

BLAZEVOX 2KX

Spring 2010

Geoffrey Gatza

The Sandra Bullock Story Stunned us All

At the height of all this
The fears turned to joy

Maybe in another lifetime
We can have beads on our birthday

I may be old but I am not dead
I am staying alive
In the golden crayon of choice

As simple as designing new waste
I hear babies cry

You can safely say
The crowd goes wild

Get your tickets today

Everybody Has An Ashbery Of Their Own

There are no recommendations
I cannot tell you how butter tastes
I could barely stand up; there was a car crash

Everything starts with potting soil
Until I found a wafer that goes beyond

When you grow up
Find out which transitions are right for you
Find out which nutrients are best

We do not know
And a poem cannot prove
That cornbread crumbs won the Kentucky Derby

Spoken from the heart, the levies broke
The idea runs counter to the team effort

For the first time I can tell you of the poison plot
Giving me more time to do the things I love

Sometimes you need tomorrow to recover from today
Some enjoy telling the adventure more than experiencing

A slow drive with a friend, stopping to go
suffering a disaster, but the small talk is all tennis courts

I am far from my homeland.
The building is in ruins; the hurt and loss is adoption
Of a new language of deficit with few creature comforts

With a helping hand and open broadcast,
I hope to see you tomorrow evening, right here.

Will She Return to Dancing with the Stars

This is how I looked in the security camera
The bouncer let her in for free
I think this was revenge

To make it official
I do not think of myself as a home wrecker

The cover that is making headlines
is of me wearing a bunny suit

I have this little baby with me
The house is under construction

Making sure no one knew
We had been married for a year

We had been matched
I thought it was important

We went through all the steps
I want to thank all the moms

Before the vultures descend
Take this day by day; at an end

His mistakes are mistakes he has to address
The love of my adopted hometown restored my faith

Writing a check is easy
I choked up during my speech
I know I will always be welcome

I was able to give
And kickass somewhere
What a wonderful world

Don't stop believing
You will see all the footage, tomorrow

Tempus Fidget

Poetry expects poets to do their duty

Ex niblo niblo fit

The leaves are attacking

we get terribly excited

butter grows in blocks on butter branches

ninety-nine out of one hundred times we get let down
concentrating extraordinarily hard on a miniature desk

It was one a hundred quid human drawing

A series of washes in varied gray

A young constable on a bridge

There is only the color of the paper beneath our words

Right to the skies, the clouds adequately describe water

The intense way artists tend to render fatback

It's most interesting and translates into money

A generation later

our investments are not good

My grand-daughter is sick and tired of losing

Her antique writings to something like this

Now is the time

a rainbow sheen

to move your trust.

All that is lacking is audacity and opportunity,

which should be poured into a very plain cup.