

BLAZEVOX 2KX

Fall 2010

**Margot Block**

Critical Tongue

used this to recall pretention  
it was your face crumpled with a beauty I imagine  
and I could have perceived it was a delusion  
when I am faced with the long critical tongue  
you knew stuff with an agility  
and knowledge fell to the floor with discarded poetics  
it is I who fell to the floor with one last smile

## Crocodile

I ache to bring you this apology of numbers  
how young I was to read this last chapter first  
but I had fear on my side with you on my mind  
and with your hand a brush fire soul  
falling through the chasm of night with no label  
I dream of a place where your damage was cut off at the thumb  
now with the peace of a woman who is educated twofold disaster  
crocodile tears  
nothing I imagined  
wearing the color of red  
I stand against your popular damage  
the suicide  
the grand canyon  
this is where my anger subsides  
drawing me down like fear  
where I have escaped the theoretical fist  
never did I see this ash in your beautiful face

## Crossed Wires

there is nothing original in this seduction  
the liar in us both comes out to play  
crossing the electric line we fall apart  
throwing our strength to wind while our heart is laugh  
knowing we are ready for any kind of pain  
open and ready for the fall  
the moment you hit the ground  
come down from dreams from hope and glory  
it is a burning encounter  
filled with secrets than swept vacant

## Cuss Me Out Good

the vague was threatening me again  
to swallow you whole  
to stand right behind the pillar  
but I follow you everywhere  
this is a poem where we travel through time  
my word is not enough  
and my heart breaks for intimacy  
I left you clues but you never even read the book  
child how beautiful you were  
I have no time to engage in this  
I have no time to love  
it is imprecise  
you and me, friend  
this is the space where we pretend to be revolutionary  
and how can you do this  
when I have seen the war and turned  
you want to hear me cry, whispering yes  
you want to hear me scream that a crime was committed  
a kind of rose blood in the brain  
no witness and with one willing hand  
all is erased but I have not forgotten  
if our world can last  
if I can punish out the good like oil & water  
I wish I could cuss you out good  
when a promise is a promise  
the report of your fist is circumstantial  
I am always silent  
I want to forget your pretty boy face  
where you sweet talk the angel herself  
in the intermission  
but I am sorry for the damage you cannot help but see  
a draining river  
I will not silence your wound  
I will not speak of violence even once  
but this will not end  
even if I write my name one thousand times  
my favorite tan I wore for you  
is nothing I am prepared to wear

like skin tight getup  
I cannot say I ever deserved  
this one silent plate  
your violence dictates still  
when us girls are satisfied with a true glass of red  
was I the kind of girl to turn away  
and when your pedastal smacks of sin  
beautifful makes a fucking pawn  
in the middle of the ivory desert  
in the quiet I mention simplicity

## Dark Love

another poem of love you create  
it is the mystery or beauty of foreign country  
in your breath across her skin  
and in the dream light I have lost  
my cynic girl wants to stake the claim on the blood red heart  
and everyday I loved you  
where misguided went to the dark  
like there was a lord above not a presence  
to be thin in the dark  
to have loved you one last night before the death  
it was the dark man we loved  
in the end we remembered that last laugh and painted it gold  
thinking he loved you too  
our loves were more than dust with a time spoil  
your white blindfold lasted with the genius hurt  
we say you touched me  
we say you meant something