

# BlazeVOX 11

Winter 2011

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## Night 17007

The breathing slows...  
No more prose.....  
The time has come.....  
For me, the end.....  
They say nothing like wasted talent.....  
I say who the fuck are you to judge...  
Yet I judge more than all....  
During this sexy Humanity ball.....  
Hypocrisy is innate...  
In this physical state...  
A debate of debates...  
From mimicking monkeys who masturbate, alienate, procrastinate, articulate, pontificate, repudiate, assassinate and bloviate....  
The breathing slows...  
One last glance at my fingers and toes.....  
One with Mother....  
And canine too.....  
The rest was a battle....  
Palestine vs. Jew.....  
One with mother...  
But never another...  
Nurture vs Nature...  
Times they a changin.....  
Bored with the man and his need for bangin.....  
The breathing slows...  
Was it the paths I chose.....  
That led to Dantes Prose...  
Allegory of the cave...

My own minds slave.....  
The breathing slows...  
Another tooth becomes loose.....  
Shadows of reflection lead to indigestion....  
Imperfection is perfection...?  
Whom do I believe...?  
All carrying tricks up their sleeves...  
Push 'em away, before they hurt.....  
Wait a minute, there goes a short skirt.....  
She'll understand me, and cure my ills...  
And we'll soon separate...  
Behind on our bills.....  
Walk down the aisle, full of denial...  
Make a toast.....  
Boast.....  
Ego will guide you....  
Shame will hide you....  
Greed will drive you...  
One with mother.....  
She's like no other....  
Safe in the womb....  
Alive in a tomb....  
The breathing slows....  
Trumpets Blow.....  
Bop! Bop! Bop!  
Goes the lure of the song....  
Curtain calls arrive...  
Insecurities thrive.....  
Hand Jive....  
Swan Dive...  
Traumatize.....  
For I'm Alive...  
Alive....  
Alive ....  
Only to die.....  
The breathing slows.....  
The blossoms fade....  
One breath of bloom and then the doom.....  
In a small room....  
Will I resurface again...?  
Perhaps in a farm pen...  
With whiskers under my nose....

Incapable of prose...  
Who's to determine what's wrong or right.....  
It's all perspective, so why the fight.....  
One with mother...  
There goes another brother....  
Cut him out before he'll cut you...  
They always do...  
They say the best offense is a good defense....  
I was always a gamer at heart....  
Competition proved what...??  
Who's good and who's not...?  
But it's all perspective....  
Just read your own writing....  
Less is more...  
Man's a whore....  
Ironic....  
Soon bionic...  
Pills run amok.....  
Just ask Chuck...  
He's on something....  
Depends on the buck.....  
The breathing slows....  
I'm out of gas...  
No pills for me, just a little wine 'n grass...  
Time to close my eyes, my heart, my ass....  
Time catches up...  
Did I have a blast???  
One with mother...  
I did that right....  
Mommas baby...  
One last gravy...  
Taste the salt...  
That's where it all started...  
In the oceans...  
Before they were charted...  
We've come full circle.....  
and where have we landed...  
Back to perspective...  
The seeds replanted.....  
Will I be allowed to try again...  
Will these wounds mesh, mend and transcend.....  
The breathing slows....

Less is more...  
Perhaps that's true...  
Puns change when they become about you...  
Love is grand 'til it fades away and you're left in the dark- naked and gray.....  
Was I a steam engine or just a caboose, following the herd and tightening the noose.....  
Good in the garden, one with the roses...  
Contemplating Commandments, carried by Moses...  
It's out in public, that the telling turmoil began.....  
The sum of my parts conflicted with man...  
Was I the devil or Christ himself.....  
I looked for answers, in books, on the shelf...  
Confusion and chaos, was all I could muster...  
Surrounded by fears, like General Custer....  
The breathing slows...  
Only a few breaths left...  
Will I arise one more time, from this forgiving bed...  
What will it taste like, that last breath?  
Sorrow and romance mixed with death??  
When will the judging end...  
The curse of mans logic...  
Deciphering good and bad, from a chart in your pocket.....  
One with mother...  
Glad I knew of her...  
The breathing slows...  
Vanity's gone, no more new clothes...  
Burning all bridges, charred friends and foes...  
What will they think of me when they glance back?  
Will they giggle, cringe or attack.....  
Hardly a people person, for whatever cause....  
Loved a few and played em all wrong....  
If that's what love was...  
Baptized, bewildered then buzzed...  
Shyness hurt me and expression was tough...  
What was inside didn't match the rest...  
The tongue became my weapon...  
Sharp like a saber...  
Filled with bitter flavor...  
And a beer chaser...  
A cacophony of camouflage, is the song I made.....  
And the provocative piano plays and plays.....  
Misunderstood, now that's quite a cliché.....  
*Finito*, is the sound of this day...

And the quiet chords, continue to play... and play...  
The breathing slows...  
And the head becomes heavy...  
A sigh....  
A shrug...  
And then a clenched jaw....  
As I chastise the shadows...  
If they had only seen, what I saw.....  
The breathing slows...  
One last glance at my fingers and toes...  
One with mother....  
I did that right...  
A soft smile comforts the night.....  
I did that right.....  
I did that right.....  
I did....  
That.....  
Right.....