

# BlazeVOX 2k9

Fall 2009

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## “keloid”

Pink around the edges,  
keloid  
Rub vigorously once a day,  
5 minutes  
Moving from orange sweaters,  
to red jeans,  
to baggy trousers,  
to mustaches  
and back again.  
I call, asking about the tightness in my  
chest  
He said rub vigorously once a day,  
5 minutes  
(Was rubbed vigorously once a day,  
5 minutes)  
His voice was deeper then I remembered,  
black light,  
achy legs in morning.  
Gone,  
we're up to 10 minutes.  
But the edges still fray.

## “rules”

\_\_\_\_\_ is good catalyst for creativity  
Not the monotonous predictability  
but the kind leaving post-  
\_\_\_\_\_ depression.

Do not frequent same places  
Talk of family is counterproductive  
Remember that place that looked like a  
high school auditorium?

Golden.

We set off on massive, shot in the  
foot/face objective.

Compete.

Winner would get book deal, fame  
accolade, house.

Stay on the inside (rail)

“Don’t look at me.

Don’t you fucking look at me.”

Door that locks from the inside.

Watery iced caffeinated beverages  
leaving rings on cement tables.

Ashes accumulate.

A green bandana tied on banister.

These are our methods,  
(processes).

We have no goals

**“Rob Halpern’s Self-Help Book”**

my poems,     like finance  
                  pre-war levels

town  
          going  
          down

nominal limitation of prose  
          (gyrating orifices)

w-w-want  
of want  
of that  
of late

echoing delay,  
          off shoot

debris  
detritus  
suffix  
eros

new sum hues:  
what the kids are down with

self-grounded semantics,  
          I’m lacking

post-living,  
          injected with sharp verbal burst,  
          breaking train of thought,  
          memory  
(schizo dishwashing,  
          suds)

remembering my part,  
not yours  
crit-ique  
cyclical  
Antonioni's  
finding Stein in tics  
blatant inherent organic lyricality  
do you remember less than I forget?  
ephemeral & amorphous,  
non-static.  
mold.  
create own past.  
idyllic future.  
impossible

“but don't go again.  
Really? Fuuuck.  
just go it.”

**“uh-huh”**

want to jump on beds,  
    brazilian  
thinking of ways,  
    you,  
    hip pull,  
    slitted,  
    forcefully,  
    doing that awkward pirouette,  
    I pantomime later for a crowd,  
but it's all endearing  
    (internal reflection)  
all you have  
    (timbre translation: shock)  
the inverse,  
    in light,  
    color wheel,  
is this the revealing way we want to  
    see ourselves?  
But we concur it's all about context,  
    character,  
    charisma (damn),  
    chasm,  
    co-la,  
    coitus (close)  
I come close  
    (wax)  
    almost faltering from pedestal,  
You pull me back.  
sometimes, it's futile.

**“discussing the restraints”**

touch

toe

touch

bush circumference,

spinning sidewalk slit.

don't break momentum for safety,

nominal placement of tongue,

lips touch.

you're on top,

unusual lip

(placement)

but thick,

a foci revealing that eternal

war,

a guttural surname,

so I break

(whoops)

who has gone?

(a break every 6-12 months,

oxytocin has a shelflife (duh))

renewal?

casual par-taking

non-cha-lance

i wish

I could

collect

calm

distance draws connections,

getting closer will cure