

# BlazeVOX 11

Winter 2011

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Solecism

The Canadian and I, we spent one night in a seat-stripped bus  
parked two blocks from the beach  
underneath the palms  
and next to the qwicky-mart;  
(think what you will, I was no vagrant, merely a girl in love).

Setting camp near the rear, we fell to  
quietly making, to quietly mistaking  
Love.  
Counting ceiling tiles,  
he whispers, (now please  
say it(love)now;);

Overnight, the front tire deflated,  
leaving the elbow of the folding door jammed(true story)against the curb.  
I climbed out the hatch in the ceiling  
(the sky fading ellipsis), and  
walked myself to the beach where  
nets were fishing up the sun  
(gulls stuttering out in shabby punc  
tuation, losing purchase against pregnable word))

spacemen in the desert reservoir

before heading in from their afternoon float

they            beach            themselves  
upon    the        aqua        tramp  
testing it out like two  
   space  
   men

—two jackrabbits on the moon  
feet together and thrusting at air  
gramma slips to her backside and grampa  
hops a circle round her,  
her hand still in his  
until he slips too  
his hand still in hers.

Just how she stalks over my writingtable

Most every one of the things I know trickles to a single sea;  
(behold)—

The whiteblue silhouette of my childhood love  
pushed up against the pallor of her bedroom wall;  
the space heater against snarldamp grass while  
he only halfway undressed me;  
and the way my blood (afterwards),  
it's slow and sticky finger  
tracing me into halves, slipped over my each  
vertebrae,  
the same way my mother's wet touch on the back of her neck  
spilt dishwater down her freckled spine.

It all comes back to this woman who ate me up—  
believed faith should be spread like a quilt across water,  
spill like sunshine through the bathroom window,  
spay and neuter desire like a dog.

Leaning bare back against red mountain, just watch  
the valley next door, where the lightning plays at hawk and sparrow,  
zagging like your mother's dishwater touch on the back of her neck  
splits down her freckled back.

prayer

the spot of crown shepherding lochia  
the dishwater thrown out with old prayers  
the heavy and anxious and  
the descending

the weight of uncast stones  
is borne by words in the dust

dear God, the sparrows are falling