

BlazeVOX 2k9

Fall 2009

Emily Brown

I have the place- and place- now, but still I lack the time
Slow, like a nocturne
Some day in the future
Above the slowing trafficked streets of the wet city
Warm out of cold
--At an acquaintance's dinner party
Light reflecting on lacquered
A slow and lonely cello singing deep
Beneath the flying line of a violin
You, almost laughing,
Left of the coffee table
Playing the piano, even though you never did before;
Dazed, and holding my tongue safe in my quavering mouth
I will move toward your self
Your glowing glory warm in the yellow light and a candle
Reflecting on the gleaming mahogany
So slowly scared will I move
Every muscle mortified by the speed of time
My buried deep heart tearing itself with the sweet singing slowness
 Of a red (like blood) and blooming water lily
 Opening in painstaking aching beauty- as
Something that was never meant to open
 Then, hurriedly, I'll smash it shut, crushing the pieces together
 Holding them (An orange in sections bleeding) with my fingers
 Unblooming something that was made
 To close, to close, to close
 Inward and deep
 holding self
 in self

Descalzo

Because the road has ended
I will stand barefoot on the burning black asphalt
Watching the heat distort the sky and distant mountains
Feeling the sun on my skin
Turning coral with the beams
I will stand with shoeless feet in the stagnant air
And think about fossilizing
Turning to a silent stone
Losing all feeling
But, as I begin to set
As my poured cement body moves less and less
I will begin to feel myself burn
And, by feeling,
Remember my mortality
And the transience of life
Knowing that I cannot petrify
But only rot in the sweltering heat
My feet will lift themselves from the oily asphalt
And,
Digging their toes into the hot white sand
Make new tracks

After Childhood in Pasadena

Then when there were sunflowers in the garden
Green beans running up poles and a red plum tree in front of the house
When my hair was dark in the shade
And gleaming in the sun
When I had a swing in a blooming tree
And when I had a brother, close, to push me on it

My own face used to smile at strangers and
My voice used to sing in supermarkets
But she folded in on herself and sank to the bottoms of my feet
Buried, like seeds, she is starting to grow
Up
To the sun of knowledge

I portend eloquence
I have hurriedly constructed the facade of confidence

But walking down a crowded alley
She turns
my lips
up
And runs a bow over my vocal cords
As I walk by the plums and green beans.