

BLAZEVOX 2KX

Spring 2010

Philip Byron Oakes

Neighborhood Watch

The least that can be said, in unsaying everything that's been said before. Holistic crucibles of single celled reminders to let the galoshes do the walking that dead men hold dear. Elm trees wearing jolly green apples to a party at the Japanese lantern fringes of reality. The deliciously stunning part of the infrastructural collapse, resting in the never even having seen the telltale trails, of the footless dancing in the municipal park and ride. Darning parenthetical socks with equivalent barbed wire for those who want to run away with Valentino.

Where Great Plans Are Made

In personalized prisons, deftly emptied of any artifacts pertaining to hints of innocence in the river's run on Broadway. On a patio for that evidentiary goad to those chickens crossing the road to get their eggs, for lack of such back home. In riding the welcome mat to the basin into which all waters run true. By homesteading an orphanage for sleeveless svengalis poaching essence from a movie yet to be made. Its allegorical equivalence in the martial arts of love. In honor of the omelette choking off all dissent as to the green salsa's rise in popularity, among the napkin doodlers making time with the princess as all hell breaks loose of its moorings in the hearts of simple men.

Siena

Biblically red brick shoring up a pine box alibi, for the gestation time of ascension into invisibility. Find me if you can-can. A stiffened neck of the woods running from the Indians, for fear of ice cream melting the hearts of the children learning to read. The gardener's tulip service of kisses and grins at the clock, setting the proscenium for a family tree to take root, in the educable by inches both given and taken away.

Spot

A pet delirium stretching its legs in the maternal pouch of naptime.
The few hobbits left, malingering among the remnants of the Siegfried Line, toasting the eloquence of the zephyrs whistling through the novocaine silence war leaves at its rear. The desperate measuring of junior for shoes leaving footprints at the doorstep of an open mind. A barometric pressure of gauze and talking walls honing in on the genesis of a rhapsody by default. The otherwise optional, but for the necessity of donning masks when asked the identity of doting matrons, hovering over the wreckage of contemplation in the parched fields of nefarious endeavors to wriggle free as if all were said and done.