

BlazeVOX 2k9

Late Spring 2009

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Kind of Blue

—after Miles Davis

1.

So What

If jazz beautifully
constructs
a
tonal
aggregated message
regarding change
to
dispositional listening, hankering
through fingers massaging
the east and west crumbling temples
of an ailing skull.

To absorb musicians'
clinical genius,
to
repeat verbatim with mimicking
mastery of specific
sound,
the body-mind bridge
must be built with structural
enhancement, decapitating
simplicity of au courant clatter.

Hiding,
as in the ghostly moments
dissipating
within eyelids' stuttering tremble,
when morning hands
uncover the peaceful pupils
through lifting lids of
shadow shaped shade,
renaming night's persuasive
surname of Awakened.

The

constant echoing of
newness, relentless
in the aspectual gild of

ascending
territorial
monotony.

Enveloped
by coffin exposure, the silent
tongues
broken away from innate
human rights, the ability to conjure tone
and
specialized conjecture
lost in spatial confines of
worldly, thorn-attentive mazes.

Imagine a delinquent
habituated
the desire to form nothing
leaping from his enthusiastic tongue,
excavating all thought of
musical abilities,

those of inherited genetic provision and paralleled simplicity with alone renditions of well-wishing birthdays.

If bloom ceases to behave
in accordance with
burgeoning expectations,
the music within the bell of
fundamental sound can
collapse into the vertical
feeding of a vacuum's insatiable
need.

So then the objects of
jazz, the clarified minds, the fundamental
reality, gathering now into
sparse fields of swaying,
esoteric

diversity, hides within
the corners of genre vernacular,
appeasing vigorous mobility
as moments draw answers
to the universal question of its
very own existence: so what?,
these sounds will continue
to wash over existence,
flourishing within equiangular,
multiple surroundings.

2.

Freddie Freeloader

He
with a tainted wallet
engaged to the faulty persona of
overexposed emptiness. An emptiness
of blank pages
rewritten to obscure legible pasts
of heightened riches. Employs
ploys to gain and funda
-mentally expose new funding
to the dusty existence of linty
pockets. Traveling
in mode of vagabond
susceptibility, rain's many
angled laughter
strips the shirt of innate dryness and
unbuckles each pant leg
to reveal the revelation of
a padded waist. Days
like this, the pattern of checkerboard
dilemmas: light in the face forces
solitary movement against the antithetical
dark steps leading toward an unknown
prophecy.

Around corners,
bodily absence delineates the struggle
of deficient wings, fashioned
in the obligatory mind
to carry the weary toward
acclimated arrivals. Sans
this physical enhancement,
akin to rolled gold landing
amid wishing poverty,
he shouts, though in
surrounding silence
in directional hearing

who has left the building to
partake in feasts of fattening
dimensions.

A hidden song
his whispering ally
dangling anywhere
air has underrated pockets
of musical intent. Ungracious
teeth grit down atop their mirrored
action, spending more time
on awaiting handouts
than expending natural
inclinations to provide self-confidence,
bountiful rose-textured
shelter. This mode of running
in circular mathematics,
where the dog of a simile
reacts hyper-defensive to
the exposure of his pastime
linked now to idiocy.

His hands correlate with the sap
unable to purchase ground time,
stuck mid-trunk awaiting dust
and night's thick fleece
to stick to its motionless body.
Death awaits, the coffin
his own bodily repercussions,
air-tight symptoms setting in
with clamps tighter than asthmatic
lungs. Birds form an angular, serrated
whisk, above, the air bleeds
twirls of feathered reenactments
voiced in troubling news,
the masked-in-devil's-garb
soothsayer.

Bombs of language, “no, I don’t have any”,
the multi-meaning, layered in
insulting answer
to the constant asking of copper
and silver assistance. Stilled
as assimilated images,
into which time negates quicker than fatal
slices to veined, open necks,
he ascertains the loading of gratuity
into rib high renditions
of bags full of a robber’s exit,
has dissipated into the royal
attributes of society’s earning
command.

3.

Blue in Green

~

Moments before night's eyes proclaimed the fatigue from all-day blinks of SOS calls, and the blue ceiling had yet to become the bottom angle of a bastardized rock, a flock of images, akin to a basket full of spinning blackbirds, skimmed the slanting approaches of horizon's unleveled, hackneyed tabletop. Day, then, still the optimistic painting of an idealist's imagination. Blue in green voices mixed across the canvas in copacetic strokes. Oaks in lined irregular formations, paused in delightful, ellipsoidal poses: their anxious shadows interact with rounded edges of possible, functional enhancement. The crawling, aware of inferior height and marketable speed, slouch with impressionable wealth of vertical endeavors. Nothing in the groaning disposition; smiles even erected from the back pockets of those that hide in delight.

~

Heard among this definitional forest, finger-width breaths slide the avenues between pines' many splayed needles, conducting in contract with silence, a motive of movement to sanctify the music of unexpected places. Voices everywhere. Leaves dance a tango of twirling sway, singing a lullaby of mothers' gasp at grasping toward the correct raising of the child's mannerisms, multiple personalities, sans the disability of conversing within a syncopated acceptance. Mood water sets a pace of peaceful walks of bees, mid-flight, not under the spell to human pierce, only riding their fuzzy bikes toward flowers' many scented seductions.

~

So much full emptiness: the language of despair settles across a section of visible malnutrition. Deadened, dull blades of grass leaning downward: signs of multiple choke wounds, light unable to penetrate the permanently closed eyes. Unlocking the fabric of solitude, cannot promote positive echoes enough to circumvent transgressional stomping. Wind asks why its sculpting hands cannot reshape circumference into its formal, healthy, responsive movement.

The scent of death is fog-thick, permeating also the haloed beings, hallowed through devotion of promoting parity, the fundamental garb clothing nature's intrepid personalities.

~

Reeds stand in their polite stillness. Brown silken backs of slinging spiders attach a layer of beauty to the vertical growth. Around various corners, light dances atop the lake of a child's favorite marble, the blue awash in the dancing feet of ballroom activities. Visiting in harmony with an innate beatitude, outlining the swing of a straight-ahead jazz salute, dragonflies congregate in their typical turquoise costume. Wings of transparency wave goodbye to species of the walking cursed; they ascend into negative approach, leaving this inner room of earth's many secrets, landing where the eyes cannot open, revealing tangible shape and the buzz of what's to come.

4.

All Blues

Autumn leaves pressed between the palms
of ground and agitated rock,

nothing like their prior life
dedicated to
dangling within earth's spiraling

music

acutely named by the musicians'
hold on their mother branches' need
to interact with a social
desegregating.

formulated by theoretic mathematics

Walls of day

(theory because
concept linked
to the obvious blur
of apologetic untruths
fashions
links between causation
and the philosophical
asking of subsequent
meanderings)

displaying writings beyond the graffiti
pasting hands whose
knowledgeable inclination
correlates
with the narcissistic realism of

your name goes here.

The sadness
of labors
supposedly
guaranteed to forge paths

insatiable in gathering
winnings,

the marching echo of cliché
catches up with the slap of

things happen

and the death of trying
settles in over you,

effort amputates its own legs
and
ambulation is the laughing whisper
riding the walls
of history's
calculating cruelty.

You fall from falling,
the next layer of
incident
beyond the revolving
attribute of cause's effect.

Here, time's wandering hand
constantly cramps
at the thinking notion
movement will never
end.

You see your own
reflection,
a dedicated fresco
of casual listeners,

a dying breed
whose intent
falls into the lake's shadows
formed in solitude
beneath a moon too
self-absorbed

with her own splendid
stillness.

No such thing as
giant leaps
to promote progression,

even as sweat builds
a flourishing
neighborhood across
the clammy forehead,

and fashioning armor
to desensitize old
insults;
this only lights the fuses
of the quick wit
awaiting assaultive magnet
to marry steel.

You worry about the wind
never returning

to map the narrative landscape

of your aging face, spreading
your lips to

find its familial breath

dangling in the flame of contextual
madness.

Waking from the bed of voices
planted there by the crying hands
of past circumstances, their bodies
fully disengaged with
appropriating substance,
semblance of crawling
history, catering to the mind's
wife, fulfilling the want of

conceptual bouquets.

You breathe in all that
surrounding cooks into specialized scent.
Realization is the iron
of insidious insight:

the body is branded a depressive
nuance, whose waves of patterned songs
sing a black (gray, at best) blanket
across your innate ailments,

positioning you to vacation forever
in the expanse of oncoming
fright.

5.

Flamenco Sketches

Your dance of the butterflies
above flaming fingers
attempting to reach
the awry lines of dangling,
mid-flight species, hanging
in posing pauses, electrifying
my arid mouth whose tongue
reaches for and fathoms sporadic
tastes of undulating air,

holding afloat the miracle of flying speech,

manifold voice-codes
writing alphabets of cursive shapes,
tasteful melodies strumming
the harp of absent death. Art
glides and dismantles myths
of legendary dust, covering
image strong collectors
counting humdrum days
for sport.

When falling is equal part equation
and personalized philosophy,
we suggest the voices attached
to branches' forgotten touch

leap alive in tones of earth-colored
gifts, and yet-to-trip on
rotational
occurrences, phenomenon latches
onto the piercing light
only useable when forearms
and chest welcome with
embrace.

Personal dresses
hung where the eyes
 cleave to the unexpected body,

concepts of fabric drape the mind
dialect with patterns put into
place by hereditary movement.
Dance of the doves attach aching feet
to motivated flight, and you
dissect stillness until the streaking blood
curates the moment with absolute
knowledge.

I'll interpret you.

Your body a volume of hips
spinning like the tongue
head first in porcelain shapes
of steaming tea. Your eyes
absent of glare, and only your
eyes can understand the moment
without ascertaining time.

Something of a mischievous moth
twirling
through rolling days of esoteric
sequence.

I'll listen to you.

Speak a message of your wants,
I'll put my ear against the womb
of pregnant gifts. Explain again
the sky's rendition of your face
falling toward the palms of my
many pillow'd greetings. Explain
the night crawling on a belly of
tangible flaws, landing atop the
threshold of your curing salutation.

So many dusky rains attempt ruin of our gardened conversations.

I fall into concern when day talks a message of sleeping into night.

You whisper a wave washing the
particles of disregard and day concludes
with erasing of the past with
mysterious guile.

Forget the former malfunctions of attempted
song. Let's gather ribbons of dangling
light, palm their skin and reinterpret
birth, tying knots around
the darkness only a
mother can love. Then

leap into song's rendition of life, one
of praise that segregates death
and walking toward the echo
that circulates my voice.

I'll understand

when you realize scars
begin to gnaw away
at healing. Let's gather
in dance, as do the many flying
in tandem, shifting where
silhouettes realize
angles of flourishing
enjoyment.

After landing, speak a promise of intertwining
voice and exaggerated premise,
how the water of a sigh
eventually returns to explain
its rippling antecedent. Together

