

# BlazeVOX 2k9

Fall 2009

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## SPRING'S INTERFERENCE

Amidst a vast chorus of bird songs, tonight,  
only the mockingbird's willing  
to drag down  
the walls of faith  
like Samson.

Mockingbird,  
tonight,  
lightning flashes  
across wings  
of gun metal gray,  
advances  
our morality,  
despite bulldozers  
grazing in large herds  
the ashes  
of the Twin Towers.

## **BITTEN**

Once bitten by the brown recluse god,  
you suffer  
intensely.

You struggle,  
but freedom  
is a lock  
whose key  
lies hidden in a safe  
guarded closely by the sales department  
wearing long flowing robes  
of black water.

Deacons, like waiters,  
balance  
collection plates  
full of green salads:  
Fortunes,  
or lies,  
broadcast  
across generations  
of innocence.

The recluse god  
appears  
quite innocent,  
so as  
not  
to disturb  
the harmony  
of greedy bells  
tolling the distance.

But, ultimately,  
when you awaken,  
you realize  
you exist  
merely as a finger  
waving  
at heaven.

After all,  
whose life is it,  
anyway?

In the end,  
there is no assurance  
that our souls  
are made of steel and orchids,  
or that some souls  
are destined  
to fly  
like ragged strands of geese  
across a winter landscape  
of intelligence.

## A RAINY THURSDAY AFTERNOON

*(In raising a child, or a dog, discipline should never mean  
a withholding of love.)*

--Chanelle Britt

Chanelle thinks of this on our way  
to the J to deliver  
Chelsea's forgotten membership card.

As we idle beside silver puddles,  
the red  
of a traffic light  
ripples  
their surface,  
then a yellow  
swallowtail  
slowly migrates  
the puddle.

Until, finally, the green says,  
*I love you.*  
*I've always loved you,*  
*and always will.*