BLAZEVOX 2KX

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Summer of Infatuation

Each day, after she arrests his slang between syllables in body language, he slips through vowels in her hellos, like sea gorged in pores of sand.

Soon, nights glow as silhouettes of excitements, where noctilucent eyes of neighborhood cats warn

his fantasies not to erode like twilights that descend with fallen gods.

Before Feminism

He slips through her fictions the way fish searches food, in the club's

aquarium; its ambition to grow fins fit for oceans and myths

is as round as eyes trapped on its head, sentenced for

diminutive freedoms encased in dim glass-boxes.

She keeps a museum of loose endings, charms

that parenthesize what she must keep

away from him. Foggy weekends of neon

device entrapments for her, through glasses with

overlapping thumbprints. She's the invisible

nymph hiding behind the fake blue-corals,

waiting to be rescued, into someone's odyssey.

Age of Permutations

There are nights his doubts splinter into legs in mini-skirt, with lipstick glossy as rivers in sunset. They cup nights in coffee, stretch them in car-chases at a multiplex, before their moons huddle in creased bed-sheets and glasses of wine.

When not legs, nights take the shape of hollow moons, the way leggy lips approximate pasts that refuse remembrance. He keeps a small museum of them, nights of engagements and repose,

like how some images flirt into his viewfinder's line of sight, unplanned, and become memorable as shattered certainties.