

# BlazeVOX 2k9

Fall 2009

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Four From *The Sonnets from Mars*

Call a thousand to the dance floor!  
Break the bedding  
and give no attention  
to the risks of pregnancy.  
I will leave  
drops of unconscious music  
in the folds of your fullness.  
Look above and you'll see.

There will be no echo.  
No desolation.  
There is a voice  
inside a thousand  
weeping girls  
that must sing.

It can be right  
to give what I give,  
leaving you to sit down  
and listen to your sighing.  
Heartbreak makes us adults.  
You'll learn lessons from the edges  
of smiles that don't hold up  
without fishhooks.

We are not to be loved.  
We are to be mistrusted.  
Love, grief and cruelty  
are synonymous.  
Givers of gifts like these  
are not ungenerous.

Only three in the universe  
heard what was said.  
God is of a thousand words  
to the side of speech. Your dark eyes  
have promised they would be laid over  
with stones before they spoke, but men  
could make me speak, with a bottle  
comes the sea change and the folding storms.

Our hands would touch  
all the mountain bars.  
Heaven rolled between us  
in the extremity.  
We cast our lot  
among the fastest stars.

We are different.  
Our destinies.  
Our two angels  
look surprised at one another  
when they bump wings  
in passing.

You, a pageant queen  
with rips in her dress;  
I, a funeral singer  
under lattice-lights,  
poor and tired,  
surrounded by blackness  
and Cyprus trees. Death,  
the only thing we can agree on.