

# BlazeVOX 2k9

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Ivan Jenson

## **Actions loud and clear**

when I met you  
you scribbled your name  
and number  
it was barely legible  
    I should have known then  
when you came over  
dressed in old jeans  
and a tee shirt  
you interrupted my stories  
    this spoke volumes  
you arrived empty handed  
    what else can I say?  
you kept making  
and taking calls  
    this colored the evening  
you spilled your drink  
    this was no accident  
you ignored the dog  
and critiqued the decor  
    this was outrageous  
and then on your way  
out you asked for cab fare  
    this was the last straw  
and yet we have  
plans for next week  
    I guess I must be lonely

## **This is my life**

This is where I was born  
these are my brothers and sisters  
this was my father  
and that is my mother  
and those are the cats and dogs  
and the pigeon I named Picasso  
and look at the years  
I spent in New York City  
and all the girls that  
stayed overnight  
and this is the sky we share  
and that is the earth we walk  
and this is a song I love  
and this is the town where I live  
and these are my plans  
and my dreams  
and now you are in the picture  
so smile

## **One sided conversation**

This is not a father son  
conversation  
because there is no father  
this is not a brother  
to brother talk  
because  
we are no longer in touch  
this is not a talk with God  
because I never  
seem to be able to hear that voice  
this is not a heart to heart  
because there is  
no heart close to mine  
and yet even though  
my father, my brother  
God and love  
are not here  
I pray they  
might grace  
my room  
with their presence  
and then  
I fall  
asleep  
waiting  
for their arrival

## **The Things I do for you**

I have lifted your couches  
and swept your floors  
and painted your walls  
and listened to your stories repeat  
like a  
scratched up 45  
I have known you for years  
and put up with your ups  
and your let downs  
and red wine nights  
and your sleep all days  
I have watched you  
change from frenetic and young  
to someone always looking  
over their shoulder  
at the blur of years  
like fast moving faces in passing trains  
you have had me  
running in circles  
trying to catch some  
flying bouquet of pleasure  
so that I might  
offer it to you  
and only now do  
I question  
our vaudeville  
song and dance  
but the only  
answer I can  
find is written between  
the laugh lines  
etched under  
your eyes  
and the answer  
is yes

I can give you  
a ride to the store  
tonight  
you crazy, wonderful  
car wreck of a woman

## Sweet Nothings

Maybe she tells you  
she never did this before  
or she doesn't do it all the time

or this is the craziest thing  
she ever did

maybe you are the first  
or the first in a long time

and she never expected this  
and was certainly not looking for it

but you seemed familiar  
like she had known you for a long time

"and sometimes", she says  
"things happen"

maybe she means what  
she says, or maybe  
she doesn't even understand  
her own actions

in any case  
who cares...  
you just got lucky

## **The Voice inside**

My inner voice is telling me  
that this moment  
has potential to tear the  
fabric of my being  
and hang it up  
to dry like dirty laundry  
in a run down neighborhood  
the tingles that I feel  
are actually warning signals  
that danger is holding  
my hand and  
planning to walk  
me past the park  
to the plank  
then push me off  
into shark infested  
waves of emotion  
a couple of things  
you said, have been  
like red flags, yet I  
speed on, heart  
drag racing, wearing  
goggles of adoration  
my feet pushing  
the pedals of roses  
and innocent bystanders  
are getting  
ready to say  
I told you so  
and the self-help  
section  
of the bookstore  
will be there for me  
when I am ready  
but for now  
I am burning in

the brush  
fire of your  
hair  
until disappointment's  
downpour  
puts me out