

# BlazeVOX 2k9

Fall 2009

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**Take my bag, my for examples, this red umbrella, all the sun glasses I've lost:**

~

Siphon the act off, one breath  
deep in lungs  
like a mine. I am the dead weight I am the dead  
weight I am the dead weight I am  
leveling the vertical  
pronoun

Each of you (of us) (\*of them)

A march of green houses  
the month to make  
full of kills—

idle and far  
from here where things  
drip on the bare branches.

~

It's ok to project the future  
with a silk screen  
and shaky hands. We can't  
possibly know all that's wrong

so sleep and dirt movers  
stay yellow, even as the ground  
gets opened and carried away.

~

One way to watch a town disappear  
is by train—very old-fashioned—aside  
from new jersey—full of copper tubing  
and workmen with moustaches.

Another way is through projector  
and a flash of bright green light—  
the disappearance total and not  
by degrees. Sci-fi fans among us

look like the real thing and not  
cocacola—a field of dust  
and computerized voices. No more  
ivy or brick or trees with names

no one knows. All these ways  
of moving into or away from things  
that are also sitting still.

~

Problems with wood for its easy flame  
red emergency exit  
these knives and plastic bags we keep

arch as skin

bark on the freeway  
one child sitting in the middle  
of an unfinished home—prefab—windows

not yet in (comfortable and alone)  
looking from eye to eye, it's hard  
not to feel like someone

else—a collection-of-snapshot definition

the labels and buzzers a finger  
runs across—a chorus of ghostlines  
absented there. To trace a warning

with sticks and stones—the warehouse

of numbers resting behind each optic  
nerve. How gravity's discovered anew

each time a baby drops

its spoon—all the future spoons  
falling at rate of speed. One going back  
up and that child gifted

with soiled clothing. To sit on  
this fence of desperate optimism  
watching the shadows turn

from side-a to side-a

**Brr | ake to co | ld**

I'll no-  
t s-  
pare  
you the-  
se de-  
tails.

I'll rip  
your sh-  
irt t-  
ale  
right  
in t-  
wo ah

in  
to

his-  
Tory bow-  
led  
full of b-  
rits hi-  
story  
fully ro-  
bed  
and bull  
rom-  
ped

There is no us in this  
Thus I in us.  
Thus.

I'll not sp-  
are sp-  
it  
or det-  
ail  
yours—us

in ours  
thus I is us in this, I  
com  
pare s-  
pare deta-  
ils. y-  
ours, mi-  
ne.

## Small Talk

So how have you been? I've heard  
your promise about the light. How it came in  
with its own army and continued to be friendly

with god. It hung up the receiver and sojourned  
among the high weeds. All the sedans were lined up, their doors  
well-kept, white-hearted, fair. Within them obsolete voices danced through

the street, their wooden spirits cat-called  
into humanity. The last explanation of the infinite  
has been misspelled entirely, the roadside billboard read. I've heard

about your patience, how long you have been  
hanging around. Insisting the best we can do is almost good

enough. Please, out in the selling windows all the glittery  
philosophies hang. Like broken trophies—little gold  
men in plastic casts reft from their faux marble stands. You can keep

sad-handling the love songs with your sad-song gloves—so lonesome  
in the fingers. So soft in the company of strangers. Full  
of dirt and smiles. What I miss most is the coiled phone cord and how

it stretched into the next room so no one could hear  
what we said to each other. Me and nobody-but-you on the other  
end and everyone listening—posted to the walls in their skin

and baby-blue sexy-suits. Above us, one rafter would shake  
when there was waking. Above us, one company of horns raised so high  
in the roofbeams. A blast of how you've been: so-so. To hand up

to god, you kept wrapping yourself in cords. You pulled up your skirt and slid  
through the riverbed, its round stones and eddies. You continued crossing your wet legs,  
calling out a name to the bliss-faced down pillows—counting the wings

shorn to make them. Stubborn angels would not let you rest your head  
so you kept sticking-up heaven with your sweet fingers. I've heard clouds talk  
about your next pronouncement. How you'll be so-howed, tied up, and dissected.

When the white linen sheets turn heart-colored we'll found what's left, confused  
and chattering down here. We don't need it yet. We've done with thinking already.  
We all know how you've been lending yourself and money to sleep. We're busy, too.

## **Light of the Giant Parade of Lashes on Your Eyelid**

note: tell a joke—to self: that's one point on the route.

to self: keep cups away from the edge of things or

note: I am not going to bed with you anymore.

Your lashes walk slowly in a straight-ish line. Lastly,  
here are some directions: open for as long as you can.

In light of the giant parade your face makes up  
the different qualities the lashes contain  
on your eyelid. Some of them fall out.

to self: do not look at the hair.

note: concussions are history.

It is snowing. It will continue  
to snow. Here's the fist you make: first you curl

the thumb around the top of the last bone  
on your index finger, you proceed from there.

note: this is the wrong way to make a punching fist,  
unless you're unconcerned.

to self: in light of the wildly erratic motions we're put through—

the trains, which are another kind of parade.

note: stand on the furthest reaches of the platform.

to self: it's coming.

note: look at the light stretch on the rails.

to self: you have no mirror

note: your lashes flap in the precursive breeze.



## Interview One: Contents, an empty cage

I: In your poetry one notes a lot of birds crashing through windows and miscues due to thermo-pressure, er, thermometers and pressure, I should say, as well as barium—sometimes direction and fortitudinal disturbances and certainly an inner-ear for the unkind temperance of metal objects. How would you justify these elements, or rectify their incongruence?

P: Well, I did have a bird named Ralph once. He'd fly into the mirror whenever he was let out of his cage. A parakeet, green. He got eaten by our family cat, she wholly disappeared him, feathers and all. We even tried covering the mirror with a sheet, still—every time—a swift thud, right into it and back to the cage a bit wobbly. Don't think he understood his wings at all well.

I: Interesting, and what about the embryonic distress contained in much of your work?

P: Once my father let the cage open while cleaning it outside and poor old Ralph, he didn't fly. Of course his female counterpart—Pam—she was a straight shot. She went and sat in the pine tree in the back yard for three days. It was a strange sight, this blue speck powdered into the needles. Guess that says something about colors and female intelligence, or maybe not. Wait, what exactly did you mean by that question?

I: The internal fissures and unexplained de-yolking of chickens and various other fowl's eggs and all of the self-wrought tension and contention that repetitively mentioning foodstuffs and babies together causes?

P: Oh, embryonic distress is mellifluous. You should keep your mouth to yourself. I'm talking about pets here. Dammit. They never come back.

**birds that attack you**

still stand in the tree  
right outside

you should learn

how to walk like you  
so I can notice

how you walk

with birds around  
you squawking—their beaks

deterred by the month

it's become—no berries  
in us yet and just short of here

you walk with your pockets

safe, handfuls of down—  
your hair a mess  
of wings

**the thing is this**

It's easy just  
to make a winner  
hated, all of us  
do the same, the latest  
news: bombings kill,  
diets don't keep  
the cronewalking  
stiff, money blank  
the pocketbook,  
saying goodbye after  
you return is denial,  
that look like a dollar  
in a tree, a dime  
on the floor no one sees  
and angry the head  
of Abe Lincoln discarded  
into wells to make  
a wish, then swept up.

The wishes two, I've got.

One for each hand, or  
one for me and another  
one for me. America!