

BlazeVOX 2k9

Fall 2009

John Biando

Stupid Poetry - w4w - 23 (Philadelphia)

Reply to: pers-ndtsq-1069631784@craigslist.org [Errors when replying to ads?]

Date: 2009-03-10, 11:09PM EDT

Lumber over and get in my pouch, stupid.
I'm marsupial, not mouse.

Join the club, rest your heifer limbs
on my hearth hub, I'm the heartthrob
lost in heaven's headlights.

I'm a grease dancer, I nurture with limber ligaments
and destroy with my mustache, the mandrake vomit
patrolling my lips sings acritic on its nude accordion.

You linoleum covered rock. If you were a funeral,
you'd be a casket filled with petrified lotus petals.
The vulnerability of pasta, al dente, dowel huffing
skinned marble over the privilege of teeth.

Oh, the malfunction of vowels.
Let us sip from the palace well,
the Palace of the Percolator.

We had that instant connection (years ago), now we don't talk :(- w4m - 25

Reply to: pers-qtgh6-1090976379@craigslist.org [Errors when replying to ads?]
Date: 2009-03-25, 3:13PM EDT

There is a lagoon between us, we must communicate
by goose peals,
by zither quiver,
by didgeridoo.

All I have of memory is this foot rash
and an epsom-salt-soak map.
My ankle is Australia, my toes the archipelago
of googly eyes.

I look after my leg in the tub.
From here, I'm a rescue helicopter.
Thumbs up, please,
if you want an airlift.
My insurance company wants definite signs,
not the folly of smoke signals.
Not a rolling face.

If our dough is sagging, let us make toast.

if i had to quit my job to see you, i would - w4m - 21 (center city)

Reply to: pers-1020114706@craigslist.org ^[2]

Date: 2009-02-04, 1:34AM EST

In the beehive I feel your fever.
In the heat of your fever, I escape to the balcony.
In a tinkle over the ledge, I accidentally debut to the buzzers below.
In an allegory of perspective, I think I am very large.
In my bigamy, I declare myself generalissimo of the beehive.

In my lunacy, I transform the hive from colony to protectorate.
In the military coup, I demand workers for the laundry, the taxicabs, the hive-sweepers.
In the shock along the combs, I see myself in the fuchsia's morning stars.
In a rending of our cosmos, I lower Orion's belt to his ankles.
In a bowstring's tremor, a tumor of lunacy.

In my footprint, a bee twists on a stinger-spit, hair wove with donkey thread.

LOCUST BAR-TENDER! - m4w - 23 (LOCUST BAR!!!!)

Reply to: pers-w2apk-1078576762@craigslist.org [Errors when replying to ads?]

Date: 2009-03-17, 2:13AM EDT

ZOWIE wowie!

Multi-dimensional cells of a woman, what are you?

I think you could be anything.

Are you a halfbreed, human-barracuda? Nice.

Maybe you're a halibut-bride.

May I find melons or scales snorkeling along your cardigan?

Let's nip this noose of a carcass.

A thread to your tummy, a dollop of tumor,

a dusting of doilies to your legs, thoroughfare.

Baby, the truth does not mean a thing.

My invertebrates wear thongs.

hot guy at Sweat in Old City with red shirt "Vegetarians Only" I think - m4m - 37 (Old City)

Reply to: pers-6srny-1088933349@craigslist.org [Errors when replying to ads?]
Date: 2009-03-23, 8:29PM EDT

Handsome man, you work the biceps
and me, the small machine by your shoulders,
lean on my sweat cover.

I will love you many times,
I will forsake my cover for your black trousers.
Manufacture me new costumes.

I race you home.