

Joefiles 208

Next Year is the Matrix You Won't Shake

The tassel was  
Flung into the road  
Like a used magic wand  
That moved your mountain  
And made the seas thirsty  
Before the future  
Became a kids only  
Plan  
Of escape.

Rulers of the  
Highest garden  
Crumble upwards into  
The keenest  
Design  
Ever lost on most  
Yet  
Worshipped  
By  
All.

The family  
Mistake  
Always grows  
Up  
Thinking  
That amnesia  
Is memory lane  
And alternate  
Realities  
Are just paintings  
That  
Live their  
Lives.

Fatherhood  
Is the whisper  
That always follows you even in the quiet  
Before and ice cube  
Falls into the hottest  
Part of the  
Fires.

They didn't drown  
The clown  
Because the genius laughed  
Louder and stronger  
Than all the  
Funny yesterday's  
As the comedian  
Became a senator  
And democracy  
Became your  
Final religion ...

Yesterday's street lamp  
Was a bulb  
That never went out  
And led the wise men  
To a book  
They believed  
As the fiction  
Drowned their kin  
And the prophecies  
Sank their  
Stalemates.

Origins  
Are the gravity that  
Believes in  
The good  
As the sinners round our wagon  
Like  
Saints with  
Only  
Words  
We want  
To  
Taste.



The forever  
March 18 train  
going by  
will never  
compare the March 18  
Trip  
last year  
when we looked down  
the loaded  
barrel of 1 million trains  
that were  
going to stop and  
refused to move  
Until  
The  
Jested  
Finally  
Tired.

The Trump neighbor  
across the street  
Flogs us  
with his flags  
Of delusion  
& just said hi to me  
this morning  
In his front yard  
with an old stove out front  
& explained that  
he got a new black one  
& wanted to know  
if I wanted  
his old white one  
And with  
This spontaneous  
Color metaphor  
In 2021  
I'm  
Further amused  
At how  
He always  
Managed to aptly  
sum  
Everything up  
Correctly

I saw an  
old stenograph machine  
in a thrift store yesterday  
& and saw all the  
tiny slips of pages  
as if they were  
like those parchment papers  
we used to get the  
candy dots and  
& I looked at it like  
it was some  
alien transmission  
from another world  
& it was  
one of the  
most fascinating things  
that I could've ever imagined seeing  
in this high technology  
world of ours  
that holds cryptic messages  
in hidden places  
if  
you  
pay attention.

This year  
when I listen  
to the radio  
& baseball  
spring training game  
I keep hearing  
all kinds of  
really unique  
bird whistles  
& loud squack sounds  
that makes me  
forget that  
a  
game  
is going down  
in a  
zoo  
unleashed in  
all our  
worlds.

Down the street  
from a local school  
i work for  
there was about  
six kids  
on bikes  
gathered around  
a big dark mass  
I couldn't see you  
I got real close  
& it was  
a homeless guy  
with a massive rickshaw  
full of every piece of his life  
as he sat there  
waving his arms around  
talking with his  
coat hood up  
like a modern dystopian Jedi  
guiding the kids  
towards the right way  
& the kids looked on  
in full attention  
as if it was the most interesting thing  
they probably seen  
in a long  
long time  
as  
remanants of  
pandeimc and virus fighting  
overtakes their  
school voyerisum  
and  
TV fatigue.

There  
is this l  
bend in the road  
right outside of downtown  
in our town here  
where the  
AM radio signal dies  
and once the soinic drive in  
is in full rear view mirror,  
the voices start back up  
as the next  
ironic metaphor  
awaits  
my  
driving  
eye.

My son's door  
that is always closed  
in our house  
was open  
for about  
2 minutes  
yesterday  
& all  
3 of our cats  
made it  
in there  
like  
invisible gods  
holding  
secret prayers  
and  
as I ushered  
all of  
their bones away,  
they  
sauntered down  
the hallway  
like drunk  
spiders  
recovering from  
a full  
night  
of  
web building.

The morning  
cacophony  
of birds  
here in  
early April  
is the  
best kind of music  
encourage  
as  
the radio  
is down very low  
and  
the  
clouds of the east  
eye  
the west  
for a moist  
lunch they  
may have later in the day.



The  
veteran  
trumpet player  
for the Sesame Street band  
hatched open  
the secret goose  
call via horn  
from his abode  
in nyc  
as i  
marveled at  
my entire childhood flooding  
over the speaker  
of  
a  
phone into the  
nostalgia  
of  
my  
deep,  
deep  
ear drums.

That smell  
of something  
that's been  
in your closet  
all winter  
that you  
wear for the first time  
in the  
entryway of spring  
is the smell of  
angels  
that  
guest hibernated in  
your cloth  
all  
winter long.

Those six birds  
in the middle of the afternoon  
that maneuvered  
around  
trees and  
houses  
and poles  
and other forgotten  
obstructions  
were like  
organic  
blue angels  
putting on a  
show for  
any wandering eyes  
to stop and  
ponder  
as if  
our  
futures  
may depend on it.

There was  
a big fat ham  
sitting proudly in  
the middle of the road  
next to a  
yellowed Dollar General bag  
about 10 feet  
from the railroad tracks  
just sitting there  
in the sunshine  
like a brand new pig  
waiting to bail  
this town  
and head  
to the  
next  
that respects  
a little  
modern,  
under the road  
pork.

Why can't  
those graffiti punks  
that spray  
all over  
trains  
hijack  
the lift  
on the  
local water tower  
& spray paint  
something  
in big  
pink and purple  
like  
'hey girl!'  
or  
'Mama Cita!'

Being able  
to get  
ice again  
at the  
quick trip  
Is

A  
Miracle  
That sends  
Profound  
Ice cubes  
From my  
Pandemic  
Healing  
Eye  
Sockets.

On  
Break from the  
Dance competition  
And the Old wealthy  
Ex-jock man  
with the  
Cadillac Escalade  
Feeding beers  
To the dads  
And he uses my phone  
To talk  
To his wife to  
Fetch his new phone  
And as he  
Clicks his  
Engine  
It is dead  
As the  
Sunshine  
Metaphors dance like  
Invisible  
Teen  
Girls in  
A half full  
Lot 5...