

Blaze VOX 2k9
Brooks Johnson

Late Spring 2009

Three poems

Poem

Poets of the World

Serial 1 - 8

going, gulping into the batshitplacid
misty dawn, I ... or, you...stumbled
over oneanother over a rock covered in
distant lichens.

But we woke up in the city. We are in a city.
It is around 9:00. There is no room for rocks
which are anything other than rocks in a city.
This is why love is trrrifying. Vinegrows over
old vines grow over old graves. A friend sd [epistolarily]
“The death of
incurrigibility
does not yield/the death of
hope, as
the death
ofa
driver
does not yield
of direction.”

In Turin, I hear, a woman sells sooty
kerchiefs to the weepers. In Kansas,
somewhere, there is a ship/which
they sailed across vast metonymies.

Last night, in the gale, considering
the once or twice that my oversized sternum
has cracked [Has been cracked], I

plucked young carrots
from the flooding earth.

I [Loomings]

Loom of citylit clouds back and forth
walking with a winter sunstroke aimlessly, slack
jawed. The woman who lives in the busstop.
Chicago and Damen
In its latitude and it's longitude.
Where we believe it. covered head to toe in white cloth
, a makeshift coma,
clinging to what warmth is there. rend hair
rend skin breathe shallow, fallow soy-sown
eyebrow ridge. O wintery swamp. Feign sleep
all, all, all the weight of an iron lift bridge on
the south end of the city raising to let a yacht
pass under.

Heading out to Lake Michigan
heading out to the gentle seas
of wealth, smearing the keel
with crows blood, writing a poem

there,

maybe

A sunburnt calf resting on a box of pastels
A sunburnt calf resting on a box of pastels
on the whitewashed deck. A sunburnt calf
resting on a box of pastels on the whitewashed
deck in the bright sun attached to a man. A
sunburnt calf resting on a box of pastels on the
whitewashed deck attached to a man dreaming.
A sunburnt calf resting on a box of pastels
on the whitewashed on a whitewashed deck deck
attached to a man dreaming of Ma Rainey. A dream of Ma Rainey
resting her head on the calf of her lover. Her lover laying on
her belly. The sunburnt crests of waves. Palpitations.

Ochre turning bluish over thousands of years from the moisture in the rocks.

II [Eurydice]

The tea takes to the water
in its small thro at in yr
small thrown voice, orpheus.
holy these jumbles of match
sticks, unignites, full precessional
elephants adorned with teakwood

head adornments, moths laying eggs
where they will, royal birth (s)
royal jelly. Poorfolks laughing
poorfolks building their own coff-
ins; tending to the bees, tending
too their sweet fingertips. One another
in the nesting doll geometry
of memory. The path of electrons
is the path of electrons.

III [Space]

Due to some delicate
bow in its molecular
a protein de- natures.
structure
(thread and ash)
(the chambers and the winds)

A grammar of the telescope; on the crook
of yr elbow in (its vastness) saying:
“I’m not” or “It’s not” or
“let’s us lay here and listen to the suttry box”

The birds’ being; no better for it.

IV [Apple River; Lethe; Jordan]

Three catterwalls from the tall river grass
three steps from the tall river grass
to the rock where I lay my head;
three heads in my head on the rock
as I doze off to sleep

When I woke up again, a muskrat disappeared again
into the water.

V [Marche]

There are armies-- I don’t
know how fortunate-- that
invade with the returning monarchs.

And wondering “who’s hand is that holding her hair?”
The air around us changes holders.
The baldness of any given arboretum
[a smell of talcum somewhere]
bone dust in the bed of the Euphrates

There are armies--
I don’t know how fortunate--
That invade with the returning monarchs.
Oh, the pollencollecting collecting on brows,
helmets, boots, and nosetips.

VI [Renga]
by scott pierce, david chirot, an unnamed one, an unseen hand

a verb is not always
a god. which is un-
true (i.e. ‘being’).
the poem is the vein
in the muscle on
the minds. bones

warmed as they are by
being cupped in his hands
the flakes of snow like huge butterlifes wings

crickets--
only once do they
interrupt eachother

narcissus in the cold;
reflections don’t stay still
for long. shivering.

VII [Burn yr self up completely: An Allegory]

At the confluence of
the Kennedy and
the Eisenhower,
in spring rushhour,
[well, it was Autumn, really]
Malachi Richter lit
himself ablaze for
a poem. The poem

was called No More Poems.

VIII [your]

slowly eating
a plumb; you
came to mind