

Blaze VOX 2k9

Late Spring 2009

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WHAT NEXT

Speaking of oxygen, it's everywhere, and thank heavens
all solids are visible, otherwise, abundant concussions.

Abacadabra, here to _____, the walloping sunlight
over debris fields and detention centers, bordellos

and burglar bars as x-d jet streams quadrangle wide, any-
color sky, below which x-number things drift on what

invisible hinges: newsprint unfurling in wind and car
crash imminent (birds in some flowering thicket do flicker),

each driver about to say _____ or _____ on cell phone
at the intersection of _____ and Complete This Sentence.

FLAMES ON A VESSEL

"Turns out Uruguay produces a fantastic blueberry."

-George W. Bush

Secreted in hollowed-out hardbacks,
mulch of their pages, letters confettied,

packed in space the shape of an "a,"
followed by a "b" and a "c," etc.,

26 upright repeatedly sequentially
throughout many libraries, ransacked absences dammed,

as in detective novels, each book emptied
but not in the outline of gun or bottle.

Absurd, even obscene, this non-sequitur epigraph
and one-ended metaphor of shredded text

following a title a fiery signal of distress.
With what is a tortured body synonymous

I wonder, warm, reader whose attention drifts, watching
details of a landscape vanish under anonymizing snow.

MY ADVICE

Sooner burgle the igloo of blubber than spare clothes.
Caught taking either, lie down and mime the horizon.
This will not save you, but it's your last chance to do so
with humans to witness. Best case, you're set adrift,
and then, into what great, strange stomachs you can trespass!

UNRESOLVED CONFLICT

I dreamed a pony with the face of Freud,
glasses just so, beard immaculate, chewed grass tufts,
dropping cigar ash, tail swatting behind in vivid sunset.

Foreshortened centaur, lacking human arms and neck and torso,
he made whinnying pronouncements I barely followed, my German rusty,
his munching fervent. My best guess:
America a mistake, a giant mistake, the clover luscious.