

Blaze VOX 2k9

Late Spring 2009

Michael James Martin

BlazeVox Poetry Album

Four poems

Praise for a faulty entropic meter, our cellular lithograph

potato chip of wonder, spatula bible, my food is jay leno,
fused pistachew's a nixon bellyrub, my god's
son the face of a damn pancake, 'scuse me lord
for my george foreman grille has sinned,
grilled cheese a cheesing devilprint—buttermouth. oh how i
love ye flour tortilla mona lisa you look
so good. i could eat you, so good. 'scuse me lord for my
glut-lust, my faith in st. augustine pressed
onto lean turkey meat, greased between glazed
donut halves (*mmmmmm*) wait, can you chew a door?
surely... but if it were adorned with guadalupe? maybe
the world eats us as we eat the world
tasteless mushroom lamella's, arabic gum, mung bean
carotene as tasty as ebay commerce, as tasty as...
why is pareidolia always never a waffle?
why is it always a *visage on* — where is lenin's
ass-crack; the new neighbor's very exposed navel

Camera-man

"This ain't reality TV!"
- Jack Nicholson in *The Departed*,
written by William Monahan

betacam sequitur capacitor,
zeiss-eye refraction,
lavalier soundtrap (he blew a guy in the bushes
said he would never do such a thing
so they're all lying liars, lying lying lying
) edit room auditors, *The Asshole*
she assured she was on tape
isn't *The Asshole* producers portrayed—parallax
—human orthicons explaining visual syntactics:
plastered tantrums trapped in clamshells
of rack-focused antical hate-speech:

"you bleeping motherbleeping pieces of bleep! eat bleep
you assbleeping Diasporadic bleepheads!"

unthroated scrofula, scripted improv walk-arounds
around gel'd Kino Flo beautifying kits

... this is life now “ ”

Kinesics

Round 85—two minutes gone and counting
we were Vaseline'd supermodels
pugilising nitrated film spools,
forgotted world wonders, aka's
talkers of bloodrites, pennies per punch

Round 87— inflammated bruisers,
grimed fashion victims
choking on fitted mouthpieces
crafting boilerplated faces,
warhols for the broken body

Round 112— egalitarian now
lungs flopping out the bottom of our shorts:
palookas, lethargic pain-machines
80:1 a radio assures
 there's no death

Round 34— they speak.
Celebrities root for celebrities
rearranging musculature over bone,
certified phlebotomists—
we speak by not speaking

Round 2— like a first date
performance anxiety
nervous glottal *-glots*
... little damage

The Telephone Game

I write a poem two years from now
the now then is four thousand breaths
from when the ink was inked—I curve the letter q
in third grade on a poem I abandon
for the comfort of a couch and a teddy bear
licked by dirty children in the bookshelved corner
dubbed 'the reading nook'.
My brain spins and twists the stem
—doesn't untwist for the next 22 years
until Katrina ripped my father's home,
he wades a six foot frame nose deep (watered)
and calls me a hundred times to no answer
to tell me 51 years ago he wrote
a poem about Jesus
which his mother disliked. And I hate
the answering machine two months
for replaying his message grandmother died
without knowing the i
I became after leaving on a damaged plane,
a wide-almond-eyed smartass—a million decades prior
some Coleopteran beetle
and a bedbug discuss skin and blood,
the bitter texture of the hominid 'self
at this exact moment I am writing a poem
I don't want to finish.
I'd rather kiss a woman I can't love,
feel the thunderclouds growl somewhere
over absent Texan hills, rather lived uninhibited
naïve of the wall clocks.