

Blaze VOX 2k9

Late Spring 2009

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15th September

I didn't have anything special to do;
Dick Boulton came from the Indian camp,
the sun rose upon a tranquil world.
I have this nervous habit -
it flops over his shoulders
with scriptural quotations.
You remember I said before
of the lake shore
where Tom girded up his loins -
he looks good when he finishes fixing himself up.
And if nothing were done about it
part of the Sermon on the Mount
would see his picture in the Year Book.
He goes into the lake to make a new boom
for his mind is traversing
frequently.
Nick's father always
finds his way through the fog.

16th September

We always have the same meal on Saturday nights -
on one Fourth of July
about half past ten
you should've seen the steaks.
The guests came on horses, jumped down into the road
with their parents -
it was nice.
Nine of them
far away from the open window and seductive outside.
I didn't have a date or anything, so I and this friend
looked out from the back seat to watch
the wife and other unnecessaries.
We watch Ackley in his room, squeezing his pimples,
his pants look mighty -
the only palace in the town (and the most hospitable!)
He is back behind the shower curtains
before I seen a thing.
The new notable from a distance.

17th September

Some things are hard to remember:
The Petoskey road runs straight uphill
and Monday mornings find Tom Sawyer miserable.
I don't just fool around,
disappear into the woods,
go into captivity.
The corridor is all lino
with berry bushes and beech saplings
that make me sick, so I can stay home from school.
I don't even bother to answer him
I pack in the buckets
he detects colicky symptoms.
He hangs it up on a hanger
outside the cottage by the lake.
One of his upper teeth is loose.
He is always stroking his stomach
around the house -
It hurts.

18th September

A tiny bit of light came through the shower curtains
and he saw me come in the door
Tom tried to fasten his mind on his book.
He had alot of white stuff on his face
and held a glass in his hand.
The air was utterly dead.
Where's the light? I couldn't find the light.
He drew that beer and cut it off
away off
blood and all.
What's yours?
Lazy wing; no other living thing
you're bleeding, for chrissake!
A bowl of pickled pig's feet
to pass the dreary time.
I said 'listen, I gotta get up and go -'
Tom held the wooden scissors in his hand.
He released the tick and pulled me.

19th September

It was too late to call up for a cab or anything, so
Nick stood up. He was alright.
Tom dogged hither and thither
He smacked my lip right on my teeth, and it was pretty sore
He felt of his knee; his pants torn -
Juvenile superstition meant that he shoved
snow in my hand and washed my face with it
then washed his hand carefully in cold water
hardly distinguishable.
I usually read about these dumb stories -
I will know them again. Apparently it's fine way to act
with not even a zephyr stirring; the dead noonday heat
I just didn't feel like it. I just sort of sat
'Come here, kid, I got something for you' then Wham!
This seemed to render the pervading silence
and I was sitting
and he - the son of a crutting brakeman
sat long with his elbows on his knees.

20th September

The first thing I did when I got off at Penn Station
was to open the door of Henry's lunchroom.
At half past nine that night
I woke her up, but the trouble was
I didn't know what the trouble was.
It is nearly daylight and we hear the clock strike ten
Sally Hayes is on her Christmas vacation
but she spends it talking to George
so I stare up into the dark. Everything is dismally still.
Besides, I was never crazy about talking to old Mrs Hayes -
What the hell do you put it on the card for?
Old beams begin to crack mysteriously -
I get my bags and walk over to that tunnel.
It's five o' clock
time for the tiresome chirping of crickets
then I say, 'Hey, do you mind turning around
I have to eat'.
Our days are numbered.

21st September

It is still pretty early. I'm not sure what time it is, but
the Kansas City train stops at a siding
and two boys fly on and on towards the village.
This night club: The Lavender Room
is in the ruts -
every stump stares up in its path.
I think of maybe hanging up on my parents
cos they lurch out of sight
as aroused watch-dogs give wings to their feet.
As a matter of fact, I'm the only
one touching the ground
I can't stand it much longer -
she still has nice, pretty little ears
(spectators of the ball agree)
and at last, breast to breast
you'd like her. I mean if you
manage to get any dope
your pulses will s l o w d o w n.