

# Blaze VOX 2k9

Late Spring 2009

John Moore Williams

[foxglove]

now you have once again. now I draw out this gag, this deflated glove of muscle. it is a coral reef; an armature of bone grown up around fountains of venom. this triage grows crises. these don't come in singles, but sleep in the hollows of Siamese organs. I look down in you as if into grey bathwater. We take our time choking the reef, fingers intertwined, thrusting foxglove onto a bruised blue tongue. the deflated glove pounds insistently, as if to remind me of the coral's thrashing. the afterbirth swells up in drifting jellyfish plumes: pulling them up from their roots twangs already taut nerves. now the glove once again seeks your bruised blue tongue; there the ashes crust.



[street's rulered troughs, II]

eyes of equine equanimity  
big round and liquid wide  
sensed austral presence, a rack of spices stretched, detects  
hotwhite highs, pearl essence effused, ebullient and feckless of lifeseethe  
on withered sheets, mouth's drowsing bones thinking  
us an inspiration, infusion as of tisane's soft fibrous taste  
ear's conch blown,  
a rite of children,  
natural as tissues  
grease effulgent, incalesced by smile's similes of unspoken, subtext tattooed  
upon the taught, the hollow filled  
with secrets themselves absence drumming rhythm  
throbbing collusions allusive of membered memory, abraded through, "here with you, I'm not real,  
hear at all" rabbit-skin sized canvas projected cut of palette, slicing, as diamonds, more, us cries, deific in our loneliness, rot  
bleeds a breast, a breath expired  
upon recliners, graced by holy-water dew  
a quicksilver-bent reflection, dog's teethe, sink into knots, "it doesn't matter  
we were only wearing hear halfway anyway  
huddled fundament we burst from and to  
caullick meniscus, as a curse in language, something forbidden but abided  
we reap. my invisible's  
just that which nature deemed it unnecessary  
to see

we are only capable of touch because we move  
because flesh too is a frequency  
so slowly,  
otherwise empty hands would meet lacunae

\* perhaps there are frequencies  
into which god has climbed  
defining itself a gross distraction  
from the weighted business of what's here

[nights on]

nightson  
concatahaloed streets reek  
of flesheffluvia  
breathed of machine  
four cylinder seething  
sodium-arc earthlight  
cresting resonant caverns  
halitoic, halogen suspirations limn  
limbs scabrousleek, emaciation replete  
fraythreaded teethgnash  
incandescent with neon and spittle  
earthbloodblack leaking  
the fissureveined concrete  
of faces, pleading as palms  
lapping light

[seasonal affective disorder]

senescent autumn divulges

seriously aleatory diversions

sending all deliquescent

sirs (almost dilettantish,

salubrious aesthetes) demonic

sensorials, anent devolving

stages, an ascending depression

soul-voiding and decompressing,

susurrus' alchemical dishabille.

shedding accustomed demeanors,

sartorial albumen disclosed,

seniors and delinquents

streetward advance, demobilizing

socialization's agonistic defenses.

simply addled and denuded.

serpentine, agnostic deities

slither against deleted

seasons; apathetic demonstratives

sprinkle air: detonated

springs' articulate debacles.

sarcastically articulated debutantes

strut alleyways, distractedly

summarizing artists' devaluations,

summas advanced, detoured

simulacra algorithmically developed;

sighing ahs dilapidate.

Sententiously, socialist aesthetes devour

Sedimentary ash, devoutly

Scattering, sharing scarce airs devotees

Scarf, athletically assaulting democratic showboater as

Senators affect deconstructions

salacious agents determined

sagaciously apolitical; Damocleses'

sword aswing above dream-boxes, shopworn &

anemically dressed, scythes across demotic desires,

severing all-too-down-to-earth devoirs

swiftly apart; analogic, death stems.