

# BlazeVOX 2k9

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## **a schizo affair**

she sat there imagining that everybody in the bar could see  
that she had been stood up. but in fact, not only could  
everybody not see that she had been stood up  
- entirely lacking as they did, the literary  
imagination necessary for such a  
reading of her behaviour - but  
everybody was only busy  
with themselves and  
not a soul had  
noticed her  
scratching  
away in  
her  
notebook,  
pretending to  
be busy. who was  
she pretending for?  
an imaginary audience  
of interested spectators?  
i grinned at her and pointed  
to my laptop, "the connection's  
quite fresh" startled, her brows furrowed  
and a frown bounced out at me while her retort  
caught me off-guard. "you have rocket in your teeth"  
it was a very indecisive start to what turned into a three-year  
relationship which ended with me driving her to tik. basically i was  
just like, her trampoline. she bounced all over me. her parting  
words to me on the day she left, "if you're looking for the  
rainbow nation..." but i was no longer looking for the

rainbow fucking nation, i was tired of playing the  
neurotic white man in her banana republic  
there are acceptable degrees of banana  
it's true but the two of us had been  
post-modernising ourselves to  
a pulp and all because she  
had been stood up and  
i had been sensitive  
enough to notice.

## **on knowing**

if you knew how much you knew  
you would know a lot more  
than you know, but if you  
knew how much you  
didn't know you  
would know  
almost  
everything  
there is to know.  
you would be a know-it-al(most)-all

### **the night of the crimson moon**

i will write you with blood  
said the stone to the  
cloud, i will wash  
you with tears  
said the eye  
to the  
tongue  
i will whisper  
your name forty  
three thousand times  
tonight before i sleep said  
the poet to his dearly beloved  
while she slowly extracted her knife  
from his wound

and when he was buried  
they read out his scroll  
which said "it doesn't  
matter that you  
killed me, what  
life was it any-  
way, before i  
knew your  
lips, it  
doesn't  
matter that  
you don't remember  
my name, for these are  
the only words worth remembering..."

followed by her name,  
carefully repeated,  
43 000 times.  
those in the  
village who  
had  
forgotten  
how to love  
were immersed  
again in the shimmering  
memory of what it feels like  
to feel, and that night, curiously,  
the moon seemed to take on a crimson  
glow, as if she too had been fatally stabbed

**ce que j'ai sous la main...**

sometimes it's your tongue  
sometimes the orb of your  
ass sometimes all of your  
face sometimes your  
mouth open and  
waiting, like O's,  
to be filled  
sometimes  
your toes sometimes  
the juicy box that pandora  
would be jealous of sometimes  
it's your tears sometimes the dew  
that you slowly secrete sometimes it's  
the sound of a slap when i'm feeling particularly  
cruel sometimes it's a nipple freshly chewed sometimes  
your throat, your ankle, your wrist sometimes a drop of your  
blood from a fresh puncture you allowed me to make just because

## logged out

all we have in common now  
are 3 mutual friends  
i can still hear you  
telling me that i  
spend too  
much  
time  
staring  
at the coffin  
lid and that our  
love would never end  
and don't you think that's  
kind of rich now babe, now that  
all we have left in common are 3 mutual friends

what it is is that you remind me of someone i used to be  
but the trick i learned is that just by thinking it doesn't make it so  
the first day we made love we drove around naked in my car  
it wasn't a statement, it felt like the right thing to do  
then later that night at the bo you went a little  
crazy and i became the man who fell in love  
with the moon. it was my first time in  
forever and i decided that that's a  
good place to be, but not alone,  
and you only have to live long  
enough to understand lon-  
gevity. you must be  
asking yourself  
why i need  
this poem  
don't you  
know if  
it isn't  
mediated  
it never happened  
well at least that's the  
line i keep repeating to myself  
while i watch your colours fading

ah but it's taking so long, you always  
had all the colours this man ever wanted  
well it's half past four now i have to go  
got a list of chores that need to be  
done. guess i won't call you when  
next i'm in the moon, it's too  
late for that, all we have in  
common now are three  
mutual friends