

BlazeVOX 2k9

Fall 2009

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Gaslight

Trading pink sand for a kiss from Jack
Frost. Plays with a hazard
glass ball. Lashings against

a hull of a ship. Into monarchy – dysfunctional
fractals. Friday is about
tailoring. Nightvision

control. On dry air with aroma
of baking and dots of ghosts
around. That hallway: moonlight

torn by dust and singing. Instincts
off during holidays. Piling of bowls,
a structural arch as a body

would. Fall is half an audition
for football. Stomachs tight with skin
dizzy from sunlight, hair salty, dry

and worn. Filing nails. Mark
a scar. Symbol
blank - no points. Brink

is shadow foam, sticky and fractious.
It is dull, sticks to starch. Any sound
of clock scribbling, as in winding,

stands still in his torso. Old
city in with root and ground. Only two,
both curious and among thorns.

Roots told of “Again”. Sun dug up
horizon again. To stay on, with lulling,
droning, and saying

a long word. Backaway
through months (mountainous crags). You
stick many toothpicks

into goldfish, plastic victims
for dogs. It bit him and built a small
fish that was caught to roast. A window

containing that kiss from Jack – saucy,
worthy of diary form. Brass and
dry tornados charm off his palms.

Topless Two for Tuesday

In the interest of their well-being; the coroner took the top off his ride; cruising altitude: 6”; on the prow for ice cream and hand holding; the skin on his hands breaks; pouring over skirts and medallions; ripping sprigs off the dogwood; a jar painted red is Santería conjuring; “Don’t clump me in that egg carton,” she said; the coroner, waiting for a parade, his tie tight around his collar; that last button was a struggle; the girls, on the lawn by the soccer field, sunbathe in green bikinis; the joke is made of several interlocking components; her mitochondria work overtime to keep cellular damage at a minimum; on the steps of the Catholic church burns white candles commemorating April Fools’; to his son, the coroner sells the hearse – the son paints it scarlet; leaves the hatch off permanently; the bikinis are a two piece but the girls wear only the bottoms.

Of Dogs and Drag Queens

June 12, 2008

His tattling feet told dogs. Blames
then employs sand; pepper

to their packed eyes. Their clanging
bell, sharp stones of loose

gravel, is our defense.
“What will call them to the oasis will

also be their demise,” I surmounted.
We'll need that meat

for later. Half bag of white
protein. Another mirage as the day

squeezes fruit into the hem
of the s-s-sky. I remember

a song from the flipside. Breeding
a composite of spurt

energy, skip from fallen tree
to stone crumbling a creek, the notes

of na-na-na na-na-na are strung
bead-like. Pulled the

infinite strand from my mucus
memory, through my mouth

and lassoed him
incapacitated. Yeah. I don't

know. The drag queens
lunge with their heels their hair,

tidy up, antennas directed
to planets with impossibly

long names sung
on high falsetto.

“They’re up to no good,” he said.
“Yeah. I don’t know,” I said.

He grabbed my hand. “Mary pissed
on that one already,” the pink one said.

“Dorothy needs to get her own
pair of slippers,” the green one said.

Our delicious meat for later is for a time.
Then. All over.

Grand Mal by Proxy

Filing our nails on the sidewalks
of Koreatown. Bakery counter
showcasing donuts. Crisp

sun devours lemonade,
absorbs milk. 99 cent store. Pass
the toilet paper end display. You are further

down aisle twelve, silhouette in the butcher's section.

Celeb magazines;
couture scapegoats, retarded
black sheep. XY has rehabs.
XX's a total fug. Salem's
lot. XXY purchased a new

hybrid *para rescatar el*

mundo. Months evaporate
but days are still water, infected
mosquitoes. Milky sun. Knife

fight. Someone's got to germinate
this incinerator. Sunset,

strip my breath is an empty
warehouse. Santa
Monican mouthful; swallow
sand by handfuls. Riparian

fucking. Vitamins
crushed into five neat lines.

Give a runaway a radio...
but teach him how to sing...

Hoarse speech to cop. We
sleep through each other's

armies. Blanket

leaves feet uncovered. Slash,
burn a bouquet of tissue
flowers, tin-cut cross, a photograph.

Lo único que deseé siempre era a ti.

Dinosaurs Never Gave Birth This Way

Chilled cryptography scrawled on a windshield with a segment of charcoal: Dinosaurs never issued this kind of trauma, delivering sins via satellites: Grease of gears, red and outside a window, silver: Watch beam frames coalesce, monuments eat bedrock, skylines torched with fountains of steel – cold morals: On top of all, fog slides through needles: Swerves underneath bottles, slips through phone numbers, through emails, collides with masks: No endings to fairytales, only the roaming, sloping nuances of medicine that end in warning: We live by deceiving each other: