

# Blaze VOX 2k9

Late Spring 2009

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## Elysian Fields

To get into your heaven I've plowed furrows in my brain  
with a scalpel,

the way you want,  
and with laser beams from outer space.

This dollar bill of naked people at the bar  
dances to the refined attitude of billboards, your face  
contorts

from its own gasses, expressing failures  
to ingest.

Your river is eager to spoil the shops,

penetrate  
until they are muddy

and vacant and sludged like cardboard.

\*

What beads I once wore the wind made of glass.  
I press them to solitude, a grip of ease.  
So much ocean

so close to air. I taste  
    beach sand, mirror  
    crushed to powder.

The air's cerulean invitation breaks my skull  
with its baton.

The cream of my brain seeps  
onto the path stones,

makes me holy and fashionable.

I fear the enraged billboard  
    will vomit up  
a gas attendant's uniform,  
I will be forced to wear it.

\*

To get into your heaven I slaughtered a pig.

But I left one hoof  
peeking over the iron lip of my backhoe scoop.

These other luminaries  
I sent to slaughter,  
to be holy,

echo the all-you-can-eat.  
I put my (foot) fist in my mouth.

Drowning, I decorate my lungs  
with seizures of coral,  
fixtures to cut the light of romance with clods of earth

I kick up running to get away.

\*

There is an enriched dust  
between the floorboards.

When I take dishes from the cupboard  
I feel a caress of antennae.

Everyone's fetish  
hoards a tingle.

The waxing cake,  
the white and pink crescent.

Do we keep the skin  
next to the shaving knives?

No one eats this much anymore.

\*

The church ate my dog  
sent me a bill  
for indigestion.

I had a carpet of saint's hair  
which burned  
your golden strands.

Clouds like holy vomit.  
My roadside is inflated with holy fire.

\*

I'm circling the drain  
into your heaven.

My eyes are full  
of plumber's chemicals.

Scientific fetish  
blinking out the remnants of saint's rows.

When you kissed me,  
I welted.

Allergic indications

the more turgid effects  
of your body.

Scapula, curve,  
hairs in place

of breath, the clean  
behind the foam, burning,

packages cracked open. You sit on  
laboriously  
changing channels,

\*

Work it, work it.  
Enjoy the traffic.  
We made it for you.  
So you could reach Outer Space.

Come to think of it,  
I ought to get some microchips implanted in my brain,  
  
have space dust tubed directly to my stomach.

Out there, there are sponsors  
you can be proud of.

In the radiation of your heaven  
I swivel my heart  
so it cooks evenly  
in the blue insurgent  
of your heart.

\*

I'm drawn to the irreducibility  
of the heart

like in fourth grade,  
the beard  
of numbers  
turning  
into  
a sail

propelling the space ship  
through hours of dead air,  
outer space,

while the clock needle inserted vaccinations  
of my future

Oh my failures,  
shaved  
into paper wedges  
poured  
into beakers of gold.

Fail on, fail on.  
Line the baskets

Take out my eyes. Replace  
with light meters,

bolt walrus tusks  
to the nose of my space ship,

What boundaries,  
dripping scabs more like,

abandon the forbidden faces  
in the clutch the indecipherable heart

the assignment.

\*

Hunger and other subjects:  
goodwill, entombed predicament.

Suture the mouth fixed to mouth:  
utterance for gasping sake.

The message left off.  
Rip, rip-rip.

I was joined. I chirped

from school, blossoming.  
Corrections I inherited,

You taught me to handle the needle  
by its light.

I was gasoline  
weaned.

Not on mercy, for mercy delights  
in electricity,  
but on sparks,

on horizons  
on fire,

dawn's magnetic blossom, her whip of  
fantastic meteors,

fully endowed  
opening the crowds,  
penetrating  
the delighted in their faces  
with torches,  
torment of gears,  
of bedding.

I'll explode this crypt of fingers

and juice.  
Therein the juice  
is made of fingers.

We conduct explosions  
with greasy slicks of meat,

of alphabet imprints  
on the glass,  
    temples, nipples,  
    landscape darkening, enclosure,

habit under the inscription of rain water on leaves.



\*

not god  
but deception  
wired this bomb.

Not juice  
but horizons  
confirm this grease

I draw names in.

The needle stitches  
a reading out of,  
not god,  
but robot-insects

convalescing in sheets of flame.

\*

The heart bomb is near extinct,  
sweetheart.

Fresh fried ampersands & gravy,  
a mixed boat,  
not mixed  
ordained,  
                    come in funeral wax.

We wrap the bombs  
of heaven.

I'm charred to remember,  
Dear.

The evil of the strict picnic,  
enlarged.

More shapely than exclusion,  
buys my mouth this delicious attention,  
your voyeurs jaundice  
the centuries

As any good priest will tell you.

The jointed beams  
where slides the screen  
                    and the bar.

The double twist a dollar makes  
around the news report.

