

BlazeVOX 2k9

Fall 2009

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PETITION TO PETITION

This is a poem wherein you can resemble kids,
with Down Syndrome guaranteed (not actually guaranteed)!

Americans don't really see any problem with parents teaching
their kids to jump seven feet in the air as a form of sex , Oct 19, 2005.

Maybe you've heard about sex. Japanese participants whoop the shit outta
the most recent neuroscientific evidence. "Barn" doesn't blow up.

And young voters don't take kindly to having their fancy
schmancy fat kids struggling to download legislation like FERPA.

Which is why I am sending you this letter, to let you know
that as a chemical reagent to myself, I find your entire program

on the whole quite tautological, and therefore uninteresting
if true. Please do not bother responding.

THIS IS WHAT U GET, WHAT WE PAY U 4

Though incoming temporary workers might turn away
for ten years or more from the view of a few
overeager nude organizers folding back
in spirited revolt, suggestions week after week
remain available for disagreeable charges: Judges'
decisions that police commander might be upper class
shakes courthouse floors. All sent mail
will take stow over precious stone block items.

A ROMANCE, A ROMANCE, A ROMANCE

The Polaroid bares itself, sugar eerily dwelling within hunger
cryogenic battery flutters azure asphalt pipe fantasy
aches in lakefront, clear pearl of exhaustion,

a giggling in the engine on the packages mops the seat for
general warning: hertz tart wave led near solid bridge,
a piece of dear cloth rippling slower through the stink

Tabasco cannot save her from the empty screech of traffic,
no one can say what it is if prolonged beyond a heartbeat,
produced through a salt shaker, more like a blade than losing

shape, torn by single dash at random intervals Beside our lower, velvet gauge.
Evening, gold Dutch coffins somehow nearing the hairy dispatch,
somehow blond as gravel, and their soup spoons curved

past the handle and before the spoon itself, mainly,
forgetting how to sleep on this stretch of blacktop becoming
sudden Universal Purchase Code, jack of love, so cold and even.

ONTOLOGY, JR.

*smug dolls around a short pencil specked with jokes on leftist commentary,
direct from grant-making agency come about turn of the century:*

"We spume the world couldn't woof, who never yap"

I still say your thumb coat falls short of cozy hammocks.

NATURE MADE ASYLUMS FOR DIPSHITS, DIPSHIT

it's all about neckties here
warrants made for each of us

who interjects congeal Say we
stay theatrical (for an amusing period
of time), the extra spaces *cost* more

the very cloth of my enemies' babies' opuses
fills up the space replaced by air
with red concerns, which concerns me

A nascent letter Vested interest parching
the bank slot analogy for sky
in a gesture you can't explain

not because you never tried And
behind our backs a solar flare
& here you are, Bathroom Sponge,

so quiet tonight the walls of this
tiny has-been and buried in my system.