

Joefiles 195

Mayhem is the new 2020 American Oyster

We doubt the
Karma
Of our government
As everything
Is oddly silent
In the land
Of noise and
Merriment
And shame rules
The blue collars
Filling
With
Red.

The artist
Sits at the pandemic
Easel and
Strains to hear the echo
Of babies
Born
In lost generations
As the portrait
Of an old man becomes
The ghost of us
All
In
Translucent virus.

The last phone call
On this calm
Viral afraid planet
Will be from
The Sperm bank
To a church wondering
When to turn on the
Heat lamp
And
Stir the
Best martini
On
The planet.

God found the
Lost key from
Your ring
And gave it to
A teetering
Demon that
Will save
The outside of your soul
at a Kansas fire
That
Will
Bring the dinosaurs
Back to
Apocalyptic life

Caught the
Swirl of a long line of lights
And that was UFO enough for me
As I followed them with pounding
Heartbeat as the light orbs
Slipped into a groove
In the dark night sky
Disappearing like
A rapid
Rumor that will never
Die
Yet
Won't be proven.

As those bald eagle claws
Took that spring fish
Into its grip during the
David Lynch corona quarantine
We live in,
An older Asian man
Gets out of his car and says to
My rolled down window
That he waited 20 years
In that one
Spot to
Finally catch
The
Calculated,
Accidental
Miracle.

The Spanish jazz cat
Said excuse the noise as
The folks cheered from
Balconies to the nurses
And I told him to put
It on speaker
So I could feel the
Real world
As us global citizens
Of quarantine spring
Hope
Like
It's the
Only
True
Invisible
Left.

Deedles
In her legendary
Desert explained
How her initial
Jaunt in life
Is like the 2020
Quarantine as her
Sight
Left her
And loneliness
Was the only
Thing
That
Made
Her
Jazz bones
Belong.

Joe explained
The burning of clubs
And the birth of A Love Supreme
Like
A pastor convinces
All that God is love
In the bloody middle
Of earths last
Quarantine hurricane.

The prized ones
Are putting out music
For the enclosed souls
Starving for art
In a time
When
The
Invisible arcs of
Joy
Keep up all
alive.

The Kansas City
Jazz Renaissance
Has
Been silenced
As
The kings and queens of
The stage
Sip their resilient lemonade
Waiting for the big light bulb
To be replaced
As the virus
Hides
In a corner
Waiting
For
Our hoped for extinction.

Everyone around the world
Know's
My new home of
Lee's Summit
Because
Of
The
Guitar master Pat Metheny
And
He may never
Know how
He unknowingly
Put one small town
On a map of
Immortality
In this middle
Road to
Better music.

The real
Toilet paper
And potato
Fight of spring 2020 American
Quarantine
Will be when
It's announced that
The last drop of whiskey
On the planet
Plummeted to the
Ground
In
The loudest
Thud
This side of Kentucky.

The mincing
Of tender
And forceful hope of
All the jazz voices
in the spring of lockdown
Of surreal David Lynch movie
Proportions
Is
The real beauty that is
Already in all their music
And will shine in a
Special sort of sun way
When all of this
Is over
And we
All bathe
In the light at the end
Of the eternal tunnel.

His great grandmother
used to tell him stories
Of being alive during
The Titanic sinking
And the Spanish flu horror
As
All generations
Go into this new
Spring of Coronavirus silence
Like a
Gaggle of blinded sheep
Learning to use
Our eyes
for the
Very first Time.

Summer
Pandemic Concerts in Norway
Is the rumor
As the horns hold
Silent next to
The American
Record players
Simply speaking
The
Loud jazz truths.

The jazz singer in Sweden
Said
Lockdown never happened
As immunity rose
And the rumors
We're vaccinated
In this world stage
Of
2020
Survival.

Uncle Mingus
Took his hand into
The best
Jazz lights this
Side of any
Gene
Pool.

Sonny Rollins was on TV
following 9/11
playing at ground zero
For the heroes
And the NYC reporter
Didn't know him
As they spoke
And a
Clever Sonny kept
The secret
Well
Hidden.

The true
Statement on quarantine America
Is that we
Ran out of toilet paper
in the beginning
and
Will run out of
tissues
when it's all
Finally
Done.

Origins
Are now in question
As the gunshot goes off
Some miles away from here
While the lion wakes
And the
Dogs stay asleep
Hoping for that dream
Which
Delivers us
From
The
Rumor.

Karmavirus
Is
Mother Nature
Gently gliding
Into a rain storm
As
The humans wonder
What pie is withheld
From tonight's
Pandemic
Menu.

All the time
I see the cool glide
Of the hungry cranes above
As if they
Are gods delivering invisible
Babies
Or messages saying
Everything will
Pass
When we
Absorb the
Truth
In
Nothing.

Modern jazz hep cats
Woodshed like it's still
2019
As songs about 2021 are
In the studio
Walls
While they brilliantly
Ignore the
Fake avante
Of the
2020 thief.

We cover
Our mouths
And run
Out of
Toilet paper
In this advanced age
Of sound the moonwalk
Forward
And
The shuttle launch
Backwards
In the oddest
Dream
We can't
Wake from.

He stormed
Off like a presidential
Rain
Cloud just
Big enough
To crackle
Thunder
But weak
Enough
To
Thankfully
Forget.

The face mask nation
Is born
As if we didn't
Have
Enough
Fear
Of next year
And
The last dime
Spent in the dust
Of a Saturn
Dream.

Vials
Of antidote
Slide around in little
Kid Spring 2020 dreams
As the dystopian heaven
The movies showed
Had become the golden
Toilet paper roll
In thy r e last bag of potatoes
Getting sold outside
The limping meat
Plant
Or
Our surreal notions.

The clown crying
In the middle of
The May 11, 2020
Street is
A reflection of you
In a mirror
Trying to
Leap through Stargate
In to a
World
That
May
Never
Ever
Exist
For the rest of
Our eternal
Election cycle.

Our
Conception of
The future
Is
A conclusion
We cannot guess at
As the
Notion
Of crowds
Is as novel
As winning a big
Lottery
Or
Doing
Anything
You want.

A quarantine
Is
A sheer
Karmic
Balance
As
The wolves
Circle
The
Pork
Wagon
And the
Ancient
Magicians wait
For
You
To fall
Asleep
As the
Bless their
Heavy bags
Of
Sparkling
Dust.

Our
Future
Is
The
Dystopia
We
Feared
As
Kids
As we
Convince our
Kids
That
The 50's will
Somehow return
In a war
That
Has
No face
Or
Religion.

The American-African
cops stopped me
in downtown Kansas City
after running
a red light
and they asked me
if I knew I did it
and I told them
that I was concerned
about the one-way signs
and it had been a while
since I've been
downtown
As we all smiled
During this pandemic lockdown world
And they
Said to be careful,
And I came back with
A 'be safe'
as we all looked
the big bad virus
right in the face
together.

He fled
New York City
for Costa Rica
during the pandemic
of spring 2020
and while we spoke
on the phone
about hope
and renewal,
his dog
was chasing
a cat
As a macaw squawked
in the background
to calm everything down
As the
Earth
Fell a bit silent
In the loudest
It's ironically
Ever been.

Sitting in front
of the
empty amusement park
in the silent
roller coaster
As my son just wanted to look
and as I interviewing
somebody from Spain
When quarantine
security guards
pulled up behind
and said
it was time to leave
and our little day
at the
Quiet spring park
came to an end
and we all realized
that at the
end of the day
we're in this together
whether were
inside
outside
in front of the silence
or hearing everything
as loudly
as we've ever
heard him
in our
entire lives.

The molasses chronicles
Is Spring 2020
As we inch
Along like
Errands
That will
Never get done
As the devil
Builds another level
On his monolith
Blocking
Our collective
Vantage point.

The large volume
of sirens
outside
during this
quarantine pandemic
reminds us
of what
animals feel like
In a zoo
being caged
up and hearing
all of that alien stuff
Wafting
About
outside.

Watching
the bowling
at night
with my son
is the last thing
I thought
I would do
on TV
but it's the closest thing
to feeling
normal
and real
As the strange
New World
Of viruses
and fear
and distancing
and social awkwardness
Roar like a
Stricken
Turkey.

The
Local
Lucifer corvette
License plate guy
Is in jet black
And loud
As it rumbles
On my looking
For the
Lone angel
That will
Cure
The Spring 2020
Pandemic blues.

Had a dream
last night
that I was eating lunch
with Coldplay's frontman
Chris Martin
and it was a pretty good time,
But before I left
I asked him
who he thought he really was
As I handed in my business card
While he
Said he needed to hit
Another appointment
and went back to the table
We ate at
and realized
that he left everything behind
and I had to go back
into the restaurant and
tell them that
The lead singer
Of the world's biggest
Band
Left all of his stuff at the table
As his phone,
Keys,
Motorcycle helmet
And sweating ice water
Sat there like
A lonely museum
Exhibit
As the world
Hustled on by.

The
ambiguity of now
is the real thing
that will get you
above and beyond
anything else
that's going on
in this
Surreal
Modern
swirl of
Pure
shut down world.

The now
In a
world full of
empty stadiums
As so many voices
are all saying
so much
That
no one
can hear
anything.

The local
Fun house pizza sign
for several weeks
has proclaimed
loudly
and proudly
that they will see Audrey in heaven

As
The slow trickle
Of spring quarantine time
Mocks us
In this
Battle
Between
Good
And
Evil.

The older I get
the more I feel
my life
is painted into
A corner
and I simply
don't have
any more paint samples
or cans to figure
some
Kinda
way out.

Just tell me
Exactly
What happens
when you're
almost 50 years old
and your mother
has no idea at all
who you are,
what you are
and why are you are
As the flock of
My genes
In this
collective pool
practice anything
other than
unconditional love.

Earth is the
First hub
Of your dreams
As we look to
Mars to
Escape
This trumped hell
Of earth skidding
Without miracle
To a
Proverbial edge.