

Blaze VOX 2k9

Late Spring 2009

Letitia Trent

Blue Velvet (dir. David Lynch, 1986)

Slowly, we come up out of
a bullet hole. It's Jeffrey's eye.
Dorothy's apartment is GETTING DARK.
The MUSIC is breathing
very high and around and starts
taking off her dress. She takes
the record off. We are detectives
in the texture of her breasts.

Slowly, we come up out of
her music. It is GETTING
DARKER in her dress and she takes
the record off. She says I sometimes
get so mixed up. Jeffrey's eye
is the texture of shock. Very sweet MUSIC
becomes fainter as if in front
of the sprinklers.

Slowly, we come up out of Jeffrey's
jacket pocket. I get mixed up
when I see her float up to the ceiling, waiting.
He touches her stomach; it is filled with helium.
The record plays YOUR PRECIOUS
LOVE. She is in her panties. She takes
the record off. She is turning. She

starts taking off her dress. She keeps
her body in the light
as it floats down from the ceiling.

Kill Bill #1 (dir. Quentin Tarantino, 2003)

Blood sweet brights

blood comes better
sweet peach

if you're still

the camera swoons
scatters
sticky with it

Blood

like a trick
runs pretty down
pretty spitting
voice box

Shivers (dir. David Cronenberg, 1980)

You think I find myself
making love beautifully,
then untangle my legs, spit
the blood from my mouth,
and sit down again
in the glare of the kitchen.

You think, before long, doubts
begin to crowd my throat.

That isn't how it feels at all.

I consented to appear before the doctor.
He examined inside my ear, my abdomen.
He could not catch
the wriggling thing. It bit.

Listen, I said, putting his whole ear
inside my mouth. I've got something
to tell you. Breathing is erotic.
Dying is erotic. He listened
without comment. Breathing, I added,
is an act of thankfulness. He said
nothing. By then, he was dying,
and it was really moving, despite

all of his rifling in my hollows, despite
all of the things he believed about me.

Picnic at Hanging Rock (Dir. Peter Weir, 1975)

Did I mention the boys as the girls undone?
Boys watched the tidy, final beauties
straddle the river.

They watched a sickly girl run.
Watched one in glasses utter lace and sickness.

She hides. She collapses. Up stockings
their bodies are made painful about desire.
Pitches of a poem release distance, loose thoughts.

But later,
that girl was found
by the taller watching boy. Let them cross.

Jason

August. When the shadows are too fat at the black underleaf

That's when they come by belching yellow bus

Their short threads tickle the white insides of their thighs

The boys sweat, their small hairs curling on their foreheads

Girls spill sugar, bringing snakes and spiders, mushrooms rooting
in the sticky cotton of their mattress filler

At make-out rock, they crush a bed of crunchy lichen, a rare species I discovered
in my handbook of New England wildlife

They fragment the black lake's surface—that good reflector of my face,
that curved cup of crystal

I steal the cheap clothes left behind them in piles

The girl's shorts are cagey, like meat and melon

The boy's like pelt and grass clippings

Boys sleep heavy, furred forearms over their eyes

The girls are restless under their covers, heat hanging over their sticky chests

Jenny, with your flower-embroidered purse, a sweet sixteen gift from your mother

John, baseball cards in your tin, no blue packs of photographs
You want to be an aviator

They cleave and they cleave laughing holes in the quiet water

They disappear under, the bubbles their mouths

make burst into silence