

# Blaze VOX 2k9

Late Spring 2009

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## Notes

The tyranny of this poem formed from halfway language; pistoned -  
the taste of her skirt, the texture of her caressed nipples hardening in the sirens whimper.

I felt her reflections and took notes. Definitions of words forcing warm meanings, chewing moist cookies. A tentative title invented against her cloying eau de cologne and gentle breath. We might vanish between cigarettes or change of dress ...

Bourgeois ideas blushed bathwaters distorted blue. In casual silence she unwrapped the chap stick with delicate fingers and inclined toward me breathless. The whispers of a body no longer merely organs; an inscrutable mystery. The flickering screens interest narcotic wet.

## **Persuasion**

Over-sensitive, highly strung, shy and  
elusive I shuddered with an infants frightened subjection - eyes widely dilated  
her lips transferred something half-remembered:

'Persuade me there is a reason for living; that there exists meaning'

language is flawed and demented she said, skipping ruins  
and I could see she wore nothing underneath the light gauze of her dress  
beech-wood lashes open, we danced, I tried to disguise my feelings  
revealing them in the process; running over with exuberant childish affection  
treetops swaying, clothes spilled feverish, her stretched out full length, the surf breaking crests beyond the window ...

Later we drank and said nothing, while she gently brushed me with her slight curves and  
we smiled amid the dinner-parties absurd amiable talk.

## **Saint of Killers**

scavenging dogs  
lichen priest saint of killers  
guilt god chain-link fence cop  
melting into bloody gauze of locked doors and  
horizons body bags  
flanked by bombs, whistling stares of loitering consciousness, hobbling unfamiliar through Indian summers  
smouldering thick cinders;  
electrical signals biting cursed bullet spun false redemption - pistol drawn Mickey Mouse burps cola, straddles rotting  
oil adder ...

god lives in the work of the fire sequined sky  
shopkeeper preacher chews grit like Texan tar, then  
spits.

## Paris

trees glistening lacquered cracked mirror,  
shadow cars and bicycles gaunt of devotion  
by weathered windowpanes cafe she glows inwardly, an object prophet view of timelessness  
black cigarettes delirium registers vaporish poker chips, mad drunk heavy garters ache fermented in Indian glass,  
twilight hour explodes exodus espresso's inky molasses and the abortive throat of cities hollow Easter.

## Looking at Clouds

Clouds never appear lonely.

Clouds, in my observation, most commonly congregate, their bulbous billows and tufts touching, even merging, as they journey across the skyscape. They are impelled by force and do not know where they are going, but at least they are travelling together.

If a rare cloud does appear alone it looks elegiac. Hanging gracefully in cerulean Hessian its wispy tendrils trailing cotton creepers like a divine climbing plant; the upper- rungs of Jacob's ladder.

I often think I see people and objects in clouds; eyes, noses, mouths, animals, cars, kitchen utensils ... it is surely the vanity of the human mind that it seeks to impose order on something so amaphorous. To ascribe human qualities to it. A cloud does not *have* a shadow, it *makes* a shadow

as we make our own.

## **Resurrection**

You wear crows feet like beauty marks. Mine reflect spun web. Marble glaze cat scratches with the potential to open into fissures. Seismic, old testament fractures the faithless plunge within ... never to return again. But your eyes are tender mercies. You clutch the wound tightly; an ungloved paramedic attending an emergency. I am a repeat offender sprawled again over paving, body tremulous, flickering in blue light. A needle glints between your lips wound with stitching ...

and I am sutured closed. You weave me back from memory. And my signature is the same and my objects are in their places and I resemble myself to all my friends and relatives .....

But only you can give me breath.

## **New Permutations**

breathe again!

in pliant limbs, tendons,

ruby splattered peaks...

new permutations;

great sun bleached brushstrokes, every camber caterwauling calligraphies, arches feather-soft, ejaculating blood-citrus

flashes, springing ballerina lips tracing curved roman mysteries ...

our virgin lungs inflate;

crackling bloody birth cries