

Michelle Greenblatt

8:46 p.m.

squirming kinesis
only exhales

a green idea
(this is not a song not a song not a song)

I am gathering
(they tear bloody like birth)

black cats for the tea party
it is 8:46 p.m.
and you speak slowly

*(rinsing off exact time
with tiny self-sharpening flowers)*

the parentheses speak no truths
(other than the ones we clot with razor to ice)

*(the parentheses speak no truths
other than the unmagical)*

night has come.

we are drenched
with putrescence
and violets.

10.14-15.2005

Dream 10.8.2005

road, sea,
roar, I remember my dream —sun falls thru
the sky's protoplasm.
I peel it back, grin
behind the prison of clouds that shadow the land
so blue. (I am stained
with flowers.) The daylight serene
between
sneezes, gently opening and closing its eyes. someone
knocks
at my flowerdoor, keeps knocking and knocking. whoisit,
I ask, but (dear god) only the portrait of the ocean hanging
around the doorframe says anything to me.

I see
a dirty child holding a flower and clean
her off. The tree-echoes
back *it couldn't happen, we had no
history.* road, sea,
roar, I remember my dream—walk the boulevard, turning snowy
and you would
will you
follow me?

10.8.2005

[Fractured]

dead mosquitoes on the edge of summer, suppose we had
no money what would we buy perfection masturbates to
the spawn of jars meticulously mating with *when &
whenif* the ground's electrons beckon lightning I try to
tell myself it is not necessary to think cruelty has a
conscience I try to tell you it is not necessary to think I
am conscious while we fuck—not my best but not my
worst(I am afraid)—

try leaving no stain when the door is jammed if a life can
be changed like this grain by grain I will bomb your
tongue until it is crumbs of my old school my old best
friend the silence of the day right here fractured.

9.17.2005

hearing the shadows grow over the colorless garden

as I have done before, hearing the light pour over a knife, hearing the shadows grow over the colorless garden, I am coming to that before me (you), white (pages) the edges of our home. quick kiss me. use electronics. I see your reaction (green) as if standing in front your mirror. More time...you slam your body against the three-walled peninsula. only your two eyes remain.

11.12.2005

Bio:

Michelle Greenblatt is the new co-poetry editor of AND PER SE AND, formerly known as "mprsnd". Her first book brain:storm, went to press this January. She has been published or will be published in these magazines: Xerolage, Moria, Blackbox, Naked Sunfish, Fire, AUGHT, X-stream, Shampoo, Word for/ Word, Admit Two, The Argotist Online, The Anemone Sidecar, & Generator Press. Her third chapbook (X-press(ed)) will appear in January as well. michelle.greenblatt@gmail.com.