

BLAZEVOX 2KX

Spring 2010

Steve Roggenbuck

reading marx on a bench in september in michigan

you

are gone

your voice

for lunch i had peanuts

i dont talk much

now

the clouds

you

every time i read carpe diem poems i do something i regret

i think about yr voice + i can barely

stay in the chair

my dad calls to tell me about the
bean harvest

i feel pain for everyone who lives
cars pass outside

tuesday i rode my bike down mission to gaylord street + took it west + looked at the sun

40 years harvesting beans

gather ye rosebuds while ye may

my favorite part of late summer is
early autumn

yesterday i looked at a flower for 15 minutes
i thought maybe im ignoring life
maybe im the
only one whos not.

an airplane

jupiters in the south my father is tarping a truck in ruth michigan + talking to me on the phone.
i feel pain for everyone who lives

its september 10th 2009, it will never
be this day again

poem beginning with a line by ts eliot who was alluding to king lear i am pretty sure

O O O O

today is my grandmothers funeral and its almost raining in helena michigan and i am a poet and i dont feel anything

i ask my dad if the corn harvest is over. it is way over, my dad says. the priest says 'whoever eats this bread will live forever.' i think of when i saw you on december first and the moon was almost full and i pointed to it and you said 'yeah,' and you put a flower in your hair and you said 'its december.' i think of the time i drove home from the library next to finch fieldhouse and sigur rós was playing on the portable cd player in my truck with a tape adapter. i saw an elephant walking out of a circus truck into the parking lot of finch fieldhouse and a man was holding a white stick

my uncles are singing the song 'how great thou art' and its not about my grandmother its about god

the priest says 'my flesh is true food, my blood is true drink.' i feel ironic. i think of the time i calld you on a saturday morning in october crying autumn is beautiful and life is suffering. i think of the line i wrote, '21 years old learning how to cry again this is what it means to grow up male in the united states.' i think of the video i saw five months ago of a dog being thrown into a garbage compactor

the hymnal says 'wives, be subordinate to your husbands, as is proper in the lord.' i look at the title page, it was printed in 2009

today is my grandmothers funeral and the priest is sprinkling water on my grandmothers casket and my dads cousin is singing about jesus christ on the microphone. i was born in ruth michigan and everyone here believes in god