

BlazeVOX 2k9

Fall 2009

Brian Anthony Hardie

FORWARD

On boat. Just silk. At sea. Doctor we are with nice to be with nice doctor. Scenes believe are away. Driver on the wind storm, yet water unraveled. Beer needed move stream up the must of. Live with drunk sickness not present about wrong in the lock tone. Above head and head. Steering sister-drunk a steer home. Voice said beloved. Words pursuit false with category. Sentence laughing in protest done forming of present faking. Fucked un-functioning; boats provoke the un of everything. Digging deep to something a memory does not support. Important dates to be recorded for the self involved. Files of archives with gun shots forcing the obvious journal of a hidden. The captain now voices what vision he has discovered so in love.

In the red light ink splattered black yet wells of nothing keep a Buddhist present. Pool games wrap the racist fog around the jab of eye jab-jab. About the common dead: Yes, I am without second chance. Not masturbation a message left running begged not too farce.

Even, children play. Some no on the OH of what placement. Eight ball middle Kansas state weaver dream wet buff. I am sitting in the corner of a couch that I sleep on with my purple jacket as a pillow. At night I wish to sleep and it usually happens with the help of sung high gravity encounters. Sometimes Italian flatlines predict a twin orgy. Provided by genders needless needles. Something said and complimenting machine soul coaster facts. Suppose to point back at the margin. Options are divided with the facts in palm red dictates. Eyes derive. Voice through text supplies. Heads up; the winner will record. Smoke what I believed to be in a film of feeling. Veins shelter cells escaping to only return. Constructing an easy game that shots baffle to simulate. Drama displays her or him or I just could really care. Prediction on who will play the bad cop. Hovering chance around within and not through. Through ironic out confused voices burning up the rope I crotch climbed with of my rub. Bill penetrates memory not wanted. Nothing more I will say though ears vomit to open be. Has voice so loud been present to graduate; sneaking the shroud a stage to be relieved.

Shrieks they are, candid in Venice. Worth and plentiful the mind of game worth. If this was a song my kettle scream would serenade a steam stone. John Cage desolate recording manic. The funniest of I do what remembers in disgust. Though actual and in fact sad that I say I am. Back time to turn or the one I sadly think of always. The last one up of a number that I have no desire to know. I suppose I confess through avenue one care not present to the one that may grasp. A veteran of the Gulf awakens and by he passes so tired in need to piss, with which I hear the company of a fuck. To the lost off in what follows does his return bring a cave. Why must memories that at present, in past I was one to not care? Where is my solitude that plays what I must bear from it? Though sway she surrounds tall in sway and meadow and away I am one just silk on boat at sea in no some thing that "my" hopes.

Of latitude, remarkable said Henry. Picked was my scab before the muse. To but did I did not want a fuck. Penetrated fear and gestures willful to fabricated marking that of. Chubby am I to with a lazy eye mantra. Too forced a belief that would not. Mind of eyes empty of faith, havoc blister there-of.

Mad hash this boils alike. Says art; would the wise eye flutter the blink of its third all-knowing? Attraction one can expect, the decision with a flop. So. Ha.

Loud it is too this speaker loud of experience! Jokes terrified hear yes I do with an ending birth. Pass of tragic with a cliché cunt (sic). Fixtures of forgotten tattoos do I suppose to like I will not. The needed vocabulary kneads following in this: for a number to forsake to fascinate will in deed.

SLEIGH

Something not absent about to be spoken...
On the spotlight day, back from the child's
Eye camera eye. Now stop does what was
While you left. Within a mile I felt the
Memories following behind. Meaningless this is
And should be, for the feeling too real to pass on
By life. To sob I need to rid myself of
Such tremor. Yet no possible route the way
I came in would relieve pain here and now. Much worth
To grasp for my burning of our flag waving
Passion. These words pull the tears with no such
Mercy. My (I want) panic (to kiss) alleviates (you and)
What love (say I'm) I should have put forth (sorry).
Maybe from the film I project the
Audience tear. Eyes so innocent my mind would
Arrest the one invoking. Flailing around my
Panic dance. Still on the street while nausea
Entertained. To cry would forge the rage
I harmed so badly with. So to sit with past in
The flame my only way to mend hearts alike...

Sleigh

SOME PROSE

Poetics stir the literary veins from the saturated conceived that provides a soft moral for the requisites passing by the souls I do not know. Wondering through a city like the beggar, not looking up for any sign of being or transmission hearing a voice circling the waves crashing down into a tube of malicious sign reading that possibly leads to a darkness fond of memory. Only sharing a romantic moment with a tag that sheds light on frantic thought. Panic actions weakening a dead heart. Blurred vision caffeine pampers a strong muscle to the marrow of smoke signals received by my alien that projects a future of boot stomping passion. Thrived by hate in a sanction faults with the passive, impulsive beats of the homeless drum. Fostering pierced nipples trashed in the millstone belonging to beautiful eyes moving tantrums among movement of the waving hand seem coast to coast. Children eyes forge the bleeding gums of a toothbrush nightmare. Mad scientist remarks trend on the lack of a shredded piece evident.