

Blaze VOX 2k9

Late Spring 2009

Raymond Farr

Finding His Gifts Too Are Stranger than Himself Today

Mucho w/ sweet
Meats I too bend
All at once Offered
In outrage The news
Is not a dove today
Bad angels picnic
The craven walls
Of caverns of rooms
Enacted Imagined
Space pokes back
A finger Each episode
A new millennium
Tarnished anti-directional
Kiss off at
Moon launch Seizes
Grid at Bride
Ridge Expects
A-sharp deployed Or
don't sing
I wandered fast
& loose The art is in
The hidden factors
Make FL home A guzzle
Of cognac
Often I open my email
Under screeching moon
The sun is not
A lord today Peach
Pits harden to little

Tempos Or sense of
Hapless ray Streaking
Madness stands at sink
Envies evening stop
Sign Reading
Don't suicide
Take 12th St off
Sweet Swallow Circle
Off Magnolia Find
Second blue
House A poem
Charts escape hatches
White w/white gutters
The cat door
Is shabby My bed
Burns Look out at
The ocean!

“Shark Fishing” a New Year ~~LIKE~~...

~~LIKE~~ carnivores

Derivative

To the hilt

Opportune

As exiled slug/sluggish

A masque ~~LIKE~~

In stasis

Unlike

Trawlers of mind

Never getting

Over/across

NY in one

Version

Itself a ball

Dropping

A key's worth

Of olive

Erupts tangent to ~~LIKE~~

A millionth

Circumscribing

Poetry EventHorizon

On/off

Ten Mr. Zips

Bottled deluge

Waking

To affluence

Big & mile long

“Shark fishing”

A new year

Tight until

Breakfast time

Time out

To down load

~~LIKE~~ glacial area

The cops on/off

Anti similes

~~LIKE~~ from midnight

Forward

This reading's

A fairy tale

Vs. Bust-of-Our-Lives

In one pen of a stroke SHE PATCHED INTO SYSTEMS going reverse. I was MOVED to VIOLENCE [let us say] BY *Cette n'est pas une pipe*. I CHISELED a rockSIGNED MULTIPLE CIGARS Not HER bruised voltage waylaid at Wal-Mart but MY narrative pink & sterno— de Tocqueville's [paws] brandished by BOGS of goddam big cigars. She GLINTed Santa Rosa across sunlight's wild arc. I STOOD & PLOTTED. MY ASTERISKS ARCHED thru TERRIBLE NIGHT. I was NOT a palooka. THE SAME WORDS were THE SAME WORDS twice to her. Neither was I heretical. Nor SHE ironic. Her LITTLE SQUAWS' upriver guidon-hardon CUT & PASTED LIFE-LIKE as 30 Missions of California. Her edifice / my potash SOPHISTICAL as bonefish PIRATED texts UNGOVERNED by fistulas. Her GOLDEN bananas DOWNsized my trekkie. My HEAP of ennui hurtled shots at her "MANhole." Her BOO-HOO of Zswound UNLATCHED all my crooked. I SUMMONED her poem TO THE CROAK in my pond. My MOCK up of NADA / her CARNIE ID; my BLONDE Winnebago / her HOAX in Crimea speak only absurd. I BLOG every mile (Cyrillic in Russian. ALL DARK summer night she orders the sword fish, EATS SHRIMP like balloons. MY SENTENCE is meaningless IN VIEW of her LAWlessness. In OLDE Quaker graveyards She SUNDERS my SPY GLASS. My ARTICHOKE of Delphi APPROACHES on foot & KISSES her hem. Her TIME becomes ART is THE ART of my deal. In GLUED Pacific Basins SHE WAFFLES in angst. MY DISTANCE is not near. Her F-STOP's an eyeball, a \$10 camera I DROP on the Charles. MY SKYLINE'S an outrage SHE RAIDS while I sleep. HER FACE is frenetic. I am DULL with despair. Her SOFT doughy BOLUS. MY SWEET chewy nougat. She POUTS like a puppy TAKING HOLD of my JOYSTICK. Her language COMPARES. MY sentence IMPLIES— GOD IS LOVE's COCKTAIL. DULLER THAN UTRECHT. SO INKLING ON PAPER. In one scene: JANGLED NERVES HERE IN ATTICA. I TAPER precisely. She WINNOWS astutely. PLINTH AFTER PLINTH I SHADOW-BOX her utterance. She BUSHWHACKS my France. I REST on indices in the act of _____ in relation to _____ THE BONELESS MANY we arrive.

Methuselah Syndrome

Six oboes disguise clever Gretel once.
In western-most hinterlands.

 In cherry
blossoms deep in Vienna.
Her lover's a tale unravels to glasnost.

 Her chevrons of
sea dunes approach havens'
 intercourse. Spitting fire.
Cuddled by bloom-rockets.
Her hash marks lick dust covers.

 Her guide is a missive.
 Crank micro-
soft bomb shells. Clean as a pocket.
 Her poetry. (Abnormally).
Squats like one or two maidens. The
Rococo
figures heavily.

 She's not afraid to (cream)
speak your mind there.

 Her babble insouciance.
Her baubles of snow-drumming pluck
squads from her sequence.

 Her story denotes:
potatoes are details. A loot & booty
fantastic as Oz.
& quite afraid of.

 Potato latch. Our story denotes:
her efficient intolerant paradigm's
 a sign.

Abhor'd excesses blitzkrieg
 her quagmire.
Her gibbons that manumit
 dildo her lasso.

 Nothing she scribbles.
Nothing she swallows is real
that she writes. Opposite *nacht* her
boat motor guns it.

 Much of it posing
that is glandular.

Romeo & Juliet, This Is Richard Kostelanetz

I harpie Frank Zappa cobra Imperialism but the duck pond Savanarola...? I full ship catafalque the Belle Epoch Frank O'Hara. The immiscible Jean d'Arc. I Wilbur force patch me thru Boston Market idealism [yacht & dinghy excluded]. I foolscap Franz Kline non-entropy pact. I Fred Astaire bamboozle the fire-star identity-comb while Beanie & Cecil out-rigger continuous. I Google Tom Hanks. I client clarinet Miles Davis UFO stalking café in the nether world I walk. I stereo anemone Little Miss Muffet. I city Klondike algebraic follicle cyst Max Ernst hoping incandescent floral arrangements endive Mick Jagger. I observe muffin animal banner peninsula & Ma Barker lots of potato. I deride Tupac Shakur. I dead name a heron vapid genuflect the real Vincent Price please rodeo yr mom. I dig same up Señor Zorro. I guano Fred Flintstone painting Percy Bysshe Shelley on steroids not crack —The notice dealt with the matter at hand—I wanna fudge up the real you David Hockney p—W is matter that's real on a scale of Oliver Twist. I Jon Donne am Jones-ing on wavelengths. I gonniff Saul Bellow radical beta theta why go as a molecule? I sand art Chet Huntley. A pen is a pen James Bond & yr syrup's explosive. Dear Abby a bodily cetacean climbed over The Louvre. Do you live in a pig sty Harry Houdini or an oar lock adieu? I live under a ball & under a saucer Dr. Williams. I'm dreaming at speed & I flock Richard Nixon. If time is a gift then I am a glove Richard Harris. I Santa Claus the cinema obeying the dog & it's getting me nowhere. —Who is hollow in the head or next Willem De Kooning?— Send more free-style Tibetan neck beads Harry Belafonte. I children went sailing Charles Baudelaire with the eyes out of worship. I salad the man Elvis Presley. Rainer Maria Rilke alters kazoos standing-in. I doppelganger rudiments reading vexing mystery Clark Kent. I sinister turn Betty Davis eyes Frederick Nietzsche up town & celery. Do I world time zone special snow cone have to remind you Cy Twombly? Wal-Mart 20 items sold Marcel Duchamp! I dog fire seamstress glee & Chapstick Charlie Brown. I teleprompt Paul Klee quickly with voices. Osh Kosh by gosh Octavio Paz. I saxophone relative distance while driving Malcolm X. The only living curvature of space meters the fifth of a series Paula Abdul. I pop monitor July Mahatma Ghandi. It is written Annie Lennox. I tumble dry Dusseldorf rainy Van Heflin. It is brick Sean Penn & soup is a foot. I wall-rock peyote- hallucination noah eli Gordon & the terrible swan man while breathing out owl tarts. I back order slash random peninsulas Lou Reed. the elk sd, irrational Iroquois sd Humpty Dumpty Oriental ginger (& lost.) I Dakota sling willing floppy essence Charles De Gaulle. If anyone asks Bill Murray shapes & numbers sun of Daisy Duke Matterhorn. I come together music shoe upright Orville Reddenbocker. I panic distance Oskar Kokoschka. I banana tripod soufflé, ugh, it's a cushion Derek & The Dominoes. I flower dissemble Xmass near over Monica Lewinski. I panic Sid Vicious brain washing weeping version Robinson Crusoe. Who is ten not eleven Clyde Barrow boxes juxtaposed at peach fuzz a platform? I startle a

half life inch over inch like a stork out of gas Cassius Clay / Mohamed Ali. I Pier
One in battle with brittle nuptials & digging Joe DiMaggio. I sexual corn ravioli a
glass toe a baker's dozen Jackson Pollock. & drop Che Guevara. I tenement turtle
radical radar machine Andy Warhol. I hula hoop Elmo & out past the gate. I Hulk
Hogan the flickers not lost in the programming. I terrapin the cyclamen containing
the moot posted like eyeballs and heirs in my popcorn Vladimir Nabokov. I
elongate verboten Jane Goodall. I dead of night Paul McCartney. I charm bracelet
the world Howlin' Wolf. I swallow yr karma Jack Kerouac.