

# BLAZEVOX 2KX

Spring 2010

**Erik B. Olson**

**Cloud Chamber Orchestra**

the sheets stained black with vector-tracks  
the madam's washed them clean- a billion  
years of satisfied customers- and sent them  
back upstairs with well-turned phrases of  
ankle, with ink that writhes in sentences  
across their thighs, in confidential  
hieroglyphics, cell to cell in virgin moment  
the nerves break into spontaneous  
musical numbers and waltz around  
all glowing in the wave that folds the  
ocean's edges into the sweet gray convolutions,  
between the lobes, in blood's heat pulsing

### **Kisses' Technicolor Braille**

an earthquake to get us out bed  
and the army to put us to work-  
historical cannon loaded with chain and grapeshot, they sighted down  
on us from the bluffs and shot us  
full of the taste of boiled rubber  
and plaster dust. We got our orders  
from the letter-drops in the body's  
unfinished piazzas, skin to skin  
in the cemetery mornings, in this  
writing life like blindfold chess-  
death slaps the clock and you've got  
to move- So dig me a pyramid, baby, maybe we can lose all this trash  
in the corner of the garden .

### **My Soul in her Watchpocket**

her waveform holds your hand- she's made  
from borrowed light, as are we all of course  
shot out from electron guns toward the eyes'  
curved lenses and forever after outward into space, the love that resonates from her  
vocal cords through the waves vibrating into  
your body that's always falling forward along  
the deadman's curves of this, the wood  
and wires where we're all crucified together,  
she's permanently imminent, just up around  
the next corner winking behind the sex  
and death of it all. Eternity, in love with  
the products of time? She loves us  
like amber loves dragonflies

## The Ambidextrous Path

monkey-mind eats the mango and dumps  
his editorial into the understory  
where oryx-mind, panicky herbivore,  
ruminates and rearranges the trails  
to the used river early in afternoon  
where our bed nudges up to the bank  
to gently awake us, surrounded by books  
like a pile of used leaves, and this  
scar the size of a football-seam  
on my thigh, for her hands to unzip me  
and strip off this skin like an  
ice-cream-suit folded neatly and  
left on the chair for the  
lemur-mind maid to find