

BlazeVOX 11

Winter 2011

Dave Migman

this pride

There is no signpost
to lovers beach

(waves crunching
the stony shore)

The wind has almost gone
gentle sea caresses
my skin

we kneel
you look into my eyes
you hold it to your lips

(the clouds are translucent
bones
mouths askance
with silent
laughter)

Transient soul fade ash

Kick in the head: something kicking in
the head I lose my cool the rain inside is
warm, though the blades dissect with
exacting precision the cortex fine as
mince - a billion neurons in a riot
soup of static *fuzz tone mad* and
she takes the handle, withdraws
a shining exclamation;
my sight is blurred!
I'm learning
my sound is
full of blood

a sonic wave down by spine
through every wire she dances around me
in dreams around me and
sings my name. She has a thousand faces.
but I tell you baby you're the only one
eye to eye recognized by your consort
the silent universe and my
holy shit rinse of saintly
guises

falling to you knees beneath the cross of
wounds. foaming
like the broth of minds, hands clasped

you grasp the handle, gasp release
you answer

scum lord

the lunatic wave schloffs
mounds of dark stones
shiny like seal skins
below cliffs bristling
with eyes and mouths
weighted by the core's caress
that seeks to turn all here
into a lather

the toxic hiss of
two worlds constant
within their conflict
ceaseless elementals

sunned brasses
lined
beneath palm fronded
pinions
gatecrash tranquility
from their asphalt lairs

(I am leaving you here)
(I am returning again)

the black eggs
were cussed from
a glowing womb
they rattle together.
Infertility binds them
nothing crawls
from there.

a cancerous verse
of broken souls
whose lonely songs
curse the airwaves
forever

flames that move in circles

From the great extinction
Take heart
From the previous nada
Hand spanned age
No sight
No breath
No feeling
Un-alive, un-being
Coaxed through
ungraspable space
I was
Like a devil
In a Crowleyian ring
I lay shivering
Mewling
And consciousness stirred
The grain within me.

Like a dark ridge
Breaking the sleek wave
Drowning.
Once again.

**Climatic paradigm
shifter**

their pockets greased
sticky black
grasping each coin
the freshly printed scent
of their god
whose greenish hide
is strewn with eyes

100 years
is too long
for the stream to shift
so the sheets of ice
will press down
and force us back
into the Mesolithic

20 more years
is way too long
to suffer
these liars
their PC green patter
taunts the air

I
You

whispered dark solitudes
cupped orchids
between our teeth
led you through the gardens
between bushes
of roses

blushing like no one
fingers laced
knots

beneath succulent
shades of elms
a naked worm
stark on the turf