

Joefiles 209

The Emoji Foodfight is Real

Boiled days
Poached over simmering
Bat flyby nights
Woke
The modern Aladdin's
Wishing on something
We have to guess
As the bets
Soar into
Deep
Humidity.

The Chinese savior
May have been
A pandemic
As America bought a
Big mirror
And karma
Rented your
Collective
Future.

The meaning of
Little
Is the biggest
Cloud in your sky
As the sun hides naked
Under
The moon's
Dark
Blanket.

The fresh cut smell
Of summer lawn
Green onions
Is the
Freshness
Of the
Vegetable gods.

The incredulous flight
Of our thought
Becomes the rumored miracle
That may 1 day
Save
The unsavory wrongly
Convicted of
Loving
Too
Well.

The mystics
Ruminate around
An aura we may see
Or heard about as
The ufo grants our
Finest wish and tucks us
Into
The big bed
In your sky.

Scents of
Bleach clean floors,
Bright lights,
Views of the skyline,
Helicopters in slow motion,
And the slow
Drip of life going into
My son was
The
Next chapter
In savoring
The
Now
In
The slow of
A pandemic
Giving
My
Boy life
Back
again.

Nurses in
Slow motion
As
The
Vials of blood
Are scooped up into
A trapped vessel
To see how the
Test will
Be determined
In a
Race
Against
Our soul
And the ages
We
Might
Just remember.

Lifting the originals
Over a brink
In the road so I can
Get a better view of
Orion was the last thing
I thought about yesterday
On my imaginary spaceship ride
Through your skyline.

Orangish lies
Become tufts of fresh sky
The evangelicals will
Sell to the lowest bidder on
A game show with medium sized prizes
And a young psychic that
Will
Predict your
Pulpy past.

The mechanics bought
The filter to ensue
Tomorrow wouldn't
Ever be sold
And the edge of reason
Remains leaning on
A flimsy precipice that
Could
Become our reason
To
Thrive.

Idiot pie is what
Fools bake
Fir smug faces
Looking into
Karma
With the wrong
Smile.

Realms rotate abound
Like lost orbs telling
Me of my death
But promising
Life as the morning
Wears on like
A wise laugh
I helped create.

Cat birthdays
And dog dreamers
Meet for coffee under a
Silver moon
As decades enter rehab
And the future
Screams
In virtue
Like a new born
Baby
Ready to
Walk soon.

Floyd is
The ultimate 4/20 hero
As Justice looms wide
Around the American moon
Tonight in
All it's brilliant
Silver
Around the
Dark,
Warming night.

Believe the
Racial victory
As if the karmic din
Of nothing was defeated
And the true breath of
America bore the
Best Children
This side of
True history.

on 4.20-21
i was fortunate
to tell for
the very first time to an
an older african american man
and middle aged african american woman
that the minneapolis cop
was convicted on all counts
for murdering
george floyd
and
i saw first-hand
american racism
as their eyes
flashed
shock,
relief
and
hope
in the
utter
&
pure raw.

The rough looking dude
with all of the open garages
and jammed house
full of construction pieces
& car fixing materials
Has a lush yard
Flush with tons of big wheels
and kids running around
and aggressive dogs
&
I'm certain that
I will never know
What the hell is
Going on in that
Jaded utopia
Advertised as nothing
More
And
Much
less.

The dance dad
told us over his
Bud light bottle
In the hotel lobby
that he never watched
The baseball film
field of dreams
As his 50 year old eyes
Squinted at the corner TV like
It was an alien space craft
As he went on to
question why I said Waterworld was a horrible
Kevin Costner film
And further said he
Would only watch this baseball film
If there were explosions in the
Cornfield
And that was when I turned it all
Off and felt bad for the old boy
Stuck in the American mud
Of density
And
Male ego
And I'm certain
It won't take me long
To forget his
Name
And
Sheer
fizzle.

The sports radio guys
are really the ones
that are planning on
hatching a hijack
of the world
so they could take
everything over
& push their agenda's
Of beer and boobs and testosterone,
But I
don't even think
they know
what their agendas
are
yet.

All of the
old
discarded masks
that are on the ground
are starting to
look like those
futuristic films
I saw when
I was a kid
of spiders and insects
that are going
to grow and walk
around
with no one
watching.

Slips of cloud
Drag across my
Tired brain like
A
Trail of coffee grounds lost
On a hunt to find it's way
Back to Columbia
Where the birds talk in Spanish
And the
Rain whispers
In
calm.

Hovering over
My shadow wondering if
It will come back to life
While the
Airplane far up in the sky
Peers down at me,
Me at them,
Wondering who will
Blink first in a
Game
We
Both
Are bound
To
Spontaneously win.

The starship flew through
My dream last night
And I swore
I would never
Forget it
As
I preen to try to
Remember
It
Now
In the forever stretch of space
Going from
My fingers
Down your
Front lobe of
The
Calmed
brain.

The guy
with
the big black truck
Has a 'not today Satan sticker'
on the back
just switched around
and almost cut me off
on the highway
Like a demon
Hiding
His
White
Cotton
Wings.

Went through
the house
of an old
Jazz collector
who has
tons of guns
and a
trove of interests
as we all
looked on
and wondered
who
The fuck
Was
This
man,
Really?

The mailman
in our school district
recommend
the classical music station
and now
I don't just drive around
Fixing technology
through the regular
old air in my mind
as the
crescendos and symphonies
Ramp up
& I feel like
I have graduated
Swiftly
Into a spaceship
Swishing through
Midwestern
astroid fields.

The kids
eat bags
of magic
when we're
not looking
so they can
maintain their honesty
and their
warm witty ways
to pull deception off
like no one else can
in this manipulative game
of Roundy
round
around.

The fraternities
Prank the sorority
As the
small fox
galloped across
the front of
your room
without you
ever noticing
leaving
little traces
of
ghost imprints.

Sometimes
I'll catch
my forehead
in the mirror
and see the
hunters skin
that was
extracted from
some kind of
kid child accident
& inadvertently
I go to the massive Rolodex
of accidents in my childhood
That
Made me the
Luckiest
Mound of
Flesh
In the
Back bastard room.

Sometimes
the best thing
that you can do
For others around you
is to just let them
go that l way
they don't have
to deal with you
and you certainly
don't have to deal
with them anymore
and that's the best gift
you can give anybody.

It's the Christmas gift
that no one talks about
that is the best thing
severing
that tie
Already corroded
& stupid to begin with
because the whole
blood thicker
than water thing
Is some
big
hokey
bullshit thing.

The sports radio guys
complaining
about how long
it takes
their women
to get ready
to leave the house
is about
as low as
I can imagine
my listening to
radio could
ever
Possibly
Delve.

Sometimes
when
I think about
all the rubber
on our shoes
and cars
and protections
are all around us
we are constantly avoiding electrocution
and sometimes that
Is
A
Zap bigger
Than
An
Accident
Waiting.

I wonder
if all the people
that cut in front of line
and everyone that say
they should
be in hell
And in the dream come true
They are all in hell
cutting in front of each other
but they don't mind
or even register it
because they do it
to everybody
all the time
& that's why
they're there
in the first
fucking place.

The symphony
starts
to hit
their crescendo
on the
Russian sailor stance
as the yellow school bus
Crests 1 hill
on another clearly cloudy
rainy May day
& I think how miraculous
it is that
everything works
the way
it works
in this giant cacophony
of things that
Magically
Unimaginably
possible.

I'm thinking
about having
my next
Halloween costume
being scaffolding
around me
&
just tell people
that I'm
having work done
on myself
&
I'll be ready
To normal
By
New Years Day....

I saw a
major league baseball
compliance officer
In the lobby of a
Fancy hotel
as all the
baseball players
from Detroit
crawled around the
Kansas City fancy
While the hip
Jazz piano player
From Austin
banged out
Gershwin
That was incredible
As a
little background soundtrack
to living
a Wednesday night
in the
Cold spring
Of
Midwest
Memories.

LISTEN!

I
perpetually
need
just
5
more
minutes.

The chef
sold out
the carrots
and chopped
the heads
off the celery
As the salt
looked around
wondering how the hell
the pepper
gets all the credit
for all of this
As the tomato juice
sits silently
in the cold
smiling all the way
knowing that
Sunday will come
and it will be
the hero
again.

The world
wakes up
a little bit more
each and every day
as I walk into the
convenience store
or the department store
without a mask
& finally get a smile
& see other people smile
as we all looked at each other
 like we were all caged up
for a long
long time
& finally got out
& as much as
it's jubilant
to be out
doing what
we're doing
there's still
that look
of uncertainty
as though
we should be
doing more
& the more
will be coming
As the symphony
 hits its final note
& then another
final note
After a series
of what
we see
As crescendos
or finales
in a
fireworks contest that
keeps going

and going
and going as
this
Miracle
year of 2021
stretches on
On
On
On
On
&
On.

The
sports radio guys
are usually
a little bit
too much
to take
after a certain
amount of time
As long ago
They put away
old phrases
& old music
& old notions
& old ideas
& it just seems
like
most of these guys
are stuck
in a place
in their lives
&
they go on
and on
and on
& they're
unhealthy ways & bodies
bragging
& ripping down
& more bragging
& more ripping down
& it's a weird game
they play
& it's almost
as if those
sports radio guys
only game
Is their own trite game
Where not many people
are tuning in
& if they accidentally are
it's nothing
I would ever
bet on.

