

Blaze VOX 2k9

Late Spring 2009

Paul Siegell

LO SCROTO SOLOS

—for FGL

a guitar as *avatar*. solos. as soft and fierce on tongue
as sliced ripe mango. solos. the *duende* unending deep
song *duende*. clouds America with Chuck Champion's

MojoOrchestra, laid in Mardi Gras mudbug grooves and
candle-lit Syd Barrett beams. keeps ev'rything dreaming
for Dr King. solos in empty alleys as leitmotif in key of

AvAtAr and kicks it back to the drummer on the tour bus:
vision as infinite as asphalt lined with trees as verdant as
highway eyelashes. the avatar tunes six times by design

until it busts a string.

clouded the avatar spills. it pours blue out from behind
the curtain. of volts and volume, one slip and a freefall,
it dares to open the umbrella & clouds America. enters

even more of her aura. solos rapt in the abracadabra of
the alphabet. reacts/releases/a tornado's throes. lick like
digit six plus the way two sleep together. 1st last 1st. and

the amps all want the avatar to solo. comes the possession
ceremony. paroxysm, tongue lotion. yet the avatar's already
ready to bolt. "Cliticia." o, the burst the avatar composes!

and all post-coital cookies.

“it by watching”

*the first time
S.F.*

*softly slipped
into smoke*

*it
took
her*

*a few
confused
breaths*

to absorb

*why its
dulcetness*

reminded her

of childhood.

10.17.96 – PHiSH – Bryce Jordan Center, PA

the two owls of my eyes? noooooowhere to be found.
replaced by two equal parts liquid, one part squall,
one part squid. everything went from music where
the tastefulness & intelligence of the lighting director
is appreciated just as much the musicians? // *light like*
the psychedelic warmth of the crystal committees of
winter // to the all-out Horrific Awfulness of Shame:

it looks just like him, that security guard in his yellow
security guard shirt standing at the very edge of general
admission, keeping sneaks from hopping the boards and
winding up down on the floor: *it's "C"!* my favorite teacher
from high school—what? from the shiny nice-nice to optic
nerves disturbed, sweat swarms. checked my ticket stub:
“Penn State.” high school was Long Island, some five long

hours away. galloping, loopy, exuberance music: chords
bring us together. time-lapse photography, the look-inside
lagoon and that which occupies the octopus' mind. it's C,
and my hair's longer, a sophomore in college with hopes
that *his* music's still worthy: a disgrace inside a body on
that which intensifies the Terror of Disappointing—ah, he
gets relieved by another guard. better breaths, but: would

I still be doing what I'm doing if Mr. C really was here?

LIT FROM PENN STATE TO PITT

—for R. Applegate

mouth so dry that the bagel he grabbed for me
in his backseat of supplies, weeks,
got stuck going down:

could no longer inhale—fright and Orion driving,
unaware—fright and the thot that
“this can’t be how it

happens.” the struggle to maintain on a next-day
leg to the next night’s show on tour—
ffreaking and an insect

hit the windshield, splattered before me its fragility
in a jolt. Orion’s long curls bounced
along with his laughter

as I let the air outta my ridiculousness: “Could you
hold the wheel again?” he asked, and
hit another from his bubbler.

a brilliance of life I’d admired the year before, our
freshman set, tho he’d only made it
one semester:

0-point-0 & out.

the only graduate from my class to go to PITT, I
went knowing no one: a chance
to “restart.”

wore a PHiSH shirt the day I hugged my parents,
and Orion was the first on campus
to find it—

the gate to the apple orchard of friendship: I got to
pick (& be picked by) just the right ones
this time.

10.19.96 – PHiSH – Marine Midland Arena, NY

paul's in baggie brown corduroys patchworked down to bells
toga's rocking stilts of black and white houndstooth-patterned pants
paul's a qoop dancing a db db quip doob dab
toga's a doob dancing a qp qp drub qoop quickstep
paul's PQs are on bites of boom
toga's BDs are on even more bites of boom, still some shake in his teeth
paul's boom goes a drub qp db qp db qp db quince pie qp db qp db
toga's POW floes a quip db qp db qp db qp porcupine db qp db qp
paul's mouth still kinda tastes like pirates invaded with pancreatic cancer
toga's mouth's a questorship of fantastic ants typed across the toilet paper
paul's . - : * " " * : - . seefeeling
toga's . - : * " " * : - . feelwheeling in the visible edible air
paul's starting to reel in more than what second set has ever felt like before
toga's chomping down the sushi like a beardo with the demeanor of a
dinosaur
paul's dancing pant legs slither/flap around, flap around him crawling into
crazy
toga's feeling like the synonym of a word he can't quite put his lighter to
paul's quiver
toga's dance
paul's serene's unseen, skitzing for bug repellent/anti-venom snake injections
toga's dance
paul's dance is drenched in the transcendent sweat of the all-too-new unusual
toga's evened out, is scratching his beard in *Fluffhead*-love with ev'rything
paul's cords, they've got him worried that they've... evolved
toga's toga-woga-boga in the benefits of such developments of depth perception
paul's skidding continues, is forced to pause, then forced to sit
toga's care knows that paul never sits at PHiSH unless it's something serious
paul's buggin' out, ready to rip 'em off—but doesn't wanna be “the naked guy”
toga's spoken “settle down, paul” does, thank goodness, exactly just that

TREMENDOUS

or, at least, approximately large—

like politicizing the effects of yestermorrow on tomesterday

or scribbling *Two bottlenose dolphins and a human carcinogen
walk into a bar—*

but ah, with a discombobulatté in one hand & the last in a pack
of cigarettorical questions in the other, you will not find me—

Who splattered the bat?

blurts the waitress to the enthusiastic Peruvian
somehow splitting nuclei in the corner—*There's*

candle wax all over the bathroom!

wasn't the sick BMXican; he's popping wheelies off the back
of a monster truck parked outside

—*Barkeep, another round!*

and another brother with an Irish brogue cheers, *Bring it on home!*
for the first & goal: high-five goes his *claddagh*: for, yes, this *iz*
a resurrexodus!

(and the Italexicans sing, *Arriba, Arriba, Arriiiba*
Arivaderche—)

but then an Afghan horseman turns to a flock of epicurean pelicans
and, *Is it true that ev'ry time another poem, poetry another definition?*

Pish posh! scoffs the Sunlight Lynch Mob Formaldehyde the Sikh—

the real question is: *Where would one find where there's snow
on the shoulders of statues, but none on the statues' heads?*

—*Uh, barkeep, my tab, por favor.*

the hiccups of ok o'clock—the bounce-abouter & boots-abooter:

I'm as impractical as a lost lobster stereo, yet all-moonstruck by
the monster truck that's parked outside, I'm also completely un-

willing to erase such hair-raising paraphrasing
of a night at the bar

—*Driver, to Project Awesome, at once!*

08.12.04 – PHiSH – Tweeter Center, NJ

—for “The Hog”

in these

witness the intimacy:

decreasing

when a smile

hours of our

reaches the

cherished quartet:

crowd—

reveal the ReVeLeR! paint it ELATED!

what shows

when your choice inclusion into music

d i s b a n d s ?

in a scene made of & meant for

a _{sub}generation of senses,

a tender, ruckus-productive playground

deserving poetics,

all the admitted

attend aching: to dance to an Exit

Strategy—

*(“let’s go deep sea diving, but
wait: let’s get high first. yeah!”)*

yikes.

an RV of fans, OREGON tags,

just arrived, about to park, just

backed into New Jersey patrol—

crest-

fallen. will they make the final curtain
 this weekend in Coventry, VT?

best

friends, with all our demographic traffic,
 will any of us?

the mission's beginning: battery full.