chardes
and
it
smells like fresh
Cedar and Pine
giving birth to
the notion that
everything is
good
like an ocean
or a mountain
in the
squeezed
reality of this
Kansas City paradise
on some
small dream
i

weave

on a

simple driver

around the summer

bend.

If

Jazz

ever

lied

to

you,

it

didn't

mean

it.

The
lost glove
in the
middle of the road
is
just taking
a small
nap
as
the
last
half of the
truth
runs naked
somewhere
finding the
real
guts to
our
living malady.

i caught
a
small
glimpse of
my son
and his best
friend in the late night
pool
in the late night
heat of summer
twisting in unison
in circle floats
like two lovers
that hadn't seen each other
in decades
immersed in sheer
joy
as the world
went on
and they
held everything else
in frozen
slow
bliss.

The used lottery ticket
sits on the ground
off the highway exit
with tiny ink etches of
cactuses and big gray boxes
halt scratched that used to
hold numbers in
hopes of riches and fortune.
it now sits in the Missouri sun
weathering
and getting
delightfully waterlogged.
just waiting for t
he next sucker
to have
one more dream
to cash in.

The fake balloons
up by the apartment complex
always fool me
and the way they always
stand a little bit deflated,
yet erect
and waiting to give you
the Roy G. Biv
smile in a rainbows of colors
fulla hope and
it's all going to be OK
in a fancy,
humble
Buddha smile.