

BlazeVOX 2k9

Fall 2009

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Clumsy ode

I lie here destroying elements in my fever-
i recall the visions; walking over ice, brittle crystal creatures,
water winking with eyes newly awakened,
shells unfolding and lips careening down mountainous passion;
yet i can't help this searching in the dark,
for here your hand secures my feet and my heart,
and now that i feel safe curiosity seems less
anguishing as it was previously impressed.

and here my temple holds memories; when angels sang and I could not
hold back an utterance --
so holy baby, when i touch your skin and the heat bleeds off,
we are miracles. the steam traps inside my eyes.
i hold your body a quiver when my own feels smooth as a river,
and we both end up in a shi
ver-

ripped from you otherwise i find these reunions akin to dreams
giving away a soul in hopes of receiving yours: i am redeemed-
but this is good, is it not, lover?
and I am good, am I not, lover?
and I am needy, this is true, lover.

but these ethereal moans and groans and
my perpetual surprise give the ticking in my head
a beautiful demise. for we are true and the world is not.

(fall
ing
out of tim
e at such a risky
volume) my eyes adore you, do they not, lover?
and thou hast no doubt, and neither do i, lover.
Eros admires with his lyre and i am made fire.

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Darling Adonis,
in night when you are gone, when thine eyes have hid me so well as to
rid of any distinction between you and me entirely, you can see me
making shapes with your memories and wrapping myself in their purity
{ sleep wrought from your smile is more peaceful than any piece of me }

Rude Alarm

hot blooded doves
at night when the summer
parches our thighs and like two
new suns rising up against our
 chests (or my unfolding breasts)
growing as a daughter of fertility
with anticipation known only
amid sheets or last night when
i studied you while you slept and
thought your lips like my pressed knees
or yesterday when the moon slunk away
and brought fruit in a silver bowl
bringing me fever wrapped in
longing.
(this is my countless prayer)
that you wouldn'
t know how my heart blushes when you come near
that my hands could stay in one place
and not caress your neck or devour your
upper lip (or)
hot blooded doves that bleed from our romance
when summer woke up and betrayed us
again.

Midnight

i sleep in your wake;
trickle down your arm
from the cut accidentally made
at the hinge of your shoulder
(the turn of a century)
i pull an Exacto knife from your
dresser and it looks like a god
to me, all powerful and pure,
beckoning me sweetly.
we collide to make sparks, now.
with the seam of your elbow breaking
waves across my navel
we are a glorious entrance into
nothingness. (your reasoning) -
it's the crimson of the wax
seeping down my waist and the
curve of my hips and
my insufficient thighs - past my
white knee where your teeth
sank in;
past your gorgeous wrist
where veins run pale and
begging - past our heavy breathing
indecisive of our final movement of a
hand -
this is why we move the way we do.
your features convince like no
other, and your touch persuades
with an air of adventure
(maybe this is why you whisper
finally in the evenings)
but, my love; my face as you know
is a dishonest facade of hearts.
I feel and feel and bleed all over your
morning smile thinking that maybe you
might love me now
instead of just playing with my eyes

and seeing a sparkle in my hands.
Yet why shouldn't I play pretend and
disguise my true confessions?
O beautiful man, your ego invades my ribs,
presses in between the skin;
that layer of air that lifts me when you
taste my wounded lips.

Cannibal

I am complacency.
All suckle sweet savor.
dew dropping suns who thread me selflessly -
I their gown, i their beauteous betrayal.
you complain of immobility
this ileitis your ihram on an unknown spiritual escapade
We all use words slowly,
we all betray poetry with our tongue -
and to conclude the facade,
to tie up our new-moon's lips
is to give the gift of amorous silence
amid ground faced lilies grieving smiles into the soil.
i could use you as my antiperiodic
my dearest anit-venom, closest to my poisoned heart
I'll chew you
Inject you
Smooth you out
and all will be well again.
Yet am i not the silly lover?
And are you not the sun that was given to me?
I cannot wait to see you die out years from now
when millenniums have passed
and I have gone,
my arid Ariel corpse your tragic fairy song.